The Posthumous WORKS OF Mr *Samuel Butler*,

(Author of *HUDIBRAS*)

Compleat in One VOLUME:

Written in the Time of the **Grand Rebellion**, and in the Reign of King *CHARLES* II.

BEING

A Collection of SATIRES, SPEECHES, and REFLECTIONS, upon those Times.

Publish'd from

Original M.SS. and Scarce and Valuable Pieces formerly Printed.

To which is added,

A Key to HUDIBRAS by Sir *Roger L'Estrange*.

The SIXTH EDITION, Corrected.

Adorned with Cuts.

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HUDIBRAS at Court.

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T'wards their respective homes retire;
The manner how they lodge their arms,
And how forc'd back by fresh alarms;
Their resolution to repair
To Court, *and what succeeded there.*

AFTER fierce wars, and hot disputes,
As e'er fell out 'twixt brutes and brutes;
After much waste of blood and treasure,
Robbing and plund'ring without measure
After both sides had took such pains,
To knock out one another's brains.
And after they had fought so long
For dame *Religion* 'till they had none;
A lucky hit brought things about,
That they fell in as they fell out.
Our worthy knight, Sir *Hudibras*,
Of such deep sense and foresight was,

That he well knew his furious zeal
For anarchy and common-weal,
His worſhip muſt to ruin bring,
Should providence reſtore the king;
He therefore, but with great compunction,
Reſolves to quit of war the function,
And to abandon colonelling,
And home return to peaceful dwelling,
But firſt he thus beſpoke the ſquire,
Ralph, I'm ſure thou will't admire
When I have told thee my intention,
Which I have fixt beyond prevention.
Quoth *Ralph*, I wiſh it mayn't repent
Your worſhip, you're ſo fully bent:
'Tis hard to judge, before we know,
But ſtubborn people ne'er want wo;
And I dare wage a broken pate,
That 'tis ſome miſchief 'gainſt the ſtate,
Which you thus ſolemnly intend;
But if it be, excuſe your friend
And ſervant, Sir, for verily
The Thing ſeems wond'rous plain to me,
That there is ſome deſign now brewing,
That will involve us all in ruin.
Quoth *Hudibras*, I hope you'll own,
To take me up before I'm down,
Is not the proper way to find
It out, when ſomething 's in the wind;
Nor is it good breeding, with ſubmiſſion,
To judge and cenſure on ſuſpicion:
But, *Ralph*, ſince you have had a ſhare,
With me in all my feats of war,
Stood kick and cuff, and went my halves
In dreadful fights 'midſt clubs and ſtaves,
And have on all occaſions ſhewn
A valour equal to my own;
I will excuſe you this, and all
Your other faults in general.
Quoth *Ralph*, I thank you for your pardon,
Tho' at the ſame time, me 'tis hard on,
To be excluded from a ſecret,
As if you thought I mean't to break it;

I have

I have been trusted heretofore
With all your secrets o'er and o'er,
And that I should be now postpon'd.
Is very hard it must be own'd.
At this the knight began to fly
Into a passion and talk high;
Ralpho, if you will give me leave,
Says he, I would you undeceive,
The resolution I have fixt
With your own sentiments is mixt.
You said just now that there was brewing
Some project to procure our ruin;
Why truly I believe the same,
And that the saints will come to shame;
If presbyter and independant
Fall out and fight, then there's an end on't,
Down goes the rump, and restoration
Will be the only word in fashion.
Now, *Ralph*, as ev'ry one that's wise,
Does his own preservation prize,
I to myself should be unjust,
Should I neglect to be the first
Made my retreat, which may perhaps
Preserve me against after-claps.
Self-preservation I'll be bold,
Than chivalry itself's more old,
And has more service done by far
Than knighthood, both in peace and war.
Quoth *Ralpho*, who could hold no longer,
Altho' I am no good states-monger,
Yet I begin to smell a rat,
And what your worship would be at.
You have, I find, some little guilt,
For christian blood devoutly spilt,
Some inward checks and throws of conscience,
Which, strictly speaking, are all nonsense;
And those have press'd you on so far,
That you resolve to quit the war.
To quit the war I grant indeed,
As cases stand, you ought with speed,
As 'tis a proper way to fence,
Against revolts of providence:

But, by the way, Sir, doubts and fears
Will never pay us our arrears;
I ſerve for plunder 's well as zeal,
And as they both begin to fail,
Whether we win or loſe the day,
W' are ſure to ſuffer by our ſtay;
And yet, Sir, you muſt own, 'tis hard
If we ſhould meet with no reward
For all the ſervice we have done
Down to this day from forty one.
After ſo many kicks and drubs,
And ſuch pains-taking from the tubs;
For all our holdings-forth, long prayers,
Our ſighs, and groans, and precious tears;
Pardon me, Sir, I mean my own,
If we ſhould pennyleſs go home,
The thing I'm ſure muſt needs look odly
And blame our conduct with the godly.
Quoth *Hudibras*, if your arrears,
Are dearer to you than your ears,
Or if that you have more regard
For hanging, than for a reward;
I think 'tis pity you ſhould miſs
Rewards for all your ſervices.
I've weigh'd the matter, and can find
Not the leaſt cauſe to change my mind,
And further, *Ralpho*, tell you this,
That in our ſtay there danger is.
Here's not one here but you and I,
Therefore I mention 't by the by;
The ſaints have done ſuch curſed things,
That all the land for vengeance rings.
Have they not overwhelm'd the nation,
With murder, blood, and deſolation,
Attempted to aſſaſſinate,
And cut the throats of church and ſtate?
And now as hogs can ſee the wind,
And ſtorms at diſtance coming find;
So I perceive a ſtorm to gather,
Which by retreating we may weather:
Nolens volens, we muſt *ergo*
March publick or *incognito*,

Which

Which in great meaſure I ſubmit
To your dexterity and wit,
Only reſerving, notwithſtanding,
The power and privilege of commanding,
Since *nolens volens* is the caſe,
Quoth *Ralph*, I will not hang an arſe;
It is my duty and deſire,
To ſerve you like a truſty ſquire,
And tho' w' have croſs adventures met,
And both been often ſoundly beat,
Should civil broils again break out,
I'll follow you the world about.
As to the manner of returning,
It won't it ſeems admit adjourning,
But whether publick or incog
Be beſt, if I know I'm a dog:
That either way there muſt be danger,
I'm ſure your worſhip is no ſtranger;
But in two ills, as ſtill the leaſt
Is by wiſe men accounted beſt;
So like wiſe men we ſhould debate,
Which of the two ſuits beſt our ſtate.
If we in public ſhould march home,
Your worſhip's every where ſo known,
And for ſo many actions famous,
That not a country ignoramus
But would come out to gape and ſtare,
As if that you ſome monſter were;
Quære if that would not defeat
The ſole deſign of your retreat?
Secondly, ſhould your worſhip go
In ſilence and *incognito*,
Would not the folk be apt to cry,
He's come among us for a ſpy,
And make a world of ſtrange conjectures,
Both at their houſes and their lectures.
Quoth *Hudibras*, your queries both
Are finely ſtated by my troth:
And now to make the matter ſhort,
Ralph, here's my hand I thank you for't.
There's no objection can be made
To any thing that you have ſaid;

Therefore to better ſenſe ſubmitting,
There is a way, if you think fitting,
Which we may take, and ſo be free
From all the dangers you foreſee.
  The middle way you mean, quoth *Ralph*,
Which all wiſe men do hold moſt ſafe.
That all extreams are dangerous
Is now exemplify'd in us.
Too much may, like too little zeal,
Bring ruin to the common-weal;
For when 'tis over hot and furious,
Than zeal nothing is more injurious.
Pardon me, Sir, I thus break in,
A burning zeal 's a burning ſin,
And has more miſchief done the ſaints,
Than all their oaths and covenants.
  At this the knight gave breaſt a thump,
Lord, *Ralph*, how our opinions jump,
There is no power of heaven or hell,
Can pacify a furious zeal;
Not fear of gallowſes and ropes
Can ſtem the tide of zealots hopes;
Like frighted wolves, they forward run,
Look back and grin, howl and go on.
But now to let this paſs, and come
T' a final reſolution;
As we bring nothing home but ſcars,
Bumps, bruiſes, and the marks of wars,
Are no more wealthy, wiſe, or ſtout,
Than what we were when we ſet out;
So we'll return the very ſame,
Ralph, to ſpeak plain, fools as we came.
  Quoth *Ralph*, there's one thing ſtill behind,
Which we I think forget to mind;
Our horſes and our arms ſhou'd not
In common prudence be forgot.
Freſh doubts, freſh jealouſies and fears,
May ſet the nation by the ears,
And there may happen freſh occaſion
For plundering and ſequeſtration.
Such accidents, like reſurrec-
-tion, may come when we ſuſpect

Them

Them leaſt of all, and therefore we
Should always in a poſture be.
That's true again, quoth *Hudibras*,
But, *Ralph*, can you propoſe the place;
I would not loſe *Toledo* truſty,
Nor yet my dagger tho' 'tis ruſty,
My piſtols, ſpur, altho' but one,
For any conſid'ration.
Quoth *Ralph*, I know a place I'm ſure,
Where both our arms may be ſecure.
A hollow tree there is of note,
In which they ſay dwells *Leathercoat*.
This *Leathercoat* is held the ſpright
Of a deceaſed errant knight,
And ſtill retains good will and warrant
In his diſtreſs to ſerve knight errant.
Quoth *Hudibras*, the ſouls of knights
If truly errant, can't be ſprights
But like to ſouls of ſaint or martyr,
In quiet ſleep for ever after;
This I affirm and ſo reject
Your propoſition in effect;
In truth 'tis ſo abominable,
I to contain myſelf a' n't able.
What, *Ralpho*, after we have been
Fighting and ſtruggling againſt ſin;
We that have plunder'd, preach'd, and pray'd,
'Gainſt evil couns'llors, ſhall't be ſaid,
That after all their loud pretences
For freedom of their conſciences,
That they had no more grace nor merit,
But to intruſt an evil ſpirit,
To guard their arms? why this would be
A ſcandal to all chivalry.
Quoth *Ralpho*, wou'd your worſhip hear,
I'd make it other ways appear.
I well remember food and firing,
Some years before I went a ſquiring,
Were both ſo dear, to ſave the life
Of my ownſelf, my child, and wife,
I was conſtrained to make bold,
With landlord's hedges and his fold.

God's goodness more than my desert,
Did then, Sir, put into my heart,
To choose this tree, this blessed tree,
To be in need my sanctuary.
'Tis needless now and long to tell
How oft' I've used it for my hell;
Not such a hell where we suppose,
The soul of the ungodly goes,
But such a hell where taylors slip
Their remnants and too large a snip.
  But now that we no longer may
Squander in words our breath away,
And argue, as if arguing were
Our trade, as well as that of war:
Body for body I'll be bound,
The arms shall all be safe and sound.
For as I know my name is *Ralph*,
So in that tree I know they're safe.
  Quoth *Hudibras*, you know full well
What hap'd 'twixt me and *Sydrophel*,
Nor have you, I suppose, forgot
How I was drawn into a plot,
By *Trulla* that eternal jade,
And cudgell'd at the masquerade,
Had you not then and there made shift,
In my distress to give a lift,
Without all doubt or paradventure,
I had been now below the centre.
I am no coward, 'tis well known,
Y t I with the same breath must own,
I rather would engage a crowd
Of butchers, tho' they deal in blood,
'Than meet one devil or a spright
That is the devil's perquesite.
But, *Ralph*, since you will stand the touch,
My confidence in you is such,
I will consent this hollow tree
Shall be our present armoree.
This matter being thus decreed,
The knight mounts first, then squire his steed.
Ralpho, who knew each road and by-way,
As well as thief that robs on high-way,

March'd

March'd in the front and led the knight,
Till to the tree they came in ſight,
And then the knight aſſumes the front,
And gave the word to *Ralph*, diſmount.
The word's no ſooner giv'n, but *Ralph*
From *Roſenante* tumbles off,
At the ſame time the knight o'er lighted,
And from himſelf himſelf unknighted;
For if that ancient maxim's true,
That which can make, can unmake too;
Then as the ſword, the only thing
That makes the knight in hand of king,
So when the ſword is off, we know
The man's again in *ſtatu quo*;
Whence we infer, without much ſtretching
The metaphor, or things far fetching,
The knight and ſquire being diſequipp'd,
Are of reſpective titles ſtripp'd;
For titles die and fade like graſs,
So 'tis plain *Ralph and Hudibras*.
By this time *Ralph* in thong of leather,
Had tyed th' habiliments together,
And lugg'd them to the hollow top
O' the tree, from whence he let them drop
Down to the bottom, where we'll leave 'em
Till new adventures ſhall retrieve 'em.
The next thing now that came in courſe,
Was the diſpoſal of the horſe,
For which they were oblig'd to call
Of war a council general,
Where *Ralph*, who in his turn preſiding
Determines it without dividing,
To leave 'em in the marſhes, where
They might their loſs of fleſh repair.
Being thus of arms and horſe bereft,
No marks of knighthood now was left
But Boots, which wanting jack, no force
Could from their warlike legs divorce.
Quoth *Ralph*, who, as I take it, was
A better judge than *Hudibras*,
In this diſguiſe we look ſo odly,
We may perhaps ſurprize the godly.

What

What therefore if we ſtop an hour,
It could not be amiſs I'm ſure,
To make our ſelves a little known,
Before that we approach the town.
Near lives a friend of mine, whom ſome
Call by the name of country *Tom*,
That us'd to keep for the relief
Of ſturdy beggar, *alias* thief,
A cup of nappy and a bottle
Of *aqua vitæ* held a pottle;
I've try'd him oft, and always found
That he was at the bottom ſound,
And if your worſhip will go thither,
He'll tell us who and who's together.
Agreed, quoth *Hudibras*, and ſo
Without delay they thither go;
And *Ralph* who knew the houſe the beſt
Lifts up the latch and enters firſt.
The landlord, tho' a ſturdy knave,
And could the boldeſt thief out-brave,
Had been the marſhal of a ring,
And fought and beat the gipſies king
Seeing this *quondam* ſquire and knight
Wou'd, but could not conceal his fright,
Till *Ralph* thus ſpoke: friend *Tom*, I find
That out of ſight and out of mind,
And yet, old friend, methinks 'tis ſtrange
So ſhort a time ſhould make this change
I'm *Ralph* the taylor, and, you aſs,
This is your landlord *Hudibras*.
My landlord, *Hudibras*, quoth he,
God ſave his worſhip, can it be?
Why ſurely it muſt be below him,
In ſuch a frightful garb to go in.
Beſhrew my heart if you don't look,
As if by God and man forſook;
Or as they ſay in terms more plain,
Half-hang'd and then cut down again.
Quoth *Hudibras*, friend, hold your tongue,
Us and your judgment both you wrong;
For as 'tis ſaid by *William*
Of *Wickham*, *manners make a man*,

So

So I affirm a gilded coat,
Doth not enhanse the man a great;
Nor is a garter or a star
So ornamental as a scar.
The landlord finding his mistake,
Stands up and making a long scrape,
Quoth he, if I have made a slip
And let my tongue out-run my wit,
I beg your worship's pardon, and
Myself and house you may command.
We take you at your word, quoth *Ralph*,
And do depend that here w'are safe;
And first, *Tom*, we desire to know,
How in the town all matters go?
Quoth he, as bad as bad can be,
Exceeding bad to a degree.
For since that you went out to battle,
They've seiz'd our landlord's goods and chattle,
By virtue of an outlawry:
Ejectments on ejectments fly,
Writs of rebellion what d'you call,
Attachments, and the devil and all.
Thus matters with our landlord stand,
And, *Ralph*, I won't deal under-hand,
Your's are much worse, and if you're caught,
You'll be before your gaffers brought.
Something of this, quoth *Hudibras*,
I did expect might might come to pass;
My dreams and startings in the night
Forewarn'd me things did not go right;
But as great conquerours glory gain,
When they their evil fate disdain,
So, *Ralph*, we must not sink below
The present burden of our woe.
If in this castle we are safe,
I'll find a way to bring us off,
And to reward our landlord's care
For giving us protection here.
Last night I was in vision told,
That *Monk* had on the rump laid hold,
And giv'n it such a desp'rate twitch,
That it hung dangling at the britch,

And that another hearty snack
Would tear it quite from off the back.
The king methoughts I saw returning,
From whence h' had been so long sojourning;
And what was more, upon his face
Methoughts I saw writ *Hudibras*.
Now is not this a call to court,
What think you, *Ralph*? I think, in short,
Quoth *Ralph*, if you neglect the summons,
You ought to be turn'd out of commons.
I who have been the everlasting
Companion of your drubs and basting,
And never left you in contest,
With male, or female, man or beast;
Fall back, fall edge, will not desert,
But follow you with all my heart.
Why then, quoth *Hudibras*, I'll go,
Since you and fate advise me so.
Honour is like a widow won,
By brisk, not formal setting on;
And therefore *Ralph* since we are come
T' a final resolution,
Let us to horse and arms repair,
And face about just as we were.
This said the knight and squire join
Their forces 'well as their design,
And put themselves upon the march,
After adventures new to search;
Still keeping close in warlike posture,
As fit for battle as for muster,
Till they arrive upon the spot,
Where just before the king was got.
Near to this place a castle stands,
Which all the neighbourhood commands;
Here dwelt the king, who here we'll call,
The prince of the enchanted hall.
This mighty prince, who chanc'd to hear
Of *Hudibras* the character,
Nothing would serve his turn but he
This famous knight and squire must see.
Now you must know Sir *Hudibras*
With such perfections gifted was,

And

And ſo peculiar in his manner,
That all that ſaw him did him honour;
Amongſt the reſt this prince was one,
Admir'd his converſation.
This prince, whoſe ready wit and parts
Conquer'd both men and womens hearts,
Was ſo o'ercome by knight and *Ralph*,
That he could never claw it off.
He never eat, nor drank, nor ſlept,
But *Hudibras* ſtill near him kept,
Never would go to church, or ſo,
But *Hudibras* muſt with him go,
Nor yet to viſit concubine,
Or at a city-feaſt to dine,
But *Hudibras* muſt ſtill be there,
Or all the fat was in the fire.
Now after all was it not hard,
That he ſhould meet with no reward.
That fitted out this knight and ſquire,
This monarch did ſo much admire;
That he ſhould never reimburſe
The man for th' equipage or horſe,
Is ſure a ſtrange ungrateful thing
In any body but a king.
But this good king it ſeems was told,
By ſome that were with him too bold,
If e'er you hope to gain your ends,
Careſs your foes, and truſt your friends;
Your friends no diſreſpect can move,
They'll be your friends becauſe they love,
But if your foes ſhould take things ill,
They'll be your foes, becauſe they will,
Your friends are loyal good and juſt,
And can't be urg'd to break their truſt,
They've no baſe arts or wicked ends,
But are, and will be, ſtill your friends,
Your foes are ſtubborn, cruel, proud,
Rebellious, inſolent, and loud,
And will upon the leaſt pretence
Diſown you for their lawful prince.
Therefore 'tis prudent, Sir, to flatter
Theſe foes, leſt they ſhould you beſpatter,

And find a method to destroy
Those pleasures which you now enjoy.
These were the doctrines that were taught,
Till [illegible] was brought
To l[illegible] and die,
An i[illegible]
B[illegible] another place,
And [illegible]
Who [illegible] shaver,
Tha[illegible] in high in favour,
And [illegible] monarch's ear, and more
Was [illegible] of his whore;
A wh[illegible] who knew the length
Both [illegible] monarch's purse and strength,
Without much thinking or projecting,
To squire *Ralph* fell thus reflecting:
Since you have went my halves in all,
M' adventures, whether great or small,
'Twould be unjust if you should look
In th' advantages you snack.
You see the court how 'tis enchanted
By witches and hobgoblins haunted,
And how the prince [illegible]
Amongst his concubines and [illegible],
Whilst his true friends, [illegible]
For perfect want all [illegible] cash,
Are all neglected and [illegible]d,
And rarely seen, [illegible]
Quoth *Ralph*, all this I own is true,
But what is this to me and you?
I grant indeed the cavaliers
Have cause enough to hang their ears,
When they see panders, [illegible] and sullies,
Sharpers, [illegible], rakes, and [illegible]
To favours and high posts [illegible]
They can't be [illegible]
But still th' advantages you [illegible]
Are foreign to my comprehension.
Quoth *Hudibras*, you are so forward,
So positive and so untoward,
That you break in and cavil still,
And will do so because you will.

Else

Fox and Lion 2

Else I'd have told you the design
Betwixt my self and concubine,
And how for you a post was fixt,
Unto my own the very next.
Quoth *Ralph*, if I may be so bold,
I fear your project will not hold;
Good projects at a court can't thrive,
Where vice has sole prerogative.
Indeed if you propose to be
A pimp among the quality;
Or if your worship could endure
The slavish business to procure,
And have allotted me a station
To serve you in that occupation;
Then we some favours might inherit,
But nothing else has any merit.
But, Sir, as there is no good warrant,
To make a pimp of a knight errant;
And as our learned authors tell,
The trades are scarce convertable,
I hope your worship will not err
From th' rules of chivalry and war.
For my part I a court despise,
Where none but whores and villains rise;
Nor will I on the man depend,
I see ungrateful to his friend:
I'll to my hut in peace retire,
And there myself myself unsquire;
Laugh at the knaves and fools of state,
And live without their love or hate;
But you to go or stay are free,
Just as the devil and you agree.

The Fable of the LYON *and the* FOX. *Alluding to the Cause and Manner of the Great Rebellion in the Year* 1641.

A LYON who had uncontroll'd,
O'er many woods and forests roll'd,
Hearing his subjects oft complain
Of many hardships in his reign,

Resolves

Resolves to go from place to place,
To try if he could learn the cause,
A subtle fox who near him kept,
And us'd to dog him step by step,
Fearing that he among the rest,
Might be found out to be a beast,
Whose daily study was to bring
Contempt and ruin on his king;
Rolls in his crafty mind a way,
How he his sov'reign might betray;
And that the matter he might nick,
He pitch'd upon this cunning trick.
There was a common near a town,
Where he had frequent robb'ries done,
Oft kill'd young lambs, broke open pens,
And stole the goodwives cocks and hens;
So ravenous and bold he was,
That not a goose could go to graze,
But he both night and day would watch 'em,
And by some stratagem dispatch 'em;
Which made the villages determine,
Both one and all to slay the vermin.
Thinks he, if it should happen so,
This thoughtless brute should thither go,
I'd bark and howl and raise the town,
That they may come and pull him down;
By which contrivance I avoid
To be perhaps myself destroy'd.
Now as he thought, so it fell out,
For as he rang'd the woods about,
Not dreading any sort of harm,
For innocence is still a charm,
He comes to that unlucky place,
Where *Reynard* thus obnoxious was.
The crafty vermin, when he saw,
That he by no means could withdraw,
Begins to yelp aloud and cry,
If you would save your life, Sir, fly;
And still he howls with all his might,
You have no remedy but flight.
The royal brute, whose noble heart
Was never known to flinch or start,

Looks

Looks round and seeing no one near,
Judg'd some officious beast was there;
Or that some straggler was that way,
Lurking about to catch his prey,
Who seeing him so unexpected,
And fearing he should be detected,
Made this audacious outcry, purely
That he might 'scape the more securely.
These were his thoughts, until he sees
Great crowds appear among the trees,
Whom to avoid, and try th' event,
To an adjacent brake he went,
Where he propos'd so long to lie,
Till all the rabble were gone by.
But as it was by fate decreed,
That he in nothing should succeed,
A rustick leading of a sow,
To th' parson's boar, as they do now,
Happen'd to see the very place,
Where the poor beast secreted was.
The fellow, who had ne'er before
Seen any thing that went on four
Legs, look so fierce and formidable,
With all the speed that he was able,
Throws down the cord with which he led
The sow to lose her maidenhead,
And runs with all his force and might,
(For fear, they say, adds wings to flight,)
To tell that he had seen a creature,
Of dreadful shape and monstrous stature;
But he but little way had gone,
Before he saw his neighbours come
With clubs and spits, hedge-bills and prongs,
Nay, some, for haste, had brought the tongs,
And some had swords, and some had guns,
One this, another that way runs,
Resolving all, alive or dead,
Reynard to bring before the head-
borough, who was oblig'd to pay
Five shillings if they won the day.
The crafty fox, who was no stranger
Either to the place or his own danger,

Steals

Steals to a thicket that was near,
Where he what pas'd might see and hear;
And pleas'd the vermin was to find
All things succeed as he design'd.
The rustick who did lead the sow,
Had so much breath recover'd now,
And seeing all his neighbours near,
Had so far respite from his fear,
That he first scratch'd his head, then humm'd,
Then thus the matter to 'em fumm'd:
Neighbours, says he, *why what the pox,*
Can ye suppose a little fox,
Tho' he were ne'er so great a thief,
Could do us all this damn'd mischief.
I am no conjurer, yet I know,
It cannot be, nor is it so:
Some creature whom the gods employ,
Is sent among us to destroy
Our flocks and herds, and will, at last,
Upon the very owners feast.
I will not keep you in surprise,
I saw just now with both my eyes,
So strange a monster, that a fox,
Is no more like him than an ox.
Upon the arms of our good king,
I've pictur'd seen just such a thing,
His beard, his tail, his mane, the same,
Only the picture looks more tame,
And that may well enough be said,
For one's alive the other dead.
By this time all the people came,
And in a ring inclos'd the man;
And as a nice observer finds,
That many men have many minds;
Such were their diff'rent thoughts and notions,
Some swear, some fall to their devotions;
Some doubt the truth of his relation,
Whilst others, with less sense than passion,
Affirm, it was a burning shame,
They should their honest neighbour blame,
Whose probity had oft been seen,
When he a juryman had been,

Both

oth at court-baron and court-leet,
When they their landlord's ſteward meet:
nd ſometimes too at quarter-ſeſſions,
Where juſtices for hard expreſſions,
unifh poor rogues and whores, and try
ome thieves for petty robbery.
pon the whole, their doubts and fears
Had almoſt ſet them by the ears;
nd if the cobbler had not broke
he ice, and with ſome fury ſpoke,
here had been bloodſhed; *But*, ſays he,
eighbours, for ſhame, agree, agree;
or, to be plain, as caſes ſtand,
think we ſhould go hand in hand:
his is no matter of ſmall moment;
hen why ſhould we our danger foment,
y quarrelling with one another?
ll tell you, if he was my brother,
hould he diſtruſt our honeſt neighbour,
d call him blockhead for his labour.
hy, what the devil can we think,
e's neither mad, nor yet in drink:
or was he wont to laugh or ſcoff,
o lye and flatter, and ſo forth;
herefore, in ſhort, I muſt believe,
e'd not himſelf or us deceive.
ays Desborough, for that his name was,
Who afterwards grew very famous,
nd, as his neighbours all can tell,
th' civil wars was colonel;
ay, ſome there be that will not ſtick
o ſay, he was ſo politick;
r, if you will, ſo great a rogue,
hat when rebellion was in vogue,
hat he among the reſt was one
hat doom'd his king to martyrdom.
ut to proceed, *If any dare*
o to the place, I'll ſhew you where,
uoth he, *this monſter now lies lurking,*
nd like ſome cavalier is working,
n his miſchievous pate, ſome way,
ur cattle and ourſelves to ſlay.

To

To this replies the clerk o' th' parish,
I'd go if I were sure to perish;
And yet, to make a little halt,
Soft fire makes the sweetest malt.
And soft and gentle too go far,
The proverb says, 'tis so in war.
Then give me leave, I think 'tis best,
Before that we attack the beast,
To call a council, and devise
To fall upon him by surprise.
You know when civil broils grew high,
And men fall out they knew not why,
That I was one of those that went
To fight for king and parliament.
When that was over, I was one
Fought for the parliament alone;
And tho' to boast it argues not,
Pure merit me a halbert got,
And as Sir Samuel *can tell,*
I us'd the weapon passing well.
This leader was of knowledge great,
Either in charging or retreat,
Could pray and fight, and fight and pray,
Could stand it, or could run away;
And, as 'tis said, found out the thing
To make the king oppose the king;
Of him that thus was famous for
His courage and success in war,
I needs must say, to be no bolder,
I learnt, in part, to be a soldier.
But this is not a proper place,
Nor time t' enlarge upon the case.
The foe is very near at hand,
And if we long consulting stand,
We slip an opportunity,
Perhaps, to slay an enemy,
That if he had it in his power,
Would us and all we have devour;
Here is no room for meditation,
Nor treaty, nor accommodation;
No terms this matter can compose,
But it must come to downright blows.

Our

Our very liberties and lives,
Our cattle, children, nay, our wives,
Are all at ſtake, and that's enough,
I'm ſure, to make us danger-proof:
But as among the ſaints we know,
Before they did to battle go,
Nay, tho' they only went to plunder,
Or bring ſome bold malignant under,
They always ſung ſtaves two or three,
Until they met the enemy.
So let us now, with one accord,
Lift up our voices to the Lord.

'Tis true, they fought to free the nation
From pop'ry and abomination,
And evil counſellors to bring
To juſtice, that ſeduc'd the king.
They fought to get into their hands,
Of king and biſhops, all the lands;
And did at length, by prayer and fighting,
Obtain the whole that they had right in.

Thus far the clerk; he that ſpoke next,
Was *Jeremiah* mumble-text;
And he was one could preach and weave,
Both others and himſelf deceive:
Had ſuch a burning fiery zeal,
For anarchy and commonweal,
That he could howl, and grin, and cant,
Act both a devil and a ſaint.

This miniſter of reformation,
When firſt rebellion came in faſhion,
Could as his ſhuttle ſhoot his tongue,
And lawyer-like, prove right was wrong.
He'd prove reſiſtance was no treaſon,
But grounded on the law of reaſon.
And for to kill the king, no more,
Than 'twas to rub out an old ſcore;
To ſwear, forſwear, lye, and recant,
Was but the duty of a ſaint,
And that to ſequeſter and plunder,
Did but the carnal man bring under:
A ſort of gentle moderation,
To ſave a vile malignant nation.

He'd prove the priests and bishops all,
Were servants to the idol *Baal*,
Drones, idle belly-gods, and so forth;
A crew of useless things of no worth.
To sum up all he would aver,
And prove a saint could never err;
And that let saints do what they will,
That saints are saints and were so still.
After this worthy babe of grace
Had three times hemm'd and set his face,
He thus begins: *By inspiration*
I find we are a sinful nation,
And since the spirit gives me leave,
I'll not my self, nor you deceive.
And here he blew his nose and hemm'd,
This Item *should not be contemn'd,*
This monster must in course be sent,
To warn us of our punishment;
For whoring, drunkenness, and swearing,
Or more ungodly cavaliering;
The cavaliering is, my friends,
The cause to which our ruin tends.
That wicked creature, call'd a king,
Is an abominable thing;
And 'till that monster be remov'd,
We shall be neither bless'd, nor lov'd,
Nay, I believe, this very brute,
O'er all the beasts is absolute,
And, like the king, by right inherent,
In all the woods and plains, vicegerent.
I would not carry things too far,
Nor overstretch the mataphor;
But if we safely may rely on
Desborough, *then he's a* lyon,
As arbitrary and despotick,
As is the Vandals *king and* Gothick;
And rules the beasts with such a sway,
That if they chance to disobey,
Off goes their ears, as was of late,
Of our three worthies the hard fate.
Says he, for saints to fight and jar,
May well be call'd a civil war;

 But

But for the saints to kill the king
And all his friends, is no such thing;
For there's a diff'rence 'twixt the blood
Of royalist and the brotherhood.
Suppose the beasts, for we'll suppose
The thing, tho' it for nothing goes,
Should rise at once, both one and all,
And on this headstrong monster fall,
And should destroy the branch and root
Of him and all his whelps to boot;
Now can a man that is not stark
Staring mad, or in the dark,
Conclude the beasts commit offence,
By murd'ring him they call a prince,
One that would worry 'em and tear 'em,
And not for petty crimes would spare 'em,
What signifies the empty word
Of king, of bishop, or my lord,
They're only common words of course,
And in themselves, of little force,
Meer linsey-woolsey stuff and nonsense,
Compar'd with Liberty or Conscience:
There is in these two words alone,
More force and virtue, ten to one,
Than is in all that paultry book,
That is by some for prayers mistook;
Nay, the whole bible can't afford
A better and more useful word,
Than Conscience: to be plain and brief
Conscience of all the words is chief:
I cannot name it without passion,
At least some secret agitation.
Conscience is an internal light,
That ne'er goes out by day or night;
I may, perhaps, a little vary,
As things succeed, or things miscarry;
For by the saints 'tis held, success
Is a sure guide to consciences:
Success and conscience are the same,
And differ little but in name;
Some consciences indeed may winch,
Like jades that ill-stuff'd saddles pinch;

And we may have, ſpight of our ears,
Some inward qualms, ſome doubts and fears,
But then ſucceſs takes off their ſting,
And does the man to temper bring.
If conſcience and int'reſt differ,
Conſcience, in courſe, will grow the ſtiffer;
On th' other hand, if they agree,
Conſcience is pliant, frank and free.
It muſt be own'd that any ſaint
May boggle at the covenant,
And ſeem a little ſhy and loath,
To take, for nothing, a falſe oath;
But when ſucceſs and int'reſt force,
Theſe things are only things of courſe.

And thus went on this holderforth,
Till a freſh outcry ſtopp'd his mouth.
A knight there was of paſſing worth,
Who with his neighbours ſally'd forth,
A ſportſman keen, as ever ſet
A ſnare, or ſpring, or drew a net,
Could find a rabbit or a hare,
The beſt of any that was there:
And what was more, he underſtood
Each turn and winding of the wood:
To ſpeak his character in brief,
He was among the poachers chief.

As gen'rals, when they go to fight,
Firſt view the ground, e'en ſo our knight
Rid round and round about the place,
In which the lion ſhelter'd was:
But as it happens now and then,
We fall by our own ſtratagem,
So by the ſequel you will ſee
Th' event of *Reynard*'s treachery.
Reynard, as you before were told,
Lay cloſe enkennell'd in ſtrong hold,
Expecting when they would aſſail
The royal brute with tooth and nail;
But as that things do often ſlip,
The proverb ſays, 'twixt cup and lip,
Juſt ſo it happen'd in this caſe,
For chance brings many things to paſs;

A beagle

A beagle of the knight's retinue,
Coming by chance to an avenue,
Did by unlucky instinct find,
That *Reynard* lay full in the wind;
The dog no sooner took the scent,
But forwards he with fury went,
And as he runs he opens too,
As all staunch hounds by nature do.
The knight impatient of delay,
Bawls, *Hark to Jowler, bark away*;
For *Jowler* was a dog, he knew,
Ne'er cry'd it but it must be true;
And not to do his worship wrong,
Of dogs none better knew the tongue;
Nor was a tongue e'er better known
Among the dogs, than was his own.
Reynard, who heard the cry was coming,
Knew now there was no way but running.
And what was worse too, he must pass
Just where the mob assembled was.
About the brake he made some doubles,
But that did but augment his troubles:
The scent lay high, and ev'ry round,
To th' dogs himself he nearer found,
And so, before he lost more strength,
He thought it best to run a length,
And try if he could reach that earth
From whence he could not be got forth.
The lion who had quiet lain,
But not, perhaps, without some pain;
For let a beast be ne'er so stout,
'Tis dang'rous to engage a rout;
And he that will with rabbles fight,
Whether he be i'th' wrong or right,
Will find his blood and courage wasted,
And must expect to be well basted.
This royal brute, whose gen'rous breast
With doubts and fears, tho' ne'er oppreſt,
Yet seeing tumults and a hurry,
Judg'd it unsafe for him to tarry;
So to his den unseen repairs,
And left the fox to stand the bears.

The fox, tho' ſubtle, ſtrong, and ſwift,
Was now reduc'd to his laſt ſhift;
And as 'tis ſaid, that wit is beſt
In ſudden cauſes, ſo the beaſt,
Concludes, his ruin to prevent,
To try this bold experiment.
Near to a plain there dwelt a lord,
Whoſe park did ſtore of deer afford,
And had all ſorts of other game,
For ſome were wild and ſome were tame;
Thinks he, if I could thither get,
I ſhould theſe reſtleſs curs defeat.
Thither, with all his force and might,
The crafty vermin took his flight,
And finding in the pale a hole,
Preſs'd by his danger, in he ſtole.
But this had likewiſe prov'd in vain,
And he inevitably ſlain,
Had not the paſſage been ſo ſmall,
That not a dog could thro' it crawl.
And thus we ſee, as Stoics hold,
That *fortune ſtill doth help the bold*,
And the moſt daring ſubtle knave,
Doth often from deſtruction ſave,
Whilſt thoſe of worth, and better ſort,
Are but her merriment and ſport.
But to let ſmall adventures paſs,
Proceed we next to tell the caſe,
How *Reynard* like a politician,
That had more heads than beaſt in viſion,
And in each head had ſome deſign,
The royal brute to undermine.
Have you not heard of one of late,
A potent ſtickler for the ſtate;
One that could break his faith and troth,
With as much eaſe as eat his broth,
Play'd faſt and looſe, for and againſt,
Till he had got himſelf advanc'd;
Had ſeen three governments run down,
And had a hand in ev'ry one;
Could ſail with ev'ry wind and tide,
And be on both or either ſide.

Such

Such was the fox, ſuch was the man,
One beaſts, the other men trepan;
And both alike they did enjoy,
That uſeful maxim, to deſtroy
Both friend and foe, without remorſe,
That hinder'd their rebellious courſe.
New ſpite and rage the fox inflame,
To ſee that he had miſs'd his aim,
And nothing leſs than root and branch
Can eaſe the tumults in his paunch.
Accordingly he caſts about
How firſt to find the lion out,
And with a look demure and civil,
That would almoſt deceive the devil,
To draw him into ſome adventure,
In which his ruin needs muſt center.
And as the crafty vermin thought,
So chance about the matter brought;
For it fell out upon a day,
When all the beaſts were gone away;
That to the lion's den he poſted,
And thus the penſive brute accoſted:
Health to my prince, long life and peace,
May with his age, his power increaſe,
And may he be for ever free
From danger and from treachery:
May no falſe tales or groundleſs fears
Diſturb his thoughts or reach his ears,
That he may judge and truly know,
Who is his friend, and who his foe,
And be no more trick'd and miſguided,
And from his ſubjects hearts divided.
The gods can witneſs what I ſay,
None can with greater ardour pray
For the proſperity of maſter,
Than Reynard, *tho by ſad diſaſter,*
Has been traduc'd and repreſented,
One of the party diſcontented.
Great Sir, I ſhould not be ſo rude,
To treſpaſs on your ſolitude,
If both my conſcience and my duty
Did not engage me to be true t'you;

Nor should I at this time presume,
Into this sacred place to come,
If bus'ness of the last import,
Were not, in truth, my warrant for't.
The lion, tho' he knew the creature
Was dangerous, and false by nature,
And had been very oft found out,
The chief abettor of the rout;
Yet as the wisest princes use
No informations to refuse,
Give him his paw to kiss, in token
That he was pleas'd with what h'ad spoken.
The cunning caitiff, quickly finding
The lion thought him worth the minding,
With all the formal art and spite
Of an accomplish'd hypocrite,
Proceeds: *Dear Sir, the time is lost,*
When we of our own merits boast:
I therefore shall avoid recital
Of what I've done, since you requite all.
Nay, more than all, in granting me
This unexpected liberty,
To this replies the royal brute,
I will not enter a dispute,
What is your merit or demerit;
What vice or virtue you inherit:
But since your duty, as you say,
And conscience too, brought you this way,
And, as I think, you hint, moreover,
That you have something to discover;
I should be glad, and thank you too,
If that proposal you'd pursue;
And if I find it truth, depend,
I shall esteem you as my friend.
Quoth Reynard, *then, my liege, may't please you,*
I will with no preamble teize you;
You must remember, not long since,
That you alone walk'd out from hence;
And I believe have not forgot,
That 'gainst your life there was a plot.
In this case, Sir, I must speak plain,
You'ad then undoubtedly been slain,

If I myself had not been nigh,
And caution'd you aloud to fly.
I was that treacherous beast, I own,
To save your life expos'd my own;
Which I should now forbear to mention,
Were I not under apprehension
That you're in danger, for I'll prove,
That you can neither stir nor move,
But you have some about you lurking
And are for your destruction working.

The gen'rous brute, tho' prepossest
With the true character of the beast,
And knowing that the formal saint,
Would lye and swear, cant and recant,
Yet having knowledge and foresight,
That something that he spoke was right,
Thought it advisable to hear,
The utmost he could make appear.

Reynard, says he, *I cannot doubt,*
But you some secrets have found out,
And won't believe, as matters stand,
That you will now act underhand:
The time and place I recollect,
Where I my safety did suspect,
And heard some beast, with all his might
Cry out, you have no way but flight,
To save your life, and to speak true,
I least of all suspected you;
Who, by the accounts I've often had,
Would for my ruin be right glad.

Says Reynard, *'twould, my lord, be dull,*
And argue me a very fool,
To spend my time and breath to stop,
Of ev'ry senseless mouth the gap;
And therefore, Sir, to let that pass,
And come directly to the case:
When you ran to the wood for shelter.
I saw the people, helter skelter,
Come from the town, with each a club,
Design'd your royal hide to drub.
On this occasion, Sir, I must
To you and to myself be just.

My lord, I thought no remedy,
But either you or I must die;
And as your's is a life divine,
And worth ten thousand such as mine,
I thought in conscience I could do
No less, than venture it for you.
The manner how I scap'd, and how
I found the plot, you must allow
Miraculous, but as I scorn
'Gainst fellow-creatures to inform,
I beg you would no questions ask,
For that's the most ungrateful task.

And thus, to cover his design,
Did this deceitful varlet whine:
Till the poor beast, whose only sence
Was an unguarded innocence,
Began to think his artful tongue,
Went with his heart and thoughts along.

Hard is the fate of that poor king,
When traytors informations bring,
And harder yet when they must trust
A villain that they know unjust;
Such was this lion's desp'rate case,
He knew this fox a traytor was,
Yet he had cook'd his information,
In such a formal handsome fashion,
And back'd it with such facts to boot,
He could not help but listen to't.

Reynard, says he, *upon my credit,*
If any other beast had said it,
I should not have believ'd a jot,
Or the least tittle of a plot;
But you so plain have made it out,
That I should be to blame to doubt:
And if for me you've that obedience
As you're bound to by allegiance,
I do expect that you'll declare
The plot and who the plotters are.

Here the perfidious sycophant,
Begins again to howl and cant:
On you our liberties depend,
And with your safety ours must end,

And

And he's a false unworthy brute,
When you're in danger will be mute;
But as some things are better done
By other hands than by our own,
Some other beast should make th' attack,
And I'll be ready him to back:
Or if you think't a safer way,
I can you to a place convey,
Where you unseen may hear and see
The heads of this conspiracy.
Saith the good beast, *I like your last*
Proposal better than your first;
And therefore, Reynard, *I determine*
To go myself and seize the vermin.
You say you can conduct me to
A place where I unseen may go,
And view this juncto, at a season
When they are met to hatch their treason:
If so, and I can find 'em sitting,
I can take measures that are fitting,
To frustrate, without loss of time,
Whate'er these traytors may design.
The fox, who saw the beast so greedy
To take the bait, replies, *I'm ready,*
Let loss of life or limb betide,
My liege, to go and be your guide,
The worst that I can apprehend,
The way is rough and may offend
Your majesty: but for the rest,
Depend upon your faithful beast.
The lion, whose too gen'rous heart
Was free from all designs and art,
To all he spoke gave as much credit,
As if the oracle had said it.
Hypocrisy, that cursed sin,
Most often takes the best men in;
A gift it is, not only able
To tantalize and chouse the rabble,
But has a strange magnetick power,
To draw the great ones to its lure:
And therefore 'tis among the saints,
The only sin not pray'd against.

But to proceed, that we may come
Nearer to our conclusion:
The cunning fox the lion takes
Thro' unfrequented woods and brakes;
As thieves do passengers which they
Intend to bind and strip, or slay;
Just so it happen'd, as you'll hear,
For as they travell'd without fear,
He leads him to a place they call,
In country language, a trap-fall:
He had no sooner stepp'd upon
This engine of destruction,
But through he falls into a pit,
From whence he no ways out could get.

The fox no sooner saw him in,
But he began to bark and grin;
To rail, demand, and, more to move
The royal beast, did thus reprove:
'Tis doubtless for your punishment,
This judgment by the gods is sent.
You've been, I fear, too oft unjust,
And with your subjects broke your trust;
Have stretch'd prerogative too high,
And trespass'd upon property:
All which must be restor'd and mended,
E'er this calamity be ended.

The beast, whose noble heart and soul
No dangers, no distress, controul,
To the base varlet thus replies:
I thee and thy advice despise,
Tho' by my own distress and thy
False vows, and oaths, and flattery,
I'm hither brought, yet I determine,
Not to betray my trust, false vermin,
Nothing shall make me do a thing
Below the glory of a king.

Quoth Reynard, *Since you are so stout,*
I won't attempt to bring you out:
If you don't think a composition
May be of use in your condition,
Here you may lie, and starve, and rot;
So to the brink o'th' pit he got,

And

And in his filthy tail he piss'd,
And gave it in his face a twist.
The royal brute, altho' a creature,
Adorn'd with all the gifts of nature,
One that could suffer persecution,
And martyrdom with resolution,
To be thus piss'd upon and treated,
You must suppose was something heated.
He would have spoke, but 'twas in vain
For kings in prison to complain,
So the poor beast had no permission
To represent his hard condition:
For *Reynard*, like an artful traytor,
Had so contriv'd and fix'd the matter,
That all the tygers, wolves, and bears,
Already were about his ears.

His tryal, sentence, and his death,
Another fable shall set forth,
Which I intend, to shew my art,
To call this fable's second part.

A Thought upon Death, after hearing of the Murder of King Charles I.

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hands on kings.
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal laid,
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plaint fresh laurels where they kill,
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
Whilst the pale captive yields to death.

The

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor victim bleeds.
All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

An Epitaph upon King Charles I.

STAY, passenger, stay here, and see,
Intomb'd lies injur'd majesty;
Why trembleſt not? here's that would make
All but a harden'd rebel quake.
A king! O! starts thou not to hear,
A murder'd king lies bury'd here?
Search all the records of old times,
And muster up all ages crimes,
And roll 'em up in one great mass,
'Twill fall far short of what this was.
A monarch sentenc'd to his death,
By vulgar, base, plebeian breath,
A lawgiver, by laws unknown,
Condemn'd to lose his head and throne;
Nay, and to make the odium more,
This must be done at his own door,
And all under the false pretence
Of liberty and conscience.

A short Litany for the Year 1649.

FROM all the mischiefs I shall mention here,
Preserve us, heaven, in this approaching year;
From civil wars, and those uncivil things,
That hate the race of all our queens and kings;
From those who, for self-ends, would all betray;
From saints that curse and flatter when they pray;
From those that hold it merit to rebel,
In treason, murders, and in theft excel;

From

From those new teachers have destroy'd the old,
And those that turn the gospel into gold;
From a high-court and that rebellious crew,
That did their hands in royal blood imbrue;
Defend us, heaven, and to the throne restore
The rightful heir, and we will ask no more.

Upon the Storm at the death of Oliver Cromwell, *revers'd out of Mr* Waller's *fine Piece of Flattery.*

THEN take him, devil! hell his soul doth claim,
In storms as loud as his king-murthering fame.
His cheating groans and tears have shook this isle,
Cleft *Britain*'s oaks, for *Britain*'s funeral pile.
Now, at his exit, trees uncut are tost
Into the air; so *Faustus* once was lost,
Rome mist her first, so *London* her last king,
Both kill'd, then wept, and fell to worshiping.
We in a storm of wind our *Nimrod* lost,
King'd him, and sainted him, then curs'd his ghost.
In *Oeta*'s flames thus *Hercules* lay dead,
In *Worcester*'s flames, he on his raving bed;
He some scragg'd oaks and pines from mountains rent,
This stole two brave isles from the continent;
Ravag'd whole towns; and that his *Spanish* theft,
As a curst legacy to *Britain* left.
The seas, which, with our hopes, God had confin'd,
The devil made to narrow for his mind;
Our bounds enlargement was his greatest toil,
He made our prison greater than our isle.
Under the line our enslav'd cries are spoke,
And we and *Dunkirk* draw but in one yoke.
From broils he made, he best could disengage;
From his own head diverts our purchas'd rage:
And by fine state-art, to his country show'd,
How to be slaves at home, and thieves abroad.
Confederate usurpers quake to see,
The grave not under pow'r of tyranny;
Nature shrunk up at this great monster's death,
And swell'd the seas with much affrighted breath;

Then

Then to the bounding shore her billows roll'd,
The approaching fate of *Europe*'s troubles told.

A Song on Oliver's *Court.*

HE that would a new courtier be,
And of the late coin'd gentry,
A brother of the prick-ear'd crew,
Half a *Presbyter*, half a *Jew*,
When he is dipt in *Jordan*'s flood,
And wash'd his hands in royal blood,
Let him to our court repair,
Where all trades and religions are.

If he can devoutly pray,
Feast upon a fasting day,
Be longer blessing a warm bit,
Than the cook was dressing it,
With covenants and oaths dispense,
Betray his lord for forty pence,
Let him to our court repair, &c.

If to be one of the eating tribe,
Both a *Pharisee*, and a *Scribe*,
And hath learn'd the snivelling tone
Of a fluxt devotion,
Cursing from his sweating tub
The cavaliers to *Belzebub*,
Let him &c.

Who fickler than the city ruff,
Can change his brewer's coat to buff,
His dray-cart to a coach, the beast
Into two *Flanders* mares at least,
Nay hath the heart to murder kings,
Like *David*, only with his slings;
Let him &c.

If he can invert the word,
Turning his ploughshare to a sword,
His cassock to a coat of mail,
'Gainst bishops and the clergy rail,

Convert

Convert *Paul's* church into the mews,
Make a new colonel of old shoes,
Let him &c.

Who hath commission to convey
Both sexes to *Jamaica*,
There to beget new babes of grace
On wenches hotter than the place,
Who carry in their tails a fire,
Will rather scorch than quench desire,
Let him &c.

An Old SONG. By way of Dialogue.

Q. SAY, *Puritan*, if it should come to pass,
That thou must hear, or play, or mass,
Which wou'dst thou chuse?
A. Truly in such a doubtful case,
It would become a babe of grace,
To do as the spirit shall infuse.

Q. But were here in thy *Friday* dish
A capon, or a piece of fish,
Which wou'dst thou eat?
A. Capons are for the babes of grace,
Give sinful *Papists* ling and plaise,
Such superstitious meat.
Cho. Here's a *Puritan* catechised right,
Who loves his gut, but doth the spirit slight.

Q. Say, *Puritan*, if it should be thy hap,
To be enjoin'd a corner cap,
Wouldst thou deny?
A. Yes, I profess, *Babylon's* whore
That idol did erect, nay more,
It savours of antiquity.
Q. But wouldst not be content to wear
The cap that hideth sin, not hair,
Sirnamed *Cælotti*?
A. Yes, if it ben't of *Spanish* leather made,
Surely it cannot be gainsaid
By any true zealot.

Cho.

Cho. Here's a *Puritan* catechised right,
Who loves his schism, but doth the spirit slight.

Q. Say, *Puritan*, dost love the choir,
And holy bellows that inspire
The organ sweet?
A. Truly no, they're Satan's instruments,
Not fit for *Sion*'s holy tents,
The faithful think 'em not so meet.
Q. But wouldst not thou use any guile,
To hear a brother preach a mile
From text or sense?
A. Yes, so he rail religiously
'Gainst surplice and conformity,
The spirit will dispense.
Cho. Here's a *Puritan* catechised right,
Who loves his humour, but doth the spirit slight.

Q. Say, *Puritan*, at glorious paint
In church window wouldst not faint
At such a sight?
A. The free or painted glass, for there
Idolatry is full as clear,
To pure eyes as is the light.
Q. But if a painted sister lies
Prostrate, wouldst thou cast thy eyes
On her with *Ruth*?
A. Well may the spirit so digest
A glance, a kiss, and feel the rest,
So it be naked truth.
Cho. Here's a *Puritan* catechised right,
Who loves a painted whore, all other paint doth slight.

The Romish Priest *deny'd Hell-Room.*

A *Romish* priest that dy'd the other day,
His soul to hell went presently away,
The devil that then stood centinel,
Askt him, from whence he came and why to hell?
I am a priest, quoth he, come to sustain
In these dark cells just and eternal pain.

Corporal

Corp'ral, quoth the devil, and began to roar,
Corp'ral, make haste, for here's a priest at door!
The corporal afrighted, cryed, away!
Be gone, thou priest, for here thou may'st not stay;
For he who upon earth did prove so evil
To eat his God, will eat in hell the devil.

The Reformation.

TELL me not of lords and laws,
Rules or reformation,
All that's done's not worth two straws
To the welfare of the nation;
If men in pow'r do rant it still,
And give no reason but their will
For all their domination;
Or, if they do an act that's just,
'Tis not because they wou'd, but must,
To gratify some party's lust,
Or meerly for a fashion.

All our expence of Blood and purse
Has yet produc'd no profit;
Men are still as bad, or worse,
And will whate'er comes of it;
We've shuffl'd out, and shuffl'd in
The person, but retain the sin,
To make our game the surer;
Yet spite of all our pains and skill,
The knaves all in the pack are still,
And ever were, and ever will,
Tho' something now demurer.

And it cannot but be so,
Since those toys in fashion;
Are of souls so base and low,
Meer *bigots* of the nation;
Whose designs are pow'r and wealth,
At which by rapine, fraud, and stealth,
Audaciously they vent're ye;

They

They lay their consciences aside,
And turn with ev'ry wind and tide,
Puff'd on by ignorance and pride,
And all to look like gentry.

Crimes are not punish'd 'cause they're crimes,
But 'cause they're low and little;
Mean men for mean faults in these times
Make satisfaction to a tittle,
While those in office and in power,
Boldly the underlings devour,
Our cobweb-laws can't hold 'em;
They sell for many a thousand crown
Things which were never yet their own,
And this is law and custom grown;
'Cause those do judge who sold 'em.

Brothers still with brothers brawl,
And for trifles sue 'em,
For two pronouns that spoil all,
Contentious *meum* and *tuum*;
The wary lawyer buys and builds,
While the client sells his fields,
To sacrifice his fury;
And when he thinks t'obtain his right,
He's baffl'd off, or beaten quite,
By th' judges will, or lawyer's slight,
Or ign'rance of the jury.

See the tradesman, how he thrives
With perpetual trouble;
How he cheats and how he strives
His estate t'enlarge and double;
Extort, oppress, grind, and encroach,
To be a squire and keep a coach,
And to be one o'th' *Quorum*,
Who may with's brother-worships sit,
And judge without law, fear, or wit,
Poor petty thieves, that nothing get,
And yet are brought before 'em.

And

And his way to get all this,
  Is meer diſſimulation;
No factious lecture does he miſs,
  And ſcapes no ſchiſm in faſhion:
But, with ſhort hair and ſhining ſhoes,
He with two pens and's note-book goes,
  And winks, and writes at random;
Thence, with ſhort meal and tedious grace,
In a loud tone and publick place.
Sings *Wiſdom*'s hymns, that trot and pace
  As if *Goliah* ſcann'd 'em.

But when death begins his threats,
  And his conſcience ſtruggles,
To call to mind his former cheats,
  Then at heaven he turns his juggles;
And out of all's ill-gotten ſtore
He gives a dribbling to the poor,
  An hoſpital or ſchool-houſe;
And the ſuborn'd prieſt, for his hire,
Quite frees him from th' infernal fire,
And places him in th'angels choir:
  Thus theſe jack-puddings fool us!

All he gets by's pains, i'th' cloſe,
  Is, that he dy'd worth ſo-much;
Which he on's doubtful ſeed beſtows,
  That neither care nor know much:
Then fortune's favourite, his heir,
Bred baſe, and ignorant, and bare,
  Is blown up like a bubble;
Who, wondring at's own ſudden riſe,
By pride, ſimplicity, and vice,
Falls to his ſports, drink, drabs, and dice,
  And makes all fly like ſtubble.

And the church, the other twin,
  Whoſe mad zeal enrag'd us,
Is not purified a pin
  By all thoſe broils in which ſh'engag'd us:

We

We our wives turn'd out of doors,
And took in concubines and whores,
To make an alteration:
Our pulpiteers are proud and bold,
They their own wills and factions hold,
And sell salvation still for gold:
And here's our reformation!

'Tis a madness then to make
Thriving our employment,
And lucre love for lucre's sake,
Since we've possession, not enjoyment.
Let the times run on their course,
For opposition makes them worse,
We ne'er shall better find 'em;
Let grandees wealth and pow'r engross,
And honour too, while we sit close,
And laugh, and take our plenteous dose
Of sack, and never mind 'em.

The SAFETY.

SINCE it has been lately enacted high-treason
For a man to speak truth of the heads of the state,
Let every one make use of his reason,
See and hear what he can, but take heed what he prate;
For the proverbs do learn us,
He that stays from the battle sleeps in a whole skin,
And our words are our own if we can keep 'em in;
What fools are we then who to prattle begin
Of matters that do not concern us?

Let the three kingdoms fall to one of the prime ones,
My mind is a kingdom, and shall be to me:
I'd make it appear, if I had but the time once,
I'm happier with one than he can be with three,
If I may but enjoy it:
He that's mounted on high, is a mark for the hate,
And the envy, of every pragmatical pate,
While he that lies low is secure in his state,
And the great ones do scorn to annoy it.

I'm

I'm never the better which ſide gets the battle,
The tubs or the croſſes, what is it to me?
Twill neither encreaſe my goods nor my chattle,
For a beggar's a beggar, and ſo he ſhall be,
Unleſs he turn traytor.
Let miſers take courſes to heap up their treaſure,
Whoſe luſt has no limits, whoſe mind has no meaſure;
Let me but be quiet, and take a little pleaſure,
A little contents my nature.

My petition ſhall be, that canary be cheaper,
Without patent, or cuſtom, or curſed exciſe,
That the wits may have leave to drink deeper and deeper,
And not be undone while their heads they baptize,
And in liquor to drench 'em:
If this were but granted, who wou'd not deſire
To dub himſelf one of *Apollo*'s own choir?
We'll ring out the bells when our noſes are on fire,
And the quarts ſhall be buckets to quench 'em.

I account him no wit that is gifted at railing.
And flirting at thoſe who above him do ſit,
While they can outdo him at whipping and jayling,
Then his purſe or his perſon muſt pay for his wit,
'Tis better to be drinking:
If ſack were reform'd into twelve-pence a quart,
I'd ſtudy for money to merchandiſe for't,
And with a true friend wou'd make merry and ſport,
Not a word, but we'll pay 'em with thinking.

The Tub-preacher.

WITH face and faſhion to be known,
With eyes all white, and many a groan,
With neck awry, and ſnivelling tone,
And handkerchief from noſe new blown,
And loving cant to ſiſter *Joan*,

'Tis a new teacher about the town,
Oh! the town's new teacher.

With

With cozening laugh, and hollow cheek,
To get new gatherings every weak,
With paltry ſenſe as man can ſpeak,
With ſome ſmall *Hebrew* and no *Greek*,
With hums and haws when ſtuff's to ſeek,

'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With hair cut ſhorter than the brow,
With little band, as you know how,
With cloak like *Paul*, no coat I trow,
With ſurplice none, nor girdle now,
With hands to thump, nor knees to bow,

'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With ſhop-board breeding and intruſion,
By ſome outlandiſh inſtitution,
With *Calvin*'s methods and concluſion,
To bring all things into confuſion,
And far-fetcht ſighs, for meer illuſion,

'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With threats of abſolute damnation,
But certainly of ſome ſalvation
To his new ſect, not every nation;
With election and reprobation,
And with ſome uſe of conſolation,

'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With troops expecting him at door
To hear a ſermon and no more,
And women following him good ſtore,
And with great bibles to turn o'er,
Whilſt *Tom* writes notes, as bar-boys ſcore,

'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With

Du Val & Highwayman

With a double cap to put his head in,
That looks like a black pot tipt with tin.
While with antick gestures he doth gape and grin,
The sisters admire, and he wheedles them in,
Who to cheat their husbands think it no sin.
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With great pretended spiritual motions,
And many fine whimsical notions,
With blind zeal and large devotions,
With preaching rebellion, and raising commotions,
And poisoning the people with *Geneva* potions,
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

A Burlesque Pindarick ODE, *to the Memory of the most renown'd* Claud. Du Val, *the Highwayman.*

'TIS true, to complement the dead,
Is as impertinent and vain,
As 'was of old to call 'em back again.
Or, like the *Tartars*, give 'em wives,
With settlements for after lives.
For all that can be done or said,
Tho' ne'er so noble, great and good,
By them is neither heard nor understood
All our fine slights, and tricks of art,
First to create, and then adore desert;
And those romances which we frame,
To raise ourselves, not them, a name,
In vain are stuft with ranting flatteries,
And such, as if they knew, they would despise;
For as those times, the golden age they call,
In which there was no gold at all;
So we plant glory and renown,
Where it was ne'er deserved nor known,
But to worse purpose, many times,
To varnish o'er nefarious crimes.
And cheat the world, that never seems to mind
How good or bad men die, but what they leave behind.

And yet the brave *Du Val*, whose name
Can never be worn out by fame,
That liv'd and dy'd to leave behind
A great example to mankind:
That fell a publick sacrifice,
From ruin to prevent those few,
Who, tho' born false, may be made true;
And teach the world to be more just and wise,
Ought not, like vulgar ashes, rest
Unmention'd in the silent chest,
Not for his own, but publick interest.
He, like a pious man, some years before
Th' arrival of his fatal hour,
Made ev'ry day he had to live,
To his last minute, a preparative;
Taught the wild *Anaks* on the road
To act in a more genteel mode,
Take prizes more obligingly than those
Who never had been bred *filous*;
And how to hang in a more graceful fashion,
Than e'er was known before to the dull *English* nation.

In *France*, the staple of new modes,
Where garbs and courts are current goods,
That serves the ruder northern nations
With methods of address and treat,
Prescribes new garnitures and fashions.
And how to drink and how to eat
No out of fashion wine or meat.
To understand crevats and plumes,
And the most modish from the old perfumes,
To know the age and pedigrees,
Of points of *Flanders* and *Venice*,
Cast their nativity, and to a day
Foretel how long they'll hold, and when decay,
T' affect the purest negligences,
In gestures, gaits, and miens,
And speak by repartee *routines*,
Out of the most authentic of romances;
And to demonstrate with substantial reason,
What ribbands all the year are in or out of season.

To

To this great academy of mankind,
  He ow'd his birth and education,
Where all are so ingeniously inclin'd,
  They understand by imitation;
Are taught, improved, before they are aware,
As if they'd suck'd their breeding from the air,
That naturally does dispense
To all, a deep and solid confidence,
A virtue of that precious use,
That he whom bounteous heav'n endues
But with a mod'rate shew of it,
Can want no worth, abilities, nor wit,
In all the deep hermetick arts,
  (For so of late the learned call
  All tricks, if strange and mystical)
He had improv'd his nat'ral parts,
And with his magick rod could sound,
Where hidden treasures may be found.
He, like a lord o'th' manor seiz'd upon,
  Whatever happen'd in his way,
  As lawful weif and stray,
And after, by the custom, kept it as his own.

  From the first rudiments he grew
To nobler feats, and try'd his force
Upon whole troops of foot and horse,
  Whom he as bravely did subdue:
Declar'd all caravans, that go
Upon the king's highway, his foe:
  Made many desperate attacks,
Upon itinerant brigades,
Of all professions, ranks, and trades,
  On carriers loads and pedlars packs,
Made them lay down their arms and yield,
  And, to the smallest piece, restore,
  All that by cheating they had got before,
And after plunder'd all the baggage of the field;
  In ev'ry bold affair of war,
He had the chief command and led them on;
  For no man is judg'd fit to have the care
Of others lives, until he'as made it known,
How much he does despise and scorn his own.

Whole provinces, 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Have by his conq'ring ſword been won;
And mighty ſums of money laid,
For ranſom, upon ev'ry man,
And hoſtages deliver'd 'till 'twas paid,
Th' exciſe and chimney publican,
The *Jew*, foreſtaller, and inhanſer,
To him for all their crimes did anſwer.
He vanquiſh'd the moſt fierce and fell
Of all his foes, the conſtable,
That oft had beat his quarters up,
And routed him, and all his troop.
He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,
That in his own allow'd highway,
Does feats of arms as great as his,
And when th' encounter in it, wins th' day.
Safe in his garriſon, the court,
Where meaner criminals are ſentenc'd for 't,
To the ſtern foe he oft gave quarter,
But as the *Scotchman* did to *Tartar*,
That he in time to come,
Might, in return from him, receive his doom.

He would have ſtarv'd this mighty town,
And brought its haughty ſpirit down;
Have cut it off from all relief,
And like a wiſe and valiant chief,
Made many a fierce aſſault
Upon all ammunition-carts,
And thoſe that bring up cheeſe and malt,
Or bacon from remoter parts,
No convoy e'er ſo ſtrong, with food,
Durſt venture on the deſperate road;
He made th' undaunted waggoner obey,
And the fierce higgler contribution pay;
The ſavage butcher and ſtout drover
Durſt not to him their feeble troops diſcover;
And if he had but kept the field,
In time he'd made the city yield;
For great towns, like the crocodiles, are found
I' th' belly apteſt to receive a mortal wound,

But when the fatal hour arriv'd,
In which his ſtars began to frown,
And had in cloſe cabal contriv'd
To pull him from his height of glory down,
When he by num'rous foes oppreſs'd,
Was in the enchanted dungeon caſt,
Secur'd with mighty guards,
Leſt he by force or ſtratagem,
Might prove too cunning for their chains and 'em,
And break thro' all their locks, and bolts, and wards,
He 'ad both his legs by charms committed
To one another's charge,
That neither might be ſet at large,
And all their fury and revenge outwitted.
As jewels of high value are
Kept under locks with greater charge
Than thoſe of meaner rates;
So he was in ſtone-walls, and pondrous chains, and iron grates.

Thither came ladies from all parts,
To offer up cloſe pris'ners hearts,
Which he receiv'd as tribute due,
And made 'em yield up love and honour too,
But in more brave heroicks
Than e'er was practis'd yet in plays;
For thoſe two ſpiteful foes who never meet,
But full of hot conteſt and piques,
About punctilio's and meer tricks,
Did all their quarrels to his doom ſubmit,
And far more generous and free,
With only looking on him did agree,
Both fully ſatisfy'd; the one
With the freſh laurels he had won,
And all the brave renowned feats
He had perform'd in arms;
The other with his perſon and his charms;
For juſt as larks are catch'd in nets,
By gazing on a piece of glaſs,
So while the ladies view his brighter eyes,
And ſmoother poliſh'd face,
Their gentle hearts, alas! were taken by ſurprize.

Never did bold knight errant, to relieve
Distressed dames, such dreadful feats atchieve,
As feeble damsels for his sake
Would have been proud to undertake,
And bravely ambitious to redeem
The World's loss and their own,
Strove who should have the honour to lay down,
And change a life with him:
But finding all their hopes in vain,
To move his fixt determin'd fate,
They life itself began to hate,
And all the world beside disdain:
Made loud appeals and moans
To less hard-hearted grates and stones;
Came swell'd with sighs, and drown'd in tears,
To yield themselves his fellow-sufferers,
And follow'd him like prisoners of war,
Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car.

Good Advice in bad Times.

ROWZE up, great *Charles!* thy courage show,
Or faction soon will bring thee low:
Some must be banish'd, others swing,
Or thou must cease to be a king.
No credit give to villain *Oats*,
Be not amus'd with *Popish* plots;
No foreign troops of pilgrims fear,
Nor *Popish* armies in the air;
But guard thy throne against the base
Designs of those that boast of grace,
And plead thereby, as times go now,
A better right to rule than thou.
Take care of *Tony* and his party,
They are the rogues that mean to hurt thee.
The Tories love thee and obey thee,
None but the rebel Whigs betray thee,
The stubborn wicked spawn of those
That struggl'd for the good old cause,
Till they thy royal sire subdu'd,
And in his blood their hands imbru'd;

These

These are the only snakes that sting thee
And if not crush'd will soon unking thee;
For thou hast warm'd them till they bite thee,
The way they always will requite thee.
Therefore look round thy court, good prince,
And banish all such serpents thence.
Mercy, that attribute divine,
Hath been thy father's fault and thine;
His clemency and goodness cost
Himself and subjects all they lost;
And thine, if thou wilt still restrain
Thy justice, will abridge thy reign;
For Whigs believe that mercy springs
Alone from cowardice in kings;
And therefore but insult the more,
When princes moderate their pow'r.
Banish thy spurious son the land,
Let him no more thy troops command;
Withdraw thy fondness from the fool,
Thy darling, but the party's tool;
A fencing, riding, cringing thing,
That courts the mob to make him king,
An empty, dancing, fiery bauble,
Ador'd by strumpets and the rabble;
The ladies idol at a ball,
The stallion of thy court *Whitehall*;
Who got, great *Charles*, by thee, retains
Thy princely lust, but wants thy brains,
Which makes some think when you contented
His mother, that your head dissented,
And that's the cause the foppish ape
Has nothing of thee but thy shape.
Beware of those that serve the crown,
And yet in publick cry thee down,
Who sneak and fawn about thy person,
But tamper with thy foolish whoreson,
And by false arguments ensnare
The youth to think he is thy heir,
When thou thyself must own there's one
Much nearer than a bastard son;
Therefore if thou art wise, in spight
Of Whigs, assert thy Brother's right,

For if thou doſt their humours pleaſe,
They'll queſtion thine as well as his.
Be watchful of the factious city,
Who hate thee, tho' they often treat thee.
Hug cloſe their wives, get loyal heirs,
For ſheriffs, aldermen, and may'rs;
Make cuckolds of the wealthy crew,
And, like Sir *Robert*, knight 'em too.
Thus kiſs their ladies, like a king,
And keep 'em poor by borrowing;
A ſpeedier way to raiſe ſupplies,
Than all thy council can adviſe,
Now faction rules the commons houſe,
And ſwear they'll give thee not a ſouſe,
'Cauſe *Portſmouth* ſends o'er guinea pies
To *France*, or elſe the publick lies:
And *Nelly* lives in greater ſtate,
Than thy own royal conſort *Kate*.
Therefore, great *Charles!* if thou would'ſt pleaſe
Thy foes, turn off thy miſtreſſes,
And then the parliament, they ſay,
Will grant thee ſums without delay.
But ſure thy wiſdom muſt foreknow,
That if you condeſcend ſo low,
To live or reign as they would have thee,
They'd make ſuch laws as ſhould enſlave thee;
Still keep thee poor, be finding fault,
Complain, but give thee not a groat;
Be therefore careful how you grant
Too large conceſſions in your want;
No branch of royal power ſell,
Give 'em an inch they'll take an ell.
Thou knowſt they only want to bring thee
To what will ruin and unking thee;
And then thou'lt, like thy father, find
The ſad effects of being kind
To faction, who intend no other
Than to deſtroy thee and thy brother.
Since theſe are the rebellious drifts
Of thoſe that put thee to thy ſhifts,
Exert thy pow'r deriv'd of God,
And make them tremble at thy nod;

Boldly

Boldly aſſert thy right divine,
And lop thoſe heads that aim at thine,
Or thou wilt find the ſons of thoſe
That were thy father's reſtleſs foes
Will to deſtruction drive or lead thee,
And all the *Stuarts* that ſucceed thee;
For root and branch work is their aim
Which they'll compleat, unleſs the ſame..
Severity be us'd with them.
Then learn of *Harry* to chaſtiſe
Thy ſtubborn factious enemies,
And keep thy p------s in awe,
With ſtamp of foot and threatning *bah!*
Or elſe the c-----swill in time
Above their royal ſov'reign climb:
And *England* boaſt, when thou'rt undone,
Five hundred kings inſtead of one.

The Character of a Fanatick.

IN *London* ſtreets is often ſeen
A hum-drum ſaint whoſe holy mein
Denotes the proud enthuſiaſtick
To be religiouſly fantaſtick;
His looks moſt primitively wear
An ancient *Abrahamick* air;
And, like bad copies of a face,
The good original diſgrace:
A hawks-bill noſe divides his cheeks,
And tunes his cant whene'er he ſpeaks,
Whilſt on his breaſt one hand he lays,
That fools may credit what he ſays;
Tho' int'reſt always bribes his tongue,
To repreſent things right or wrong,
And is the loadſtone that attracts
The ſaint to all he ſpeaks or acts.
As beauty draws the am'rous youth
To ſwear repugnant to the truth,
And, zealot like, to grace his lies
With upcaſt looks and feigned ſighs.
His head ſtands mounted on a neck
As ſtubborn as a poſt or ſtake,

That will not ſuff'r 'im to bow down
To altar, miter, or the crown,
Affirming ſtiffly, they're no more
Than trappings of the ſcarlet whore:
Yet has a joint that always bends
When 'tis to gain his own by-ends.
Thus when there's nothing to be got
Submiſſion is a deadly ſau't;
But upon e'ery new occaſion,
When int'reſt is the grand temptation,
Then conſcience gives a diſpenſation.

His coat, whoſe colour is moſt grave,
Yet carries in its ſleeve a knave;
Tho' new, derives its ancient faſhion
From good old times of reformation,
When blunderbuſs and baſket-hilt
More blood than fire and faggot ſpilt,
And zealots, by diſſenſion civil,
Got th' upper-hand of pope and devil.

His hat, whoſe penthouſe brims ſecure
His formal weeds from rainy ſhow'r,
Hangs on his *occiput* moſt quaintly,
To make the knave appear more ſaintly
And from the ſight of back beholders,
Skreens his long neck and ſtooping ſhoulders.

His hair in greaſy locks hangs down
As ſtrait as candles, from his crown,
And ſhades the borders of his face,
Whoſe outward ſigns of inward grace
Are only viſible in ſpightful
Grimaces, very ſtern and frightful;
As if he thought no man could be
A zealous foe to *Popery*,
Except his looks declare his malice
To altar, candleſticks, and chalice.

The band he wears is very broad,
Exceeding far the common mode,
Juſt ſuch as *Knipperdolin* wore
On doublet-collar heretofore,
When e'ery madman that could cant
Of ſaving-grace, was thought a ſaint,

Provided

Provided he could cry aloud
But reformation to the crowd,
That ſome arch villain, by his craft,
Like *Nol*, might raiſe himſelf aloft,
And under that deceitful curſe
Of mending make all matters worſe;
As tinkers, when thy undertake
To ſtop one hole, two bigger make,
That e'ery piece of work may end
In ſomething that is new to mend.
  His head is full of fears and fictions,
His conſcience form'd of contradictions,
Is therefore never long content
With any church or government,
But fancies e'ery thing that is,
For want of mending, much amiſs.
So conſequentially would vary
All things to ſomething quite contrary,
As if he thinks, whate'er we crave,
Is better far than what we have;
And therefore ſtill is diſagreeing
With e'ery thing that is in being.
Thus like the moon that's always ranging,
Seems deſtin'd to perpetual changing,
And reſtleſs as the ſublune tide,
In crooked channels loves to glide.
  His ſtubborn pride and zealous folly
Ariſe from temper melancholy,
Which in his looks imprint a ſadneſs
That ſhews him near ally'd to madneſs:
Therefore he does not chuſe or cull
His faith by any ſcripture rule;
But by the vapours that torment
His brains, from hypocondria ſent,
Which into dreams and viſions turn,
And make his zeal ſo fiercely burn,
That reaſon loes the aſcendant,
And all within grows independant.
So when the lees of ale or wine
Condenſe below, the liquor's fine;
But when the nauſeous dregs break looſe
They ſour and ſpoil the noble juice.

The quaint deportment of the knave
Is always wonderfully grave,
And e'ery ſentence that he ſays
Digeſted into ſcripture phraſe:
His actions ſo demure as if
To be a ſaint was to be ſtiff,
And that religion muſt agree
The beſt with dull formality.
Regeneration, reprobation,
Election, and predeſtination,
Are the chief points on which he cants,
When mix'd among his brother ſaints,
In which fanatical diſcourſes,
He ſummons all his ſcripture forces,
To prove all ſuch as do accord
With him the choſen of the Lord;
But that the *Papiſts* are accurs'd
'Tis plain in *Canticles* the firſt;
Therefore he joins their holy father
The pope and dev'l ſo cloſe together,
That both may equal terror ſtrike,
And by the ſaints be fear'd alike.
His *Chriſtian* charity is ſuch,
He ne'er thinks what he gives too much,
'Tis plain, becauſe he ne'er is known
To give one farthing of his own;
Therefore as nothing is no charge,
It can't be thought a gift too large.
His dealings are ſo juſt and plain
He never cheats but when he can;
And where he finds he cannot bite ye,
He'll prove too honeſt to outwit ye:
But if your judgment you poſtpone,
And to his conſcience truſt alone,
No human juſtice will he do,
But uſe you worſe than *Turk* or *Jew*,
Yet vow, proteſt, and ſcripture plead,
As if he was a ſaint indeed.
Such are that old fanatick ſtrain
Of whigs that envy *Charles*'s reign,
Inſatiate rebels, whom no law
Can govern, or good monarch awe;

A ſtubborn

The Morning Salutation 4.

A ſtubborn reſtleſs generation,
O'ercome with dog-ſtar zeal and paſſion
Impatient of the higheſt place,
To which they plead a right by grace.
Cruel in pow'r and reſtleſs out,
When moſt rebellious moſt devout,
Making religion a diſguiſe,
Or cloak to all their villanies;
As if they thought the ſame deſign'd
For nothing but a holy blind;
Therefore like harlots ſeldom uſe it,
Except to ſhame it and abuſe it.
From ſuch implacable tormentors,
Fanatick, hypocrites, diſſenters,
Whigs, Round-heads, call'em what you pleaſe:
I ſay, from rebels ſuch as theſe,
May God preſerve the church and throne
And *Charles* the wiſe that ſits thereon:
Nor may their plots exclude his heirs
From reigning when the right is theirs;
But may the *Stuarts* trample down
Thoſe enemies to church and crown:
For ſhould the foot the head command
And faction gain the upper hand,
We muſt expect a ruin'd land.

The Morning's Salutation: *or a Friendly Conference between a Puritan Preacher and a Family of his Flock, upon a 30th of* January.

Preacher.

GOOD morrow to thee: how doſt do;
I only juſt call'd in to ſhew
My love, upon this bleſſed day,
As I, by chance, came by this way.
Grace, peace, and faith, be unto thee,
And all this choſen family.

Huſband.

Husband,

My soul does very much rejoice
To see thee, and to hear thy voice:
I bless the Lord to find thee thus
Abound in health as well as us,
And hope thou art dispos'd to stay
A while and comfort us this day.

Preacher,

I think I shall not stay to dine,
But the Lord's will be done, not mine.
Where's thy good wife? methinks I want
To see her, she's a pious saint;
In wedlock thou art truly blest
Of women she's the very best.
Pray let her know that I am here,
And tell her I desire to see her.

Husband,

The Lord preserve her! here she comes,
She has just been sweeping out her rooms,
You must excuse her housewife's dress,
She's always doing, I profess.

Wife,

I'm very happy, worthy Sir,
To see so great a stranger here.
I hope good Madam *Cant* is well,
And pretty Mrs *Abigail*.
Dear Sir, I wish I could have seen
Them here, how bless'd should I have been;
Tho' I'm asham'd, I must confess,
T' appear in such a homely dress.

Preacher,

Thou 'rt a good woman, thou hast grace,
That best adorns a beauteous face;
I think thy weeds become thee well,
Thou wouldst not dress like *Jezebel*.
To tell the truth, I've seldom seen
A wife more lovely or more clean.

Give

Give me thy hand, thou faithful bride,
The Lord at all times be thy guide:
How do thy little comforts fare?
Those tender twigs, their parents care;
Pray call 'em hither, let me bless
Those pretty hopeful babes of grace.

Wife,

Here, *Aram*, come, my little saint,
Where's your low bow to *Mr Cant*?
Daughter! where art? come hither, *Ruth*,
Fie, pull your fingers from your mouth.
Look up, my dear, hold up your head,
Where's your fine curt'sy? there's my maid.

Preacher,

Lord, sanctify these lambs, and grant
That they thy grace may never want;
Shew 'em thy ways, that they may be
A comfort to thy spouse and thee;
The Lord sufficiently hath shew'd
His love to both in such a brood.
May they still greater blessings grow
To thee that brought 'em forth in woe.
And as their years increase, inherit
A double portion of the spirit.

Wife,

Thanks to you, rev'rend Sir, may heaven
Reward the blessing you have given.
Rebecca, take my closet-key
And fetch that bottle unto me,
Thy master brought me home last night
For *Palm*, and said he knew 'twas right;
And with the bottle pray bring in
A glass, take care you wash it clean.

Preacher,

I hope thou dost not think that I
Drink wine, except I'm sick or dry;

I ne'er take any thing that's ſtrong,
One glaſs I fear will do me wrong,
E'en let it reſt upon the ſhelf,
Thou 'dſt better keep it for thy ſelf.

Wife,

Good Sir, vouchſafe, at my requeſt,
To drink this glaſs, 'tis not a taſte.
It holds but half a pint at moſt,
Will you be pleas'd to have a toaſt,

Preacher,

No, by no means, if I muſt take
So large a doſe 'tis for thy ſake,
Good Lord, give thou a bleſſing to it,
That when 'tis down I may not rue it.
Well, 'tis exceeding good indeed,
I wiſh it mayn't offend my head.
May'ſt thee, at all times, for thy eaſe,
Abound in comforts, ſuch as theſe.
'Tis a prime cordial, I proteſt,
This ought not to be drank in waſte.

Huſband,

Alas, one glaſs, Sir, will not warm ye,
I'm ſure a ſecond cannot harm ye;
Cold weather does ſtrong wine require,
Fill out, my dear,—a little higher;
Pray give the glaſs to Mr *Cant*,
So long a walk may make him faint.

Preacher,

Thou beſt of all good women! hold
Thy hand, conſider I am old;
Thou art too bountiful, I vow,
Thy love is too abounding now;
Lord, ſanctify this cordial juice,
And make it wholſome for our uſe.
Well!— 'tis a comfortable creature,
In truth I think I ne'er drank better.
I can but thank ye for your love,
'Tis now, I doubt, high time to move.

Wife,

Wife,

Nay, Sir, I hope you'll ſtay and dine,
Beſides, here's almoſt half the wine:
Pray, Sir, accept, before you go,
Of t'other glaſs, and don't ſay no.
And if you're not engag'd elſewhere,
You're welcome to our homely fare.

Preacher,

Thou art ſo kind, I needs muſt ſay,
I ſcarce know how to go or ſtay.
What dinner haſt thou, friendly creature,
Alas, I'm but a piddling eater.

Wife,

I muſt confeſs we have not dreſs'd
What's worthy of ſo good a gueſt;
Yet 'tis a diſh that we may ſay
Is ſuited to the preſent day:
'Tis a calf's head, to tell you truth,
I wiſh ſuch fare may fit your tooth.

Preacher,

Bleſs me, the beſt and only diſh,
Upon this day, that I could wiſh;
No food beſides could ſo delight
My eyes, and eke my appetite.
Good pious ſaints, that you ſhould join
Your hearts ſo mutually with mine.
Well, give me now the other glaſs,
I ſee that you abound in grace,
The L—d of mercy and of pow'r
Hath bleſſings for ſuch ſaints in ſtore.
I cannot bid ye now farewel,
Thy invitation muſt prevail.
Methinks from heaven I hear a voice,
That bids me tarry and rejoice.

Husband,

None can more truly welcome be;
Therefore I hope, Sir, you'll be free.

This

This is a day of joy and mirth
Among the ſaints that dwell on earth.
This and the fifth day of *November*
We're always careful to remember;
Both which deſerve the utmoſt rev'rence
For our remarkable deliverance.

Preacher,

'Tis very true, we ought to praiſe
The Lord upon theſe bleſſed days,
And tipify the fall of him
That caus'd the land in blood to ſwim;
So good a diſh, on ſuch a day!
What Chriſtian can refuſe to ſtay.
But tho' I tarry here to dine,
Pray do not ſend for any wine.

Huſband,

A little, Sir,—wife, ſend the maid
For two of *Palm* and two of red:
This day we always drink, you know,
To th' pious hand that gave the blow.

Preacher,

The Lord direct thee! prithee do
What thy own mind inclines thee to.
But I muſt crave thy leave to light
One pipe to whet my appetite.
When that is done we'll ſhut the door,
And praiſe the L——d for half an hour.

The Geneva Ballad.

OF all the factions in the town,
Mov'd by *French* ſprings or *Flemiſh* wheels,
None treads religion upſide down,
Or tears pretences out at heels,
Like *Splaymouth* with his brace of caps,
Whoſe conſcience might be ſcann'd perhaps
By the dimenſions of his chops.

He

He whom the ſiſters ſo adore,
Counting his actions all divine,
Who when the ſpirit hints can roar,
And if occaſion ſerves can whine;
Nay, he can bellow, bray, or bark,
Was ever *ſike* a *beau-learn'd clerk*,
That ſpeaks all *lingua's* of the ark.

To draw in proſelytes like bees,
With pleaſing twang he tones his proſe;
He gives his handkerchief a ſqueeze,
And draws *John Calvin* thro' his noſe;
Motive on motive he obtrudes,
With ſlip-ſtocking ſimilitudes,
Eight uſes more, and ſo concludes.

When monarchy began to bleed,
And treaſon had a fine new name;
When *Thames* was balderdaſh'd with *Tweed*,
And pulpits did like beacons flame;
When *Jeroboam*'s calves were rear'd,
And *Laud* was neither lov'd nor fear'd,
This goſpel-comet firſt appear'd,

Soon his unhallow'd fingers ſtripp'd
His ſov'reign liege of power and land:
And having ſmote his maſter, ſtripp'd
His ſword into his fellow's hand:
But he that wears his eyes may note,
Oft-times the butcher binds a goat,
And leaves his boy to cut her throat.

Poor *England* felt his fury then,
Outweigh'd queen *Mary*'s many grains;
His very preaching ſlew more men,
Than *Bonner*'s faggots, ſtakes, and chains,
With dag-ſtar zeal and lungs like *Boreas*,
He ſought and taught, and, what's notorious,
Deſtroy'd his Lord to make him glorious.

Yet

Yet drew for king and parliament,
As if the wind cou'd ſtand *North-South*
Broke *Moſes*'s law with bleſt intent.
Murther'd, and then he wip'd his mouth.
Oblivion alters not his caſe,
Nor clemency, nor acts of grace,
Can blanch an *Ethiopian*'s face.

Ripe for rebellion he begins
To rally up the ſaints in ſwarms,
He bawls aloud, *Sirs, leave your ſins,*
But whiſpers, *Boys, ſtand to your arms.*
Thus he's grown inſolently rude,
Thinking his gods can't be ſubdu'd,
Money, I mean, and Multitude.

Magiſtrates he regards no more
Than St *George*, or the king of *Colon*,
Vowing he'll not conform before,
The old wives wind their dead in woollen
He calls the biſhop, *grey-beard coſſ*,
And makes his power as meer a ſcof
As *Dagon*, when his hands were off.

Hark! how he opens with full cry,
Halloo, my hearts, beware of ROME,
Cowards that are afraid to die,
Thus make domeſtick broils at home.
How quietly great *Charles* might reign,
Would all theſe hot-ſpurs croſs the main,
And preach down *Popery* in *Spain*.

The ſtarry rule of heaven is fixt,
There's no diſſention in the ſky:
And can there be a mean betwixt
Confuſion and conformity;
A place divided never thrives,
'Tis bad where hornets dwell in hives,
But worſe where children play with kniyes.

I won'd as ſoon turn back to maſs,
Or change my phraſe to *thee* and *thou*;

Let

Let the *Pope* ride me like an aſs,
And his prieſts milk me like a cow:
As buckle to *Smectymnian* laws,
The bad effects o'th' *good old cauſe*.
That have doves plumes, but vultures claws.

For 'twas the holy kirk that nurs'd
The *Brownifts* and the *Ranters* crew;
Foul errors motly veſture firſt
Was coated in a *Northern* blue;
And what's th' enthuſiaſtick breed,
Or men of *Knipperdolin*'s creed,
But cov'nanters run up to ſeed.

Yet thy all cry they love the king,
And make boaſt of their innocence;
There cannot be ſo vile a thing
But may be cover'd with pretence:
Yet when all's ſaid, one thing I'll ſwear
No ſubject like th' old cavalier,
No traytor like *Jack Preſbyter*.

The Round-Head.

WHAT creature's that with his ſhort hairs,
His little band, and huge long ears,
That this new faith hath founded?
The ſaints themſelves were never ſuch,
The prelate ne'er rul'd half ſo much.
O! ſuch a rogue's a round-head.

What's he that doth the biſhops hate,
And counts their calling reprobate,
'Cauſe by the pope propounded;
And think a zealous cobler better,
Than learned *Uſher* in e'ery letter?
O! ſuch a rogue's a round-head.

What's he that doth high-treaſon ſay,
As often as his yea and nay,
And wiſh the king confounded;

And

And dares maintain that Mr *Pym*
Is fitter for a crown than him;
O! such a rogue's a round-head.

What's he that if he chance to hear
A little piece of common-prayer,
Doth think his conscience wounded,
Will go five miles to preach and pray,
And meet a sister by the way?
O! such a rogue's a round-head.

What's he that met a holy sister,
And in a haycock gently kiss'd her,
O! then his zeal abounded:
'Twas underneath a shady willow,
Her bible serv'd her for a pillow?
And there he got a round-head.

A Caveat to the Round-heads.

I Come to charge ye
That slight the clergy,
And pull the miter from the prelate's head,
That you will be wary,
Lest you miscarry,
In all these factious humours you have bred;
But as for *Brownists* we'll have none,
But take them all and hang them one by one.

Your wicked actions,
Join'd in factions,
Are all but aims to rob the king of his due;
Then give this reason
For your treason,
That you'll be rul'd, if he'll be rul'd by you;
Then leave these factions, zealous brother,
Least you be hanged one against another.

Your

Your wit abounded,
Gentle Round-head,
When you abus'd the bishops in a ditty,
When as you sanged,
You must be hanged,
A timpany of malice made you witty;
And, tho' your hot zeal made you bold,
When you are hang'd your arse will be cold.

Then leave confounding,
And expounding,
The doctrine that you preach in tubs,
You raise this warring,
And private jarring,
I doubt, in time, will prove the knave of clubs,
It's for your lying, and not for your oaths,
You shall be hang'd, and *Ketch* shall have your cloaths.

The TURNCOAT. *To the Tune of,* London is a fine Town.

I Lov'd no king since forty-one,
When prelacy went down,
A cloak and band I then put on,
And preach'd against the crown.

Chorus,

A turncoat is a cunning man
That cants to admiration,
And prays for any king to gain
The peoples approbation.

I shew'd the paths to heav'n untrod,
From pop'ry to refine 'em,
And taught the people to serve God,
As if the devil were in 'em,
A turncoat, &c.

When *Charles* return'd into our land,
The *English* church supporter,
I shifted off my cloak and band,
And so became a courtier.
A turncoat, &c.

The

The king's religion I profest,
And found there was no harm in't;
I cogg'd and flatter'd, like the rest,
Till I had got preferment.
A turncoat, &c.

I taught my conscience how to cope
With honesty or evil;
And when I rail'd against the pope,
I sided with the devil.
Chorus,
A turncoat is a cunning man,
That cants to admiration,
And prays for any king to gain
The peoples approbation.

The Characters of the five Sectaries, viz. PRESBYTERIAN, INDEPENDENT, ANABAPTIST, QUAKER, *and* FIFTH MONARCHY-MEN. *Concluding with Advice to King* Charles *the Second.*

OUR ancient poets sung of crowds
Of gods that dwelt beyond the clouds,
And of the goddesses they bedded,
As mortals do their wives when wedded.
Which shews that in those pious days,
The world did many altars raise,
And taught by poet, well as priest,
Ador'd the gods they lik'd the best,
Yet ne'er disputed unto whom
They paid a publick hecatomb;
Or why one great immortal brother
Was more respected than another:
But all were mutually agreed
To worship with most solemn head,
The gods of whom they 'ad greatest need.
As flatterers adore those friends
At court, who best can serve their ends,
And cringe to him whose giving hand
Has most donations at command.

The

The ambitious man apply'd to *Jove*;
The am'rous to the god of love;
The soldier to victorious *Mars*,
To keep him safe from wounds and scars;
The poet to *Apollo*'s shrine;
The toper to the god of wine;
The whore to *Venus*, for gallants,
To cool her lust, and ease her wants;
The hunter and abstemious maid
Oblations to *Diana* paid;
And mariners in all distress,
Apply'd to *Neptune* for redress:
A thousand deities beside,
And demi-gods to gods ally'd,
Were worship'd in the times of old,
As we 're by antient authors told:
Nay, some ador'd, for sundry reasons,
The sun, that gives the world its seasons,
And to the moon, that shines by night,
Paid equal homage for her light;
Whilst others were such pious fools,
To worship even *geese* and *owls*;
And without cavils or disputes,
Oblations made to birds and brutes,
And with rich costly banquets serv'd
Each wooden god themselves had carv'd,
Altho' they knew the log divine
No stomach had to meat or wine,
But in those days they'ad priests that us'd
To pick up what their gods refus'd,
Wisely considering 'twas not fitting
Good food should spoil for want of eating.
However, in those pious times,
Mankind were conscious of their crimes,
And would not bluster, rave, and bicker,
For dame religion in their liquor,
As roaring bullies do when tipsy,
For this fair punk, or that lewd gypsy.
Then garlands were on may-poles hung
Where nymphs and shepherds danc'd and sung,
And rural swains with pipes and tabors
Delighted both themselves and neighbours,

Enjoy'd their bread in peace and quiet,
Without contention, feud, or riot;
Obey'd their princes unmolested,
And paid due rev'rence to the priest-hood:
But in these days of reformation,
When faith depends on revelation,
And we but one great God adore,
The giddy world is plagu'd with more
Religious whims than heretofore:
As if each dreaming *Tom a doodle*,
With crop-ear'd melancholy noddle,
Had right to teise, misguide, and bait us,
With some new holy *Ignis fatuus*;
And putting on a sober face,
That outward sign of inward grace,
Pretend, without a page of learning,
To be more knowing and discerning,
In all mysterious holy matters,
Than half a hundred *Pauls* or *Peters*.
The first of these that undermine
The church, and all that is divine,
Is prickear'd *Presbyterian Jack*,
That preaching, praying, whining quack,
Who does more harm 'mong female plackets,
Than old *Ponteus* with his packets.
A king he hates, tho' for no reason,
But for the love he bears to treason;
The very best of God's vicegerents,
By him are represented tyrants:
All loyalty, but flatt'ring knav'ry,
And true allegiance, downright slav'ry.
Yet none can more imperious be,
Or claim more rev'rence than he.
To bishops he's a foe most spightful,
The very name to him is frightful;
And lawn he scorns, because his merit,
He knows, can never reach to wear it,
So he that travels thro' the streets
On foot, derides the coach he meets,
Not for its rattling thro' the town,
But 'cause himself has ne'er a one.

Whene'er in boarded booth he teaches,
The only doctrine that he preaches,
Is loudly railing 'gainst his betters,
And binding kings in chains and fetters.
That all within his holy place,
May suck rebellion in with grace,
And when occasion serves, be ready
To pull down sov'reign lord or lady.
The church he wickedly blasphemes,
And shews his malice in extreams;
Condemns her to his gaping hearers,
For holding many *Popish* errors;
Calls her the *Babylonian* whore,
And gives her fifty titles more,
Deriv'd from *Calvin*, *Knox*, and others,
That justly may be deem'd their brothers.
His morals are entirely such
As held and practis'd by the *Dutch*,
Extracted from *Geneva* college,
Where callow saints improve their knowledge,
And learn, when young, to cover base
Opinions with a godly face;
And as some wise observers tell us,
To be religiously rebellious,
And misapply, like mad Divines,
The word of God to bad designs.
So pious matron that beguiles
Her husband and her bed defiles,
To shew her undigested goodness,
Talks scripture even in her lewdness.
The next reformer of the nation,
Who cants and prays by inspiration,
Affects the name of Independent,
In vile hypocrisy transcendant:
This saint receives his ordination
From th' elders of the congregation,
They give him pow'r to first conduct 'em,
Then does he bless 'em and instruct 'em,
And by long lectures ill collected,
Direct 'em as they'd be directed:
Learning and all degrees of schools
They hold unnecessary rules,

And think, by grace, a cobbling zealot
May prove as wise as priest or prelate,
And expound scripture to their hearers,
By inspiration, without errors,
As well as he who has at college
Chopp'd logic to improve his knowledge.
Church matters they debate by laymen,
And give great privilege to women,
Allow their teachers, who can stitch
A shoe, perhaps, as well as preach,
To mind their work all days but one day,
On which they cant, and that's the sunday.
Their teachers have no pow'r supream
O'er those they teach, but they o'er them,
And for the meanest trivial things,
Depose them as they would their kings.
First taught by *Jesuits* in disguise,
To foster what the church denies,
And to maintain such heath'nish points
As make 'em such rebellious saints:
From them and other priests of *Rome*
Who, to confound us, hither come,
The independing saint derives
Those wretched tenets he revives,
And all that stiff-neck'd holy pride
The zealot shews in e'ery stride:
His quaint grimace, as full of spite
As pamper'd horse just going to bite:
His cloak, his collar, and his band,
That do more mischief underhand,
Than fifty guides of parish flocks
Do good by drumming orthodox.
Among these rank rebellious weeds,
The *Anabaptist* next succeeds;
These saints derive their way of fooling
From *Sutor*, *Humour*, *Knipperdoling*,
Hut, *Hetzer*, *Hofman*, and a crew
Of frantick fools, the Lord knows who,
Some botchers, others cobbling zealots,
That follow'd neither priest nor prelates,
But roar'd at both, like *bear* or *dragon*,
And preach'd sometimes without a rag on,

Which made the women flock to ſee
The tokens of their ſanctity,
And to behold the naked truth,
As well as hear it from the mouth.
Theſe ſons of grace and of adoption,
Refin'd from ſin and all corruption,
So croſs-grain'd, holy, and moroſe,
Love coin altho' they hate the croſs;
Are therefore full of idle ſcepti'ſm,
Concerning of its ſign in baptiſm;
Nor can his intellects conclude
The type of ſprinkling to be good;
Yet will in ſolemn words aſſert,
He loves the church with all his heart,
And cou'd conform, with a proviſo,
She'd into *bapto* change *baptizo*.
His doctrine chiefly is upon
The ancient uſe of *Baptiſt John*,
Whoſe ſacred cuſtoms the enthuſion
Prefers t'our Saviour's inſtitution,
And rather than with God comply,
Will upon mortal man rely,
Who was not worthy to unlooſe
The latchets of our Saviour's ſhoes.
The font he will not hear a word on,
But flies away to th' river *Jordan*;
And tho' no ſprinkling will go down,
He'll dip you there until you drown.
Thus many at a ſtraw will ſtumble,
That leap o'er logs and never grumble.
So the ſtiff conſciences of thoſe
Who are the church's greateſt foes,
With little ſins are apt to ſtruggle,
But ſwallow great ones without boggle.
The *Quaker* next that quirpo ſaint,
In dreſs and ſpeech ſo very quaint,
Whoſe holy pride would chuſe much rather
To hazard hell than ſay, *Our Father*;
Or ſooner bend to pſalm or pſalter,
Than bow his head before the altar.

Among the reſt promotes the notion
Of pop'ry and of perſecution,
And in his groaning fits abuſes
The church for what ſhe never uſes,
Cries out the horned beaſt, the *dragon*,
The ſcarlet whore, the pope, the pagan,
When all the whims that cauſe his ſadneſs,
Proceed from folly, zeal, and madneſs,
Which in his crazy crown unite,
And kindle what he calls the light,
An *Ignis fatuus* that bewitches
Like that which ſprings from marſhy ditches,
And leads him into foul miſtakes,
As t'other into thorny brakes.
Much conſcience he pretends to uſe,
But deals with churchmen as with Jews;
And tho' he will not ſwear will play
The cunning knave, by *yea* and *nay*,
With ſober *verilies* outwit ye,
And in a ſolemn manner cheat ye;
Defies the wicked to deceive him,
Yet cozens all men that believe him,
And coſtly ſins, for which he cares not,
Makes up with lying, tho' he ſwears not;
Which ſhews his conſcience can deteſt
All vice but what he likes the beſt.
As women who reſerve their kiſſes,
Becauſe they value not love's bliſſes.
Compound for the neglect of joy,
And to the cloſet-bottle fly.

The next pretending ſon of grace,
With formal mien and ſolemn face,
Is the fifth-monarchy enthuſion,
The pink and pattern of confuſion;
A ſtubborn rebel, who, to teaſe us,
Will own no other king but *Jeſus*;
And him, was he on earth to reign,
The ſaints would crucify again,
Or ſerve him as themſelves and fellows,
Who were a ſcandal to the gallows,
Did the beſt king, the braveſt ſov'reign
That e'er had right divine to govern.

Theſe,

These, if the devil e'er possest
One wicked sect above the rest,
Are surely those whose words and actions
Are under *Belzebub*'s directions.
In this enthusiastick herd
The maddest of the saints appear'd,
Those sacred rogues who were the proudest
Of deeds the blackest and the bloody'st,
And had the saving grace to boast
Of the worst villanies the most,
As if they wanted to excel
On earth the wickedness of hell,
And vilely hop'd, by dint of blood,
To turn all evil into good,
As rebels when they win the day,
O'er lawful pow'rs usurp the sway,
And by new precepts of their own
Charge all the crimes themselves have done,
On those they've wrong'd and overthrown.
Of these and all the other saints,
Who've given the *Christian* church such rents,
Murder'd their king, usurp'd the throne,
And turn the kingdom upside down,
O *England, England!* have a care,
No mercy shew, or justice spare,
To whining holy cheats that pray,
As witches do, the backward way,
And ne'er invoke the God of peace,
Except to bless their villanies.
O *England!* look a little back,
Behold how daring and how black
A progress they had lately made,
When all was in confusion laid,
And no man's life, or his estate
Secure from their rebellious hate;
The churches they to stables turn'd,
And prisons, where the loyal mourn'd,
The pulpit to a sinful box
Of treason, 'stead of orthodox;
Whitehall, where princes us'd to meet,
Transform'd into a rebel's seat,

Where pious knaves, with one accord,
Together kneel'd to seek the Lord;
The nation to a field of blood,
Where traytors triumph'd o'er the good,
And made the profitable toile
Of others their continual spoile;
The laws against the church and crown,
Were turn'd to pull and knock them down,
And all religion into lust
Hypocrisy and dull grimace.
Therefore, O king! let every fact,
By wholsome laws be duly check'd;
Thy just prerogative extend,
Assert thy throne, the church defend,
And timely pare the hydra's claws,
Or thou wilt find the *Good Old Cause*
New strength will of a [illegible]
And serve thee as he did thy [illegible].

Dunstable *Downs*; *or the Inchanted Cave.*

NEAR *Dunstable*, upon the Down,
There is an elehouse, and but one,
Which some th' inchanted castle call;
Others, more aptly, *Gypsie-Hall.*

Not far from hence if we may credit
Some ancient authors, that have said it;
Erst dwelt, to make the story brief,
Old *Dun* that memorable thief.
Within a hollow under-ground
Apartments yet are to be found,
Where both himself and horse retreated,
And still all hues and cries defeated;

But waving this to come to th' tale,
Near to this place there lies a vale;
Where a good dame much fam'd in story,
For praying souls from purgatory,
A chapel built and got a grant,
That in remembrance of a saint
Ten thousand masses should be said
For her repose, tho' she was dead: And

Dunstable Downs

And that for this the neighbouring towns
Should have free common on the Downs.

For many years this cuſtom ſtood
In high regard i'th' neighbourhood;
Until at length it ſo fell out,
As time brings many things about,
A famous knight, who thought that maſſes
Were only ſaid by ſuch dull aſſes
The prieſt had wheedl'd to believe,
Maſſes to th' dead ſome eaſe could give;
Reſolves this cuſtom to oppoſe,
And the whole common to incloſe.

The people on the other hand,
When they the matter underſtand,
Fully determine one and all
By th' common they would ſtand and fall;
And that in ſpight of all his riches
They'd level both his hedge and ditches;
But how to do it moſt ſecurely
They meet, and firſt conſult maturely:

A world of methods they propound,
'Gainſt which ſome ſtill exceptions found;
Until one wiſer than the reſt
Stood up, and thus himſelf expreſt:

Neighbours, I own, to ſave our common,
He that is backward can be no man;
Nor is there any of you here
That dares go farther than I dare;
And yet I will not ſo entangle
My ſelf, and friends, in any brangle,
But that in caſe of a defeat,
We may propoſe a ſafe retreat.
This knight we know is at this hour
A man of mighty wealth and power,
And in a little ſpace can bring
The troops he raiſed againſt the king,
And order them, without remorſe,
Free quarter here for man and horſe,

Which would annoy, and vex us more
Than loss of commoning, I'm sure:
Let us not therefore be such elves,
To save our common, lose our selves;
But first consider what to do,
To save our selves, and common too:
Thus having spoke, he blew his nose,
Then scratch'd his head, and on he goes.

Neighbours, if you'd be rul'd by me,
I'll undertake to set you free:
There is a man at Gypsie-Hall
Has all the vagrants at his call;
And what he bids them do, or say,
Both great and small, they all obey.
Now put the case we could persuade him,
This knight intended to invade him,
And seize his garden, and the ground,
That he has borrow'd from the Down;
'Tis natural to think the man
Will in this cause do all he can,
And use his utmost care and skill
To obviate th' approaching ill.

At this the people gave a shout,
This is the very man must do't:
This man will surely set us right,
Against th' incroachments of this knight.

This said, to th' hall away they go,
To let him first the business know:
The fellow when he saw them come,
Gave out that he was not at home;
Supposing, not without some reason,
Their visit might be out of season;
Until the master of an inn,
Judging why he was not within;
Goes out and whispers to his wife;
There is no danger on my life.

The neighbours only are come up,
To smoak a pipe, and take a cup;

Something,

Something, perhaps, they have to offer,
And if your husband likes the proffer,
I know they will stand by and bail him,
'Gainst any that attempt to jail him:
At this the woman made no more
To do, but steeping out of door,
Bawls, *Richard*, why d' you run to hole,
As if that you had something stole?
Turn out for shame and show your parts,
There's none within but honest hearts.
At this the fellow, tho' not quite
Recover'd from this sudden fright,
Crept from a place behind the manger,
Where he was wont to hide from danger;
And coming boldly in among 'em,
Neighbours, says he, this is not common:
Your presence here, I must confess,
I ne'er expected more or less:
But since you're come, you're welcome all,
As I may say, to *Gypsie-Hall*.

Dick, says a butcher, there's none here
But likes your company, and beer;
But 'tis not that, to tell you true,
Has brought us now to visit you.
We have a business that demands
Your fruitful head, and active hands;
And if you'll put your shoulder to it,
There's no body like you can do it.

If I can do the thing, quoth *Dick*,
Depend I will at nothing stick;
Therefore be free, and tell me what
You and your neighbours would be at.
Says one all this is wishy, washy,
Meer linsey woolsey stuff, and trashy.
The case is this, the neighb'ring towns
Must lose their common on the Downs,
If we can't find a way t' oppose
A knight that vows he'll them inclose.

If this be all, were he a king,
Quoth *Dick*, 'tis but the ſelf-ſame thing
I and my friends will ſpoil his fences,
Let him have what he will pretences;
And nightly level to the ground
Whatever he ſhall butt and bound:
But then, quoth *Dick*, I hope you won't
Deſert me after I have don't.

No, no, ſays one, (if your taken)
You ſhall not find your ſelf forſaken:
There's not a man among us here
But in your favour will appear:
And furthermore we all aſſure you,
You ſhall not want an honeſt jury.
Why then, quoth *Dick*, to ſay no more,
I'll ſerve you to my utmoſt power;
And let this vile encroaching knight
Begin incloſing by this light;
I, and ſome friends that I can truſt,
Will ſave the common do his worſt.

All things thus fix'd to their deſire,
The people to their homes retire;
Expecting ev'ry hour that ſome
Would bring the news the knight was come:
And long they had not waited e're
Advice was brought that he was there,
With *Ralph* his ſquire, and two or three
That came to bear him company.

At this the people great and ſmall,
Repair in haſte to *Gypſie-Hall*,
To learn which part the knight propos'd
O' th' Downs ſhould be the firſt inclos'd,
Who as 't happen'd pitch'd upon
That part that *Gypſie-Hall* ſtood on.
This nettl'd *Dick*, as you may think,
Who wiſh'd that he might never drink,
If he did not defend his palace,
Tho' he was ſure to go t' th' gallows.

May

May I be curſt if any, Sir,
Quoth he, from hence ſhall make ſtir;
If all the *gypſies*, *thieves*, and *whores*,
Can keep the vermin out of doors.

Whilſt he was railing at this rate,
A man o'erlighted at the gate;
Who calling for ſome *Aqua Vitæ*,
Saith he, there are ſome gentry nigh t' you,
That I ſuppoſe intend to come,
This night, and make your houſe their home;
The chief they call Sir *Hudibras*,
As mere a knight as ever was:
He has a ſquire, who to diſtinguiſh,
Is *Ralpho* call'd, tho' in plain *Engliſh*
His name his *Ralph*, as great a lout,
As ever naſty whore turn'd out.
I've follow'd them this hour or two,
To learn what game 'tis they purſue;
But can by no means comprehend,
What 'tis the *Gothamites* intend.

Quoth *Dick* and ſtar'd him in the face,
You are a ſtranger to this place;
Or elſe you muſt without all doubt,
What they intend have ſoon found out.
The caſe not better is nor worſe;
This knight is ſent us for a curſe,
In recompence for miſchief done,
Down to this day from *forty-one*.
It ſeems the ſaints that rule the roaſt
Have granted to this knight o' the poſt,
Sole liberty to rob the towns
O' the right of comm'ning on the Downs;
And ſo it is, without all doubt,
He and his gang are looking out,
Where 'tis moſt proper to begin
To make their damn'd incroachments in;
Nay, more, he ſwears who him oppoſes
With baſket hilt he'll ſlit their noſes.

Will

Will he, ſays he, then by this light,
I'll try the courage of the knight;
And I am much beſide my notions,
If don't make him change his motions.
But, landlord, as this can't be done
By, any ſingle hand alone;
'Tis neceſſary we adjuſt
All the preliminaries firſt.
In this caſe we ſhould underſtand
Each other, and go hand in hand;
Then if the thing be as I judge it,
I have a project in my budget,
Shall make this knight, and *Ralph* his man,
With ſhame return from whence they came.

God's bleſſing on you, then quoth *Dick*,
If you can ſhew them any trick,
I'll join with you with all my heart,
And do my beſt to act my part:
And, Sir, if we can ſave the Downs,
We may depend the neighb'ring towns
Will ſtick at nothing to expreſs
Their gratitude, and thankfulneſs:
Nor ſhall you for the future call
Early or late at *Gypſie-Hall*,
But you ſhall always find theſe doors
Open to ſerve both you and your's.

If this be *Gypſie-Hall*, quoth he,
Then is fulfill'd a prophecy
" I've often heard and read, a ſtranger,
" When *Gypſie-Hall* is moſt in danger.
" Shall in the very nick arrive,
" And from the walls the foe ſhall drive:
" The ſtranger that this *hall* ſhall ſave,
" The title of a king ſhall have.
And I that title now inherit,
Not from inherent right or merit;
Which as ſome hold are empty things,
Mere feathers in the caps of kings:
But choice, which ſome ſay at this hour
Gave the firſt kings all right and power.

But

But letting this at present stand,
To come to th' business under hand.
I find it is the fates decree,
I should fulfil this prophecy.
Know therefore, landlord, I'm the man,
The *gypsie* race have pitch'd upon
To be their king, and to preside
O'er all the straggling, canting tribe.
Nor do I vapour when I tell,
I know their government so well;
There's none among them will complain
Of any hardships in my reign
When any of my subjects fall
By dire mishap in any brawl;
I never cease till I have found
Some way the matter to compound.

Quoth *Dick*, great Sir, I beg your pardon,
You are a man I've often heard on,
And if you'll undertake this matter,
Nothing in nature can be patter.
I know you always have at hand
A trusty well appointed band,
That never boggle or stick out,
But what you bid them do, they do't;
By your advice, and their assistance,
This knight can make but small resistance:
And I'll be ready to pursue
Whatever you direct me to.

Whilst thus the landlord and the king
Were canvassing about the thing,
They chance to spy, thro' an avenue,
The knight approach with his retinue;
At which the landlord in repairs,
And left the king to stand the bears.
The king who knew 'twas the true way
To flatter him, he would betray,
Rides to the knight, and having paid
Profound obeysance, thus he said:

Prosperity

Prosperity and peace attend
Your worship, till your life shall end.
May you, and your renowned heirs,
Possess these Downs ten thousand years;
And may they never, never want,
So brave a knight, so good a saint.

At this the knight, with muckle grace,
Having in order set his face,
Reply'd, who e'er you are, your manner
Demonstrates you a man of honour;
And he must ill deserve to share
Your wishes or your character,
That does not own the obligation,
To be saluted in such fashion.
Quoth *Ralph* his squire; who always went
His halves, as well in complement
As in his good or bad adventures,
I own I'm something on the tenters,
I had a scurvy dream not long since,
Altho' I know all dreams are nonsense;
Yet I can't help to recollect
What I find verify'd in effect.
My dream was this, *I thought that we*
Were both hall'd up into a tree,
Where we hung dangling in great danger,
Until an unexpected stranger
Came and reliev'd from gibbet high
Your worship's noble self and I.

Ralph, quoth the knight, I needs must tell you,
That many things that have befel you,
Have been by dreams so plain foretold,
That I must own we've been too bold
To contradict the hints were given,
That seemed to come direct from Heaven:
But for the dream which now you mention,
There's nothing in my comprehension,
That any ways can us effect,
Either direct or indirect.

The

The king replies most noble knight,
Your worship's doubtless in the right;
I must confess we dream indeed,
Of things that very oft succeed;
But then, Sir, with submission, 'tis
When they have some *analysis*;
For without that all dreams are but
The products of an o'ercharg'd gut.

Well, quoth the knight, I must confess,
You like a man your self express,
But now the time and place denies
Your arguments, or *Ralph*'s replies.
Let's first go make our quarters good,
And then if you are in the mood,
We'll try to find a cause more fit
To exercise our parts and wit.

Quoth *Ralph*, as 'tis my proper station,
I'll first go see th' accommodation,
This famous structure can afford
To you, its only rightful lord.
So clapping spurs to both the sides
O' th' steed, to th' hall he boldly rides,
Where *Dick* stood ready to salute,
And complement this squire brute.
I'm come to know, says *Ralph*, who 'tis
Commands in this *Metropolis*,
And whether he can entertain
A noble knight, and all his train.
Quoth *Dick*, and please you, I am he
That hold this tenement in fee;
And if his worship please to come,
He shall be welcome to my dome;
I can no rarities pretend,
But I will treat him as a friend;
And if things don't so well succeed,
I hope he'll take the will for th' deed.

If you, says *Ralph*, were *Ferdinando*,
You could no more do, than you can do,

And

And he that more than that expects,
Is faulty in his intellects.
As for the valiant knight, my master,
He has so often met disaster;
So oft has slept in trusty buff,
And has so very oft lain ruff,
That now his worship's grown so wise
He never thinks on rarities.
Have you an *aqua vitæ* bottle;
Marry, quoth *Dick*, I have a pottle.
And have you food for horse and man;
Why there I'll do the best I can;
And ultra posse *as I'm told,*
Non esse *will not water hold.*

Whilst *Ralph* and *Dick* thus talk'd together,
The knight and *Gypsie* king came thither,
And *Ralph* reporting what was done,
They all o'erlight, and in they come:
And being plac'd, *Dick* brings a glass,
And thus began to *Hudibras*;
Sir, here's a glass of *aqua vitæ*,
Were't better I would not deny't you;
'Tis to your worship's health; quoth *Ralph*,
Friend, make no words, but drink it off;
Our stomachs want a cordial, more
Than empty complements, I'm sure:
For tho' some foolish authors think,
Knights errant never eat and drink.
The notion's false, for if a knight
Don't eat and drink he ne'er can fight:
Then, landlord, without more delay,
Drink first, and shew my knight the way.

All this, to give the devil his due,
Quoth *Hudibras*, in fact is true;
Knights eat to fight and fight to eat,
And drink to beat, or to be beat:
Then, landlord, let us taste your liquor,
'Twill make our tongues and tails run quicker:
At which the glass was toss'd about,
Till first the knight, then squire gave out.

The

The *Gypsie* king who silent sate
To hear the man and master prate.
Replies, at length, I understand
These Downs are all your worship's land,
And that you gain'd them by pure merit,
You and your heirs for to inherit.
Now, Sir if I may be so bold,
The title under which you hold,
Is but a poor precarious thing,
Till you subdue the *Gypsie* king.

The *Gypsie* king, quoth *Ralph*, whose he?
I never read his pedigree:
Where can this king's dominions lie?
I never heard; by *Mars* nor I,
Saith *Hudibras*, this needs must be
Some strange infernal monarchy:
But let this king be who he will,
I'll keep my resolution still;
And let him come from Heaven or hell,
Upon these Downs I mean to dwell.

This king, says he, has no fix'd state,
His sole dependance is on fate:
The world's his empire, and his rule
Extends to every knave and fool.
His vassals are indeed but few,
But they are valiant all and true;
And whatsoe'er he bids them do,
They with undaunted zeal pursue.
Upon the Downs a place they have,
Ycliped *The Inchanted Cave*,
Where they at midnight often meet,
And dance to th' ecchoes of their feet.
This place they think a safe retreat,
In time of danger or defeat;
And here unseen themselves convey,
Whenever they have made a prey:
Here they their youngsters first enure,
All sorts of hardships to endure.
Here all their schemes and politicks,
Their arts, their stratagems and tricks

Are

Are first examin'd and approv'd,
And here they love, and are belov'd.

Enrag'd at this, quoth *Hudibras*,
This is a glorious king by *Mars*.
If basket hilt has any sway,
I'll make this monarch soon obey,
And him and all his tatter'd gang
From off these Downs entirely bang.

And I, quoth *Ralph*, will do my best
To extirpate this cursed nest.
Is this the monarch will oppose,
Your worship's title to inclose:
I would myself renounce all claim,
To chivalry, and quit the name
Of squire for ever, if I did
Not from the Downs these vermin rid.
These are some paultry cavaliers,
That hide in holes to save their ears,
Their king is some poor outlaw'd fool,
Some night-bird, some recusant owl,
That pilf-ring flies from hole to hole,
As if that he had something stole.

The *Gypsie* king who ill could bear,
To hear this scoundrel domineer,
Replies you go too fast, good squire,
Best malt is made by softest fire;
This is no paultry midnight king,
You utterly mistake the thing;
And I'll be bold behind his back
To say, he doth no courage lack.

Quoth *Hudibras*, this argues little,
Shew us the cave, we'll try his mettle,
And if we do not clear the den,
We'll own our selves to be no men.
At this the knight gave beard a twift,
And on his breast thrice smote his fist.
" Have I receiv'd in civil wars,
" So many dreadful cuts and scars,

" To

' To fear this petty king of no-land,
' More wretched than the tool of *Poland*.
Well, ſaith the king, ſince you determine,
To go and ferret out theſe vermin,
Without more words or more diſputes,
I'll guide your worſhip to the brutes.
Agreed, ſaith he, and for your pains,
You ſhall partake of all the gains.

That ſcene thus laid, the king deſir'd,
That they might be a while retir'd,
And ſo they all conclude to go,
To nap it for an hour or two:
The *Interim* he and landlord *Dick*,
Conſult how they might do the trick.

Not far from thence there ſtood a barn,
Where gangs of *Gypſies* us'd to ſwarm;
Hither the king, who always knew
The ſecret marches of his crew
Repairs with ſpeed, and ſingles out
Six ſturdy ruffians from the rout,
And bid them put themſelves in ſhapes
Of bulls and bears, and wolves, and apes,
Which always ready by 'em lay
When they had any pranks to play.
When thus equipt their orders were,
To an old chalk pit to repair,
And there remain until the word
Was given, *diſmount, and draw your ſword.*
When you have heard the word, ſays he,
Run from the pit immediately,
And ſeize two mortals and diſarm 'em,
Yet take care you do not harm 'em.

Quoth one o'th' ruffians, who are theſe,
That you command us thus to ſeize?
And what is more, command us too,
That we ſhould them no damage do?
You know dead people tell no tales,
And, if that proverb ſtill prevails,

I hold

I hold it ſafeſt by my troth,
To make ſure work, and murder both.

In many inſtances 'tis granted,
An uſeful murder may be wanted,
But (ſaith the king) as this caſe ſtands,
I muſt deſire you'd hold your hands.
Your orders are to gag and bind them,
And tie their warlike hands behind them.
When that is done I and a friend,
In proper dreſſes will attend,
And give ſuch orders that are fit,
To make this knight and ſquire ſubmit.

Matters thus fix'd the king return'd
And *Dick* of all h' had done inform'd,
Who readily agrees to bear,
In the whole management his ſhare.
'Twas now about the dead o'th' night,
When wakeful ſquire rous'd the knight,
And told him he had dream'd a dream,
Which with his firſt was much the ſame,
And that he could no help to fear,
Some ſecret danger muſt be near.
You know, ſays he, your ſelf and I,
Are very much unfit to die:
W'are both ſuch ſinners, ſhould we drop
Before w' have made all matters up,
I dread we ſhould be guilty found,
Without admiſſion to compound:
'Tis therefore, with your leave, my notion,
That firſt we go to our devotion,
And try at leaſt to deprecate,
Theſe bodings of approaching fate.

At this up ſtarts Sir *Hudibras*,
You dream of things can't come to paſs,
Your fears are nonſenſe too, and come
From want of reſolution,
And then for praying I ne'er read,
Of ſquire that pray'd 'till knight was dead.
Beſides, I'll tell you, by the bye,
There's few knights errant ever die; They

They may indeed endure ſome pain,
And in the vulgar ſenſe be ſlain;
But ſtill their ſouls immortal be;
Quoth *Ralph*, all this is new to me,
A ſtrange hypotheſis which none,
But errant knights depend upon:
However ſince your worſhip's bent,
To try this wild experiment,
If I ſhould drop, I fain would know
Whither my ſoul is like to go.
You know we ſquires ſtill ſtand our ſhare,
In all the perils of the war,
And 'twould be hard when y'are tranſlated,
If we ſhould not be re-inſtated,

The *Gypſie* king, who in a hole,
Stood privately and heard the whole,
Fearing *Ralph*'s argument might cool,
Of knight the courage, and o'rerule;
Steps out to *Dick*, and bid him run,
And tell them that the time was come:
Which *Hudibras* no ſooner heard,
But up he got and ſtroak'd his beard,
And bid the landlord go and bring
Their ſteeds, and call the *Gypſie* king.
The king ſuſpecting ſtill that *Ralph*,
Would ſome ways bring his maſter off;
Goes to the knight, and told him that
Nothing could ever fall more pat.
Theſe ſtraggling vermin are all ſet,
As dead as partidge for a net,
And if you'll haſten you may take,
All the whole gang before they wake.

At this *Ralph* ſet his arms at *kimbo*,
And are the ſlaves ſo faſt in *limbo*?
Then, landlord, bring us t'other dram,
All this can never be a ſlam.
Come, maſter, take a hearty ſup,
When we have beat their quarters up,
In triumph we will hither come,
And clear what damage has been done.

Quoth

Quoth *Dick*, I very ſeldom truſt,
Nay often take the money firſt,
And if that I had known before,
Your worſhip would have run o'th' ſcore,
My bottle had not been ſo free:
Well, ſays the king, leave that to me,
I'll pay the ſhot. Quoth *Dick*, why then,
Ye 're very welcome, Gentlemen.

Having thus fix'd the whole affair,
They mount, and to the pit repair,
Where the ſix rogues lay all perdue.
Their monarch's orders to purſue;
And he who knew they now were ſafe,
Firſt aſked the knight and after *Ralph*,
That if ſome ghoſts of cavaliers,
Dreſs'd in the ſhapes of wolves and bears;
Should from the cave this moment riſe,
And ſeize them both by ſtrange ſurprize:
Wou'd it not to remembrance bring,
Their barb'rous murder of the king?

Quoth *Hudibras*, this queſtion is,
Non à propos in terminis,
That is, 'tis neither fit for you
To aſk, nor us to anſwer to:
And, by my troth, ſays *Ralph*, it ſavours
Much of the cavaliers behaviours.
But this, and all the reſt, to wave,
Let's go directly to the cave,
And then 'twill quickly plain appear,
What ſort of ghoſts inhabit there
Well, quoth the king, if that is the caſe,
I'll go, let what will come to paſs;
And, therefore, not to make more words,
Diſmount, Diſmount, and draw your ſwords.

The ruffi'ns, who but only wanted
To hear the word, from cave inchanted,
Ruſh out at once, and ſoon divorce
Both knight and ſquire from arms and horſe;

And

And having, by their king's commands,
Fist hoodwink'd, gagg'd, and bound their hands,
Then to the hollow back they move,
To wait fresh orders from above.

It was not long before that *Dick*,
Who was made privy to the trick,
Together with the king, o'erlights,
Dress'd in the shapes of dreadful sprights;
And after they had struck a light,
Orders were given to bring the knight,
That he might be examin'd first,
What made his worship so unjust
To rob the dead, and cheat the towns
O' th' right of comm'ning on the Downs.

Quoth *Dick*, if I may freely speak,
The day is very near to break,
And if we do not find a way
To manage them before 'tis day,
'Tis ten to one but they are found,
And we instead of them are bound.

Then, says the king, do you propose
The method how we may dispose
Of them to morrow, and at night
We'll meet and set the matter right.
Indeed, as you suggest, I fear
We cannot settle the affair,
Before the light will drive us hence,
Of which I fear the consequence.

Quoth one o' th' gang, I'll tell you how
We often in such cases do.
If we are hir'd to discover,
Hid treasure, or a private lover;
When we have got them in our snare,
At first we only curse and swear;
And now and then we sweeten too,
To try how far that nail will go;
But if these fail, then next we sag 'em,
And after that we bind and gag 'em;

But if we find these don't prevail,
W' have still a trick that cannot fail.
To some lone wood, thro' a bye way,
Upon our backs we then convey;
Where in a tree we lug 'm up,
And tie 'em so they cannot drop,
And there we leave 'em for a day,
To think if b'nt a better way;
All their whole secrets to confess,
Than to remain in such distress.

Faith, saith the king, tho' I have been,
In many, and many a merry scene;
I ne'er till now this project knew,
But prithee, landlord, what say you?

Quoth *Dick*, I like it passing well,
Provided they a tree can tell,
Where they with safety may be perch'd,
In case the country should be search'd.

If that be all, says he, i' th' shape
Of him that personates the ape;
I know a tree not far from hence,
Where we our lumber us'd to fence;
There they may roost a hundred year,
And not a mortal soul come near.

Well, quoth the king, then haul 'em thither,
And hang them on a bough together;
When that is done, then you may tell 'em,
That this misfortune is befel 'em,
Not only for the cursed guilt,
Of royal blood devoutly spilt;
For plundring and sequestration,
And bringing ruin on the nation;
But that b'ing lost to shame and grace,
They'd vilely enter on this place;
In opposition to a saint,
Who having made a sad complaint
I' th' other world, some power unknown,
Had sent them to protect the Down;

With

With full commiſſion, them to bring
Dead or a live before a king;
Who will a final ſentence paſs,
On the fools, *Ralph* and *Hudibras*.
All this was done as ſoon as ſaid,
And knight, and ſquire to th' tree convey'd;
There to remain 'till the next night,
Should finiſh the adventure quite.

And now what mortal can relate
Of knight and ſquire the rueful ſtate?
But muſt believe Sir *Eglimoar*,
When he the *dragon* heard to roar,
Could not be in a much worſe plight,
Then was, alas, this ſquire and knight.

Next night about the hour eleven,
According to inſtructions given;
The king and *Dick* to th' pit repair,
With vizors on, and coats of hair:
Where alſo in their former dreſs,
The gang were in a readineſs;
Such further miſchief to purſue,
That they ſhould be commanded to.
The king, who fear'd that knight or ſquire,
Might if they longer hung expire,
Order'd that they with ſpeed ſhould be,
Both brought before his majeſty.

No ſooner to the pit they come,
But, ſays the king, of knights thou ſcum;
Thou filthy wretch, whoſe very ſight wou'd
Diſgrace and ſcandalize all knighthood.
Thou that haſt laid ungodly hands,
Upon the king's and biſhops lands;
Tore up at root old *England*'s laws,
And on religion ſet thy claws,
Thou that by rapine, theft, and plunder,
Both king and kingdom haſt brought under,
And by the ſham of ſequeſtration,
Haſt robb'd and pillag'd all the nation;

And thou who wouldſt this very day,
Take from the poor their right away,
And under colour of a grant,
Diſturb'ſt the quiet of a ſaint.
At whoſe complaints w' are hither ſent,
Thy vile incroachments to prevent:
Now ſtand prepar'd to hear thy ſum
Of puniſhments as yet to come.

And thou baſe paultry prickloufe ſquire,
That fight'ſt and pray'ſt, and pimp'ſt for hire:
Thou that can'ſt cant, recant, and lie,
To back thy maſter's villany:
Or, what's as bad, to hide thy own:
Now ſtand and hearken to thy doom.

Says *Dick*, dread Sir, before you paſs
Your ſentence againſt this *Hudibras*;
Or *Ralph* his ſquire, your vaſſal begs,
Out of their mouths, you'd take the pegs;
And try if they have ought to urge,
From thoſe black crimes themſelves to purge.

At your requeſt I will allow,
A favour I ne'er meant to do;
But as my time is very ſhort,
Before I muſt adjourn the court;
I do inſiſt you'd paſs your word,
They ſhall not trifle with the board.
Go, ſays the king, ungag the louts,
And from their peepers take the clouts:
Being thus reſtor'd to ſpeech and ſight,
The knight view'd *Ralph*, and *Ralph* the knight.
And after many a heavy groan,
The knight did thus himſelf bemoan:
Ah me! what dangers do inviron,
The man that meddleth with cold iron?
How many drubs, dry blows, and ſcars,
Attend poor knights ordain'd to wars?
And what is worſe, how many more
Are yet remaining on the ſcore?

Quoth

Quoth *Ralph*, how many pains and frights
Attend the ſquires of errant knights?
How often do their headleſs maſters
Bring their poor ſlaves into diſaſters?
If I had broke a leg or arm,
When firſt with *Aqua vitæ* warm,
You trick'd me out from peaceful dwelling,
To follow you a colonelling,
I had been happily ſecur'd
From all the ills I've ſince endur'd,
And at this inſtant had been free,
From this infernal company.

Whilſt you, quoth *Hudibras*, complain,
You only providence arraign:
'Tis nonſenſe in the preſent caſe,
To talk what might have come to paſs,
If we permitted were to pry,
I' th' archives of futurity,
No man wou'd run himſelf in danger,
Who wa'nt to common ſenſe a ſtranger.

Ralph had reply'd, but, ſays the king,
Go one of you the captives bring;
Another night we muſt not loſe,
To hear theſe fools themſelves accuſe.
At this a rogue whoſe gaberdine,
Was cover'd with the ſhins of ſwine;
To th' knight and ſquire nimbly ſtarts,
Saith he, come forth and ſhew your parts.
Then giving *Hudibras* a hunch,
Upon his breaſt the very bunch:
And taking *Ralpho* by the lugs,
Gave him at leaſt a dozen tugs:
What muſt the court expect your coming,
Whilſt you ſtay here and caps are thrumming,
Beſides, ſays he, your worſhips ſtink
Far worſe than jakes diſturb'd, or ſink,
And are ſo curſedly beſhit,
There's no enduring in the pit.

Quoth *Hudibras*, no man is master,
Of his posteriors in disaster.
The alderman, who once let fly,
Upon th' account of danger nigh,
Is not so much to blame, I'm sure,
As him that did the cause procure.
Upon the whole, I hope our scent
Won't so annoy your government,
But that we may have justice still;
Altho' we smell a little ill.

And now a little glimmering light,
Discovers to the squire and knight;
A gang of hideous monsters dress,
Both in the shapes of men and beasts;
At sight of which my author says,
The knight and squire purg'd both ways.

After some little pause, quoth *Dick*,
I hope you wont at trifles stick:
And since the court by my endeavour,
Has granted, on your good behav'our,
The liberty of sight and tongue,
I won't suspect that you should wrong
A freedom which this bench, till now,
Did ne'er to criminals allow.

Quoth *Ralph* I own if we should do it,
You ought in justice make us rue it:
The knight may keep his stubborn temper,
And if he please be *idem semper*:
But I am fully bent to merit
Your friendship, most renowned spirit.

Says *Hudibras*, thou wicked varlet,
Thou off-spring of a common harlot;
Is this a time? is this a place?
Oh! thou eternal brazenface,
To slight thy master, and supplant him
Of favours that this board wou'd grant him.

It

It pleas'd the king to hear the ſquabble,
Between the maſter, and his babble,
Who judging he might make ſome uſe,
Of what the ſquire ſhou'd firſt produce;
Order'd the knight ſhould private be,
Till *Ralph* had heard his deſtiny.
Poor *Ralph*, who by the fright almoſt,
Was ready to give up the ghoſt:
And having now no thought but death,
Stood trembling like an *aſpen* leaf;
Until that *Dick*, who fearing, leſt
That they ſhould overſtretch the jeſt,
Calls out aloud, if you'd be ſafe,
You muſt accuſe your maſter, *Ralph*:
If you'll do that, I'll paſs my word,
You ſhall find favour from the board.
At this the ſquire took heart o' grace,
Firſt hemm'd, and then began his caſe.

He very ill deſerves a favour,
And is a man of ſmall behav'our;
Who boggles with a bench of juſtice,
When life and liberty in truſt is.
As for betraying of my maſter,
A broken head muſt have a plaiſter.
A maſter who is not a ſtark aſs,
Will hang his man to ſave his carcaſe;
And if the man is ſuch an elf,
To ſave his maſter, hang himſelf;
The matter as't appears to me,
Renders the man *felo de ſe*.
But now to make the buſineſs ſhort,
I throw myſelf upon the court,
And will, ſo help me God, endeavour,
To merit your eſteem for ever.

At this, quoth *Dick*, an't pleaſe you, Sir,
This truſty ſquire's a ſubtle cur;
By the expreſſions he has uttered,
He knows which ſide his bread is butter'd,
And I'll be ſhot if he wou'd ſtick,
To help to carry on the trick.

'Tis dang'rous trusting says the king,
However if if you'll try the thing;
One of the fellows has a trimming,
Will make the squire look very swimming;
Let him be dreſt, his hands unbound,
And then the queſtion I'll propound;
All which was done as ſoon as ſaid,
And *Ralph* into the court convey'd.

But oh! what mortal wight can tell
Of *Ralph*, in ſhape of ſpright the ſmell,
Who now expected nothing leſs,
Than transformation from his dreſs?
Till both the king and *Dick* unmaſk'd,
And for the *Aqua vitæ* aſk'd;
And after each had took a dram,
Thus to the ſquire the king began;
The wretch you ſerve, that vile pretender
To ſaintſhip, and a conſcience mender,
His crimes and follies to compleat,
At once wou'd the whole country cheat:
And by encloſures on theſe Downs,
Deſtroy the right of twenty towns.

Quoth *Ralph*, who ſoon recover'd from
His ſtate of deſperation:
He has as ſtrong and firm a grant,
As e'er was given to a ſaint;
To have and hold theſe Downs in fine,
For years nine hundred ninety nine.

This, ſays the king, is nothing to
The buſineſs that we want with you:
We value not how firm and ſtrong
The grant is, nor indeed how long;
I and my miniſters of ſtate,
Can quickly change both ſtrength and date.
What we wou'd have you do is this.
You know your maſter's rogueries,
And if you'd keep on the diguiſe,
And help us to detect his lies;

You'll

You'll do an act, perhaps you may,
Be th' better for another day.

With all my heart, quoth *Ralph*, I'll join,
And help you manage your design;
And if I do not clinch the knight,
Conclude I'm but a bungling spright;
At which the word was given to bring
Sir *Hudibras* before the king;
Who putting on a furious look,
Cries out, your devil has you forsook:
You 're now before a judge and jury,
Will do you justice, I'll assure you;
And punish you for all your crimes,
Says *Dick*, in these and former times.

Well, quoth the knight; and shook his head,
I find there's little to be said;
That I have crimes and not a few,
With sorrow I must own is true;
Yet still I hope among them all
You will not find one capital.

Not capital, says *Ralph*, that lie
Amounts to downright perjury;
And ought to be esteem'd a sort
Of trifling, and contempt o' the court.
I'll prove there is no sin almost,
But that against the *Holy Ghost*,
If saints may be allow'd to sin,
Of which you have not guilty been.

Pray, noble knight, to go no further,
Is murd'ring of the king no murder?
Sweet Sir, consult with your own reason,
Open rebellion, is't not treason?
Altho' you varnish't with pretence,
Of liberty and conscience.
Sir, with your leave, the court expect
You'd answer fully and direct;
And not by way of metaphor,
Your worship is so famous for.

Then give me leave; are sequestrations?-
Are plundring towns, and devastations?
Are robbing churches, fire and sword?
Your weapons in the hand o' the Lord.
Are they not carnal weapons when
They're in the hands of sinful men?
And must in spite of all pretences,
Amount to capital offences.
You are not charg'd with covenanting,
With canting, lying, and recanting:
With forming plots, and raising fears,
To set the people by the ears:
Those, and ten thousand such small crimes,
Are lawful for the saints sometimes;
And therefore we'll not here insist
On them, but on the other list.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I find your charge,
In many points is very large;
And is not in the terms of law,
That learned counsel us'd to draw:
But since I know that my condition
Requires less law, and more submission;
I humbly wou'd desire to know,
On which o' the articles you'll go;
Or whether't be your pleasure I,
Should to them in the lump reply.

This is meer trifling, Sir, says *Ralph*,
And ne'er will bring your worship off;
This court is independent on
All forms and methods but its own;
And will not be directed by
The person they intend to try.
And I must tell you, you're mistaken,
If you propose to save your bacon;
By pleading to our jurisdiction,
Which will admit of no restriction.
Here's no appeal, nor no demurrer,
Nor after judgment writ of error.
If you persist to quirk and quibble,
And on your terms of law to nibble;

The

The court's determin'd to proceed,
Whether you do, or do not plead.

Quoth *Dick*, Sir knight, if you intend
Any o'th' board shou'd be your friend;
Let me advise you whilst there's room,
To try to mitigate your doom.
As you are on destruction's brink,
The more you stir, the more you stink;
'Tis my opinion, you submit
Yourself to' th' court if you think fit,
And frank and freely answer to
Such questions shall be put to you.

Oh! quoth the poor distressed knight,
I own your friendship gentle spright;
And if my frank and free confession,
Can any ways make intercession;
I'm ready, as the gods shall save me,
To answer ev'ry thing you'd have me.

For once, says *Ralph*, we'll take your word,
And therefore, Sir, inform the board
When first you rais'd a regiment,
To fight for king and parli'ment;
Did you not with the rest agree,
To extirpate the monarchy;
And to establish in its stead,
A monst'rous thing without a head;
Which after you the king had stripp'd,
You vilely common-wealth yclip'd?

Quoth he, to flatter and dissemble,
Will very ill my case resemble;
Therefore, I own, when we began
The work of reformation,
We purely us'd the name o'th' king
For out designs a covering;
And to prevent some apprehensions,
We fear'd might frustrate our intentions;
Till we had power, to tell you true,
To root out king and bishops too.

And then, quoth *Ralph*, when that was done,
You sought for th' parli'ment alone:
I query then, was that pure zeal
For publick good and common weal?
Or was it not to lay your hands
Upon the crown and church's lands?

Indeed, says he, I own a spice,
Like other saints, of either vice.
We sought the Lord in our distress,
And when the Lord was please to bless
Our undertakings; then the word
Was, *plunder in the name o' th' Lord*;
And so it was, for many years
We join'd our plund'rings with our prayers;
And us'd them both so long together,
Till there was left no room for either.

Quoth *Dick*, you have by this confession,
Made on the court a deep impression;
And if you can so fully clear
The point has brought your worship here,
Your sentence will so far be bated,
That you will only be translated
To the next wood, and squire *Ralph*
Shall be releas'd to fetch you off.
The knight, who nothing less suspected
Than he shou'd be at least dissected;
O'er-joy'd, to think that *Ralph* and he
Shou'd both regain their liberty;
Replies, whatever you require,
I'll do to save myself and squire.

Why then, quoth *Dick*, I plainly tell you,
The present mischief that's befel you.
Is not so much for what y' have done,
In favour of rebellion;
As 'tis for your pretence of right,
To seize these Downs, unworthy knight.
What devil cou'd put it in your head,
To rob and pilfer from the dead;

For

For this you muſt good reaſons ſhew,
Or elſe y' are ſtill in *ſtatu quo*.
This unexpected queſtion daſhes
The knight, who turns as pale as aſhes:
And ſtood like one was thunder ſtruck,
Or like the picture of ill luck;
Until the king, to puſh him on.
Cries out, 'tis time that we were gone;
At break of day I muſt determine
The court, and therefore if this vermin,
Has nothing for himſelf to ſay,
Gag him again without delay.
At which the knight, in tone moſt doleful,
Cries out aloud, you fill my my ſoul full
Of ſuch deep horror, I profeſs,
I cannot if I wou'd confeſs.
None but the devil cou'd draw me in,
To perpetrate ſo black a ſin;
A ſin, which I as much repent,
As when at firſt I gave conſent
To take the charge of knighthood on me,
Which has, alas! alas! undone me.
To make things ſhort, quoth *Ralph*, you muſt
Renounce all claim to knighthood firſt:
Next you muſt ſolemnly recant
All your pretenſions to a ſaint;
And after this you muſt, moreover,
Forſwear your trade of binding over:
When this is done on your repentance,
The court will paſs a proper ſentence.

Not, ſays the king, till he has ſwore,
That he'll infeſt theſe Downs no more;
For tho' he ſhou'd perform the reſt,
Till that is done, 'tis all a jeſt.

Well, quoth the knight, if this will do,
I' th' preſence of the gods and you;
I here renounce the diff'rent ſtate,
Of knighthood, ſaintſhip, magiſtrate;
And laſtly, I hereby diſown,
All right and title to the Down;

Wiſhing

Wiſhing that I may never find
Reſt for my body, ſoul, or mind;
In this, or in the other ſtate,
If from the day this vow bears date;
I do in any terms propoſe,
The leaſt pretenſions to incloſe.

Quoth *Ralph*, we take this recantation,
Only by way of approbation;
But yet not doubting but you will,
What you have vow'd and ſworn fulfil;
And not pretend by *innuendo*,
All this was done *ſe defendendo*.
Shou'd he turn tail, by *Jove*, quoth *Dick*,
And try to ſerve us a dog trick,
I'd quickly raiſe about his ears,
Ten thouſand *ghoſts of Cavaliers*;
That back ſhou'd drag him to this cave,
Where he ſuch puniſhments ſhall have,
That errant knight in days of yore,
Ne'er underwent the like before.
At which the king, to end the ſport,
Stands up, and ſo adjourns the court,

An ESSAY.

WHEN *Henry*'s fury firſt grew tame,
For ſober love he left the game.
When father call'd the youthful ſtubborn,
From lewd *Milk-Bank*, to pious *Woburn*;
As well from broils and being drunk,
As from his naſty chopt-kneed punk;
Whoſe honeſty he'd often ſwear for,
Tho' he cou'd never tell us wherefore:
His noble heart, no longer able
To hear long grace at father's table;
Attended, he forſook his dwelling,
And rid abroad a paſſion telling.
A wight he was, whoſe very ſight wou'd
Entitle him *Mirror of knighthood*;
Who never bent his ſtubborn knee,
To any thing leſs mad than ſhe;

To

To whom a faithful heart he bore,
Tho' ſhe lov'd muſick much before:
Big in the pit, big in the boxes,
Fam'd much for wound of ſword and poxes,
And moſt ſucceſsful he did prove,
In feats of duel as of love;
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he was more wiſe or ſtout:
Some hold the one, and ſome the other,
But he with both doth make a pother:
The diff'rence was ſo ſmall, his brain
Out-weigh'd his rage but half a grain;
Which makes ſome take him for a ſlave,
Which fools do work with, call'd a knave.

We grant, altho' he had much wit,
H' was very ſhy of uſing it;
For he left all his polliſh'd words
Lock'd faſt up with his fighting ſwords;
As being loth to wear 'em out,
And therefore bore 'em not about;
Unleſs unto the park, or ſo,
As ſparks their beſt apparel do.
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of frowns and oaths, a man's no horſe;
He'd prove a *buzzard* is no fowl,
And my lord *A——ll* was no *owl*;
That his fair counteſs was no w---,
And that a window is no door.
For rhetoric he never gap'd,
But all the croud of link-boys ſtop'd;
Raviſh'd at his moſt potent ſpeeches,
As hungry dogs at unty'd breeches.
His well-bred ord'nary diſcourſe,
Was ſwearing, bawdy, or elſe worſe;
A *Southerlandiſh* dialect,
Which learned bullies much affect:
It was a party-colour dreſs,
Of patch'd and pye-bald languages;
For he cou'd coin and counterfeit,
New words with little or no wit;

Words

Words that were more debas'd and hard,
Than a ſoft brain could well have ſpar'd.

Thus was he gifted, and accoutred,
We mean on th' inſide, not on th' outward;
For next of all we ſhall diſcourſe,
Then liſten, Sirs, it follows thus.
His tawny beard was th' equal grace,
Both of his wiſdom and his face;
The weight about his hips did waddle,
As if his back had wore a ſaddle.
On which he 'as often wiſh'd his fire,
To lay a broiling on the fire;
His ſword puiſſant on the ſide
Of his triumphant thigh did ride,
The hilt of which with blows was burſt,
Where ladies did their honour truſt,
Tho' long before 'twas laid in duſt.
I' th' holſters at his ſaddle-bow,
Two bright ſcrubb'd piſtols he did ſtow,
Stufft up with ink, and quills, and paper,
As uſeful to him as his rapier.

Thus clad, and fortify'd, our *Harry*
Left peaceful home, reſolv'd to marry.

A ſquire he had, whoſe name was *Tom*,
To help him drag his widow home,
Tho' our good breeding doth inform us,
'Twere civiller to call him *Thomas*:
Never did truſty ſquire with knight,
Or knight with ſquire jump more right;
For thoſe perfections which one wanted,
Providence had to th' other granted:
The ſquire was uſeful to indite,
Or, as the world reports, the knight
Hardly knew how to read or write.
On th' other ſide, the knight could ſing,
Drink, roar, and dance, or any thing,
But ſpeak poor ſenſe, which he deſpiſeth,
Knowing his ſquire hath what ſufficeth.

And

And so we leave 'em. May they speed,
Fon ne'er poor knight had greater need,
As they go on, we shall proceed.

JANE SHORE *and King* EDWARD.

The Tune, St George *and the* Dragon.

WHY should we boast of *Lais* and her knights,
Knowing such champions entrapt by whorish lights?
Or why shou'd we speak of *Thais* curled locks,
Or *Rhodope,* that gave so many men the pox?
Read old stories and there you shall find,
How *Jane Shore, Ja.Shore,* she pleas'd K. *Edward*'s mind,

Jane Shore *she was for* England, *Qu.*Fridegond *for* France;
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

To speak of the *Amazons* it were too long to tell;
And likewise of the *Thracian* girls, how far they did excel;
Those with *Scythian* lads engag'd in several fights;
And in the brave *Venereal* wars did foil adventrous knights:
Messaline and *Julia,* were vessels wond'rous brittle;
But *Jane Shore, J. Shore,* took down K. *Edward*'s mettle.

Jane shore, *she was, &c.*

Thalestris of *Thermondon* she was a doughty wight,
She conquer'd *Pella*'s king i' the exercise of night;
Hercules slew the *dragon,* whose teeth were all of brass,
Yet he himself became a slave unto the *Lydian* lass:
The *Theban Semele* lay with *Jove,* not dreading all his thun-[der;
But *J. Shore* o'ercame K. *Edward,* altho' he had her under.
Jane Shore *she was, &c.*

Helen of *Greece,* she came of *Spartan* blood,
Ægiale and *Cressida* they were brave whores, and good;
Queen *Clytemnestra* boldly slew old *Atreus* mighty son,
And fair *Hesione* pull'd down the strength of *Telamon*;
These were the ladies that caus'd the *Trojan* sack;
But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore,* she spoil'd K. *Edward*'s back.
Jane shore, *&c.*

For

For this the ancient writers did great *Venus* deify,
Because with her own father, *Jove*, she feared not to lie:
Hence *Cupid* came, who afterward reveng'd his loving mother,
And made kind *Biblis* do the like with *Caunus*, her own brother;
And afterward the goddess kept *Adonis* for reserve;
But *Jane Shore*, *Ja. Shore*, she stretch'd K. *Edward*'s nerve

Jane Shore, &c.

The *Cholcean* dame, *Medea*, her father did betray,
And taught her lover *Jason* the vigilant bull to slay;
And after thence convey'd away her father's *golden fleece*,
She with her lover sail'd away, in *Argo*'s ship to *Greece*:
But finding *Jason* false, she burnt his wife and court;
But *Jane Shore*, *Ja. Shore*, she show'd king *Edward* sport.

Jane Shore, &c.

Remix. of *Saxony* the *Welsh* state overthrew,
Igraeyn of *Cornwall*, *Pendragon* did subdue;
Queen *Quinever* with *Arthur* fought single hand to hand,
Tho' afterwards she made horns upon his head to stand;
And to Sir *Mordred*, *Pictish* prince, a paramour became:
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, she made K. *Edward* tame.

Jane Shore, &c.

Morozia of *Italy*, see how she stoutly copes,
With *Jesuits*, *Priests*, *Cardinals*, and triple-crowned *Popes!*
And with K. *Henry Rosamond*, spent many a dallying hour,
Till lastly poison'd by the Q. in *Woodstock*'s fatal bower.
And *Joan* of *Arc* play'd in the dark, with knights of *Languedoc*;
But *Jane Shore*, met king *Edward*, and gave him knock for knock.

Jane Shore, &c.

Pasiphae, we know, play'd feats with the *Cretan* bull:
And *Proserpine*, tho' so divine, became black *Pluto*'s trull;
The

The *Spanish* bawd her strumpets taught to lay their legs astride,
But these and all their courtezans, *Ja. Shore* did 'em deride:
Pope *Joan* was right, altho' she did the papal sceptre wield;
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, she made king *Edward* yield.

Jane Shore, *&c.*

Agathoclea and *Eanthe* did govern *Egypt*'s king;
The witty wench of *Andover*, she was a pretty thing;
She freely took her lady's place, and with great *Edgar* dally'd
And with main force she foil'd him quite, altho' he often rally'd:
For which brave act, he that her rack'd, gave her his lady's land;
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, king *Edward* did command.

Jane Shore, *&c.*

Of *Phrine*, and of *Lamia*, historians have related,
How their illustrious beauties two generals captivated:
And they that in the days of yore kill'd men, and sack'd their cities,
In honour of their mistresses composed amorous ditties:
Let *Flora* gay, with *Romans* play, and be a goddess call'd;
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, king *Edward* she enthrall'd.

Jane Shore, *&c.*

The jolly tanner's daughter, *Arlot* of *Normandy*,
She only had the happiness to please Duke *Robert*'s eye,
And *Roxolane*, altho' a slave, and born a *Grecian*,
Cou'd with a nod, command and rule, grand signior *Solomon*.
And *Naples Joan*, would make 'em groan, that ardently did love her:
But *Jane Shore*, *Ja. Shore*, and K. *Edward* he did shove her.

Jane Shore, *&c.*

Aspasia does of the *Persian* brothers boast;
Tho' *Cynthia* joy in the *Lepthean* boy, *Ja. Shore* shall rule [the roast

Cleopatra

Cleopatra lov'd *Marc Antony*, and *Bracchanals* she did feats,
But compar'd to our Virago, they were but meerly cheats:
Brave carpet knights in *Cupid's* fights, their milk-white rapiers drew:
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, King *Edward* did subdue,
Jane Shore, *&c.*

Hamlet's incestuous mother, was *Gertrude*, *Denmark's* [Queen.
And *Circe*, that inchanting witch, the like was scarcely seen:
Warlike *Penthesilea* was an *Amazonian* whore
To *Hector* and young *Troilus*, both which did her adore;
But brave K. *Edward*, who before had gain'd nine victories,
Was fetter'd like a bond slave, with *Jane Shore's* all conquering thighs.

Jane Shore *she was for* England, *Qu.* Fridegond *for* France;
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

The Quarrel between FRANK *and* NAN.

The ARGUMENT.

Nan *and* Frank, *two quondam friends,*
In which they'd both their private ends;
Fell from love to sudden wrath;
Much ado is 'twixt em both:
Many a whore and rogue is call'd,
But oh! brave Frank *the bawd is maul'd.*

OF civil dudgeon many a bard
Has sung, and tales have oft been heard,
Much in verse, and much in prose,
Of ancient friends grown ardent foes:
From this position I'm about,
To tell you how two friends fell out;
The dearest two, the kindest pair,
That e'er each other's heart did share,
Damsel and hero, fat and fair,
The noble hero, who not knows
Order attends where e'er he goes;

And

Frank & Nan

And in his even dealing hand,
He always bears a pow'rful wand,
The badge of office and command:
Frequent at lady *W——s* door,
H' has ſtood upon a well-known ſcore;
Which the poor *Jew*, Sir *John* has ſeen
Full oft, and curs'd the *Turk* within.

Who not admires the damſel bright,
That ever trapes'd the Mall by night?
Who, that ever had occaſion,
For any filthineſs in ſeaſon?
Many a bed and baſket full
She has put off of traſh and trull.
In ſhort, their virtues well are known,
Where e'er her trumpet fame has blown
For long has mighty clamour ran,
Of honeſt *Frank*, and modeſt *Nan*:
At length theſe two from harmleſs prattle,
At laſt proceed to direful battle.

There is a time (as th' author has it)
That writes a treatiſe call'd the *Gazette*;
(In many things by him related)
When *White-hall* is evacuated;
That is, when the court and prince are
Catching agues all at *Windſor*:
For in *Greenland* as they write,
The whole year's but one day and night;
So of late, it has been here,
Only ſunſhine half the year:
And, as evil ſpirits venture,
Often in the dark to enter
Hallow'd roofs, when thoſe that keep
The place are abſent, or a ſleep;
So factious vermin, that are driven,
From court for faults too oft forgiven;
When they have watch'd the king from's houſe,
Come there to make their rendezvous.
Then *Croſts* and *S——land* cabal,
Then *Ce—l* lords it in the *Mall*;
With all the train of unflegg'd fools,
Callow as they came from ſchools;
G—y, *M—dant*, *B—don*, *K—t*, and *T—n*,
Still at worſt follies deepeſt in,

And

And *Hun—ton*, with his long tool,
Not as his mark of man, but fool;
Whose tail, and follies, make his life,
Only useful to his wife:
All these, with foul infection tainted,
Long ago had been transplanted
Far from the court, that so the rest,
That yet were sound, might scape the pest;
But as that vile disease the itch,
Does some lewd natures so bewitch;
That it they always chuse to catch,
For meer indulgence but to scratch:
So faction does with some prevail,
For a bare colour but to rail.
Honest *Frank* was one of these,
In's heart, lov'd them, and their disease;
Honest *Frank*, who's but a noddy,
Yet rails as well as any body;
And, as sacred libels show,
Publish'd not many days ago:
A certain lord was but a cur;
(To which opinion few demur:)
So honest *Frank*, might I speak, mine
Is naturally something canine:
For as some cur, whom's master owns,
To love, and gives him crusts and bones;
Tho' kindly fed, will yet be running
Abroad, where carrion lies a funning;
So *Frank* tho' he no filling need,
On rotten faction loves to feed;
With which, when he does back resort,
He stinks intolerable at court?
And for occasions of this nature,
Has been of late a lazy creature;
Tho' better had he minded duty,
And so escap'd this war with beauty.
Beauty, which shines in *Nancy*'s face,
As much as he does in his place:
Majestic wrinkles deck her brow,
And godly glaring eyes below;
That still with maudlin kindness shine,
The soft effects of brandy wine,

Rich

Rich carbuncles adorn her nose.
The envy of her sober foes:
And from her lips discourses fall,
That makes her welcome to *Whitehall*.
Whether one day she enter'd shining,
Just as *Frank* was come from dining:
But who the sequel cou'd have guess'd,
To see how they at first caress'd;
How cheek by jowl they kindly walk'd,
And with what tenderness they talk'd!
My dearest *Nan*, says he, what whores
Are freshest now? Quoth *Nan*, my doors,
Heav'n knows, ne'er open'd to receive
A lover, since you last took leave:
Whom still to serve my will remains,
Tho' you ne'er pay me for my Pains.
Pay thee, (quoth he) *Nan!* pay for wenching?
When e'en our tables are retrenching?
Says *Nancy*, ah! thou falsely fearest:
'Tis love I want; not coin, my dearest;
'Tis thee I love, 'tis thee I doat on,
More than a child that puts new coat on;
To see thee walk, I love thy trip,
I love the drops upon thy lip:
Thy just cravet, thy reg'lar wig,
My little pug, my dapper pig.
When with desire of thee I stretch,
I've no *sciatica*, nor stitch,
Quoth *Frank*, in rage; avant, you bitch.
Have I, for this, thro' all my life,
Kept civil distance with my wife;
Study'd fine speeches from romances,
And in my age led country dances?
Do I for this, ev'n at this hour,
Cheat every creature in my pow'r;
Gripe from the poor the utmost farthing,
To keep my credit up at carding?
Do I for this, affect a grace,
And paint my old *John-apple* face;
Only to have a bawd adore me;
No, I'll have virgins fall before me.

Virgins,

Virgins, quoth *Nan!* and then ſhe hung
A tongue out, full two handfuls long,
And with deſire or malice ſtung,
Lick'd o'er the thickeſt painted place,
And ſpoil'd entirely that day's face.
But who can ſpeak the noiſe and din,
The fury that did then begin;
The oaths, the out-cries, and the blows,
When *Francis* catching *Nancy*'s noſe,
With furious gripe expreſſing hate,
Squeez'd nine large inſects out of that,
Then with a ſhock upon her cheſt,
So ſtirr'd the brandy in her breaſt;
That an eructive ſigh ſhe ſent,
Which, as it through the region went,
Such wond'rous influence did bear,
A ſoaring owl dropt headlong there,
Drunk with ſophiſticated air;
Which omen much ill luck beſpoke;
For, the next tilt, the hero broke.
The famous wand deſcrib'd above,
The enſign of his power and love:
But at the ſame time conqueſt got,
And doom'd the vanquiſh'd bawd to pot:
To porter's lodge he ſent her jogging,
To purchaſe liberty by flogging,
And thus concluded was the fray,
Betwixt the knight and lady gay.

A Satire on the Players.

THE cenſuring world, perhaps may not eſteem
A ſatire on ſo ſcandalous a theme,
As a ſtage-ape; yet, merely for the ſake
Of novelty, I'll once a trial make:
For who can hold to ſee the foppiſh town,
Admire ſo ſad a wretch as *Betterton*;
Is't for his legs, his ſhoulders, or his face,
His formal ſtiffneſs, or his aukward grace?
A ſhop for him had been the fitteſt place.
But brawny *Tom* the play-houſe needs muſt chuſe,
The villains refuge, the whores rende'vouz.

Then in comes *Smith*, that murders every ſhape,
The crying lover and the ſquinting ape;
So very dull in both, that you may ſee,
Sorrow turn'd mirth, and mirth turn'd tragedy:
Paſſion he ridicules; ſo whines, and cries,
That you wou'd ſwear, he ſomewhat more than dies;
Then, by his antic poſtures, men of ſenſe
Do ſay, he plays *Jack pudding*, not a prince.
Since ſo it is, *Will*, e'en in time be wiſe,
Stick to the bottle; there thy talent lies:
But for the ſtage, (conceited, malapert,)
Thou'rt worſe than ſtrolling *Coiſh*, or ſtrutting *Burt*.
You ſmock-fac'd lads, ſecure your gentle bums;
For, full of luſt and fury, ſee he comes!
'Tis bugg'ring *Nokes*, whoſe damn'd unwieldy t——
Weeps, to be bury'd in his footman's a—
Unnatural ſinner, lecher without ſenſe,
To leave kind whores, to dive in excrements!
Roaring mad *Cave*, is the reproach o' th' age;
Scandal to all, but the lewd, ſhameleſs ſtage:
The coffee-houſes, and the taverns ſcum,
Drunk every night, the looby, tumbling home,
Alarms the watch. His chiefeſt eloquence,
Does lie in many oaths, and little ſenſe:
Egad, he'd make a ſwinging evidence!
But now, the character of one you'll read.
Who ſtrove ſo long a fool to be believ'd,
That at the laſt he is a fool indeed:
Witneſs his bant'ring nonſenſe and his noiſe,
Stealing from ſtall, and fooling with the boys.
If ſtill thou play'ſt ſuch tricks, the world ſhall ſee
The diff'rence 'twixt *Jack Sparks*, and *Tony Lee*,
Which is the filly'ſt cur, the dog or thee.
The next might e'en have acquieſc'd; but he,
Big with the hopes of popularity,
Muſt play again: altho' it be decreed
That wiſe prophetick ſhou'd his omen read.
When firſt he ſtrutted on, faith, I was there:
Who's there? cry all, a puppet, not a player.
But, when he nam'd a god, the ſparks did fear,
The very pop wou'd make a god appear;
A god to him's no more than bottle-beer.

Goodman the thief ſwears 'tis all womens lots
To doat upon his uglineſs and pox.
Many by common punks have been betray'd,
But to be jilted by a ſilly maid,
Is a damn'd thing: *Wiltſhire*, I'd be aſham'd,
At laſt among the cuckolds to be nam'd,
Thou'dſt better ſtill have led a whoring life,
Than to be plagu'd with poverty and wife.
Jevon's chief bus'neſs is to ſwear and eat;
He'll turn procurer for a diſh of meat;
Elſe the poor hungry ruffian muſt, I fear,
Live on grey-peaſe and ſalt for half the year.
The reſt, tho' moving in a lower ſphere,
Are no leſs villains than their maſters are;
So ſharping and ſo inſolent a crew,
Long as old *Tyburn* ſtood, it never knew:
But fame does ſay, their equals you may find
Of th' other ſex; ſo lewd in every kind,
You'd ſwear that rogue and whore had both combin'd.
Imprimis, *Slingsby* has the fatal curſe,
A lady's honour with a player's purſe:
Tho' now ſhe is ſo plaguy haughty grown,
Yet, 'gad, my lady, I a time have known,
When a dull whiggiſh poet wou'd go down.
That ſcene's now chang'd; but, prithee, dowdy beaſt,
Think not thyſelf an actreſs in the leaſt;
For ſure thy figure ne'er was ſeen before:
Such arſe-like breaſts, ſtiff neck, and monſtrous gore,
Are certain antidotes againſt a whore.
But antiquated *S — l* ſwears in rage,
She knows not what's the lewdneſs of the ſtage:
And I believe her, now her days are paſt;
Who'd tempt a wretch that on meer force is chaſt?
Yet in her youth, none was a greater w—:
Her lumpiſh huſband *Og* can tell you more.
There's one, Heav'n bleſs us! by her curſed pride,
Thinks from the world her brutiſh luſt to hide;
But will that paſs in her, whoſe only ſenſe,
Does lie in whoring, cheats, and impudence?
One that is pox all o'er, *Barry* her name,
That mercenary, proſtituted dame;

Whoſe

Whose nauseous —like *Tony's tap* does run:
Unpity'd fool, that can't her ulcer shun!
Tho' like a *Hackney* jade, just tir'd before,
And all her little fulsome stock run o're;
Tho' faces are distorted with meer pain,
So that wry mouth ne'er since came right again;
Yet ten times more she'd bear for slavish gain.

Impudent *Sarah* thinks she's prais'd by all,
Mistaken drab, back to thy mother's stall;
And there sell savin, which thou'dst prove so well,
'Tis a rare thing, that belly cannot swell:
Thou art as lewd, and as debauch'd as hell.

Fam'd *Butler's* wiles are now so common grown,
That by each feather'd cully she is known:
So that at last, to save her tott'ring fame,
At music club she strives to get a name;
But money is the syren's chiefest aim.
At treats, her squeamish stomach cannot bear,
What amorous spark provides with cost and care;
But, if she's hungry, faith I must be free,
She'll for a meal shew her commodity.

What is 't, a pox, makes *Petty* seem to be
Of so demure pretended modesty?
When 'tis apparent she'll in private prove,
As impudent as any punk of love?
Strangers she fears; so cares not much to roam,
While she can have a sharer's pr- - - at home.
Currer, 'tis time thou wert to *Ireland* gone,
Thy utmost rate is here but half a crown:
Ask *T*———*r* if thou art not fulsome grown?

Sue P——— so long has known the stage,
She grows in lewdness faster than in age;
From eight or nine she there has jilting been,
So call that nature, which is truly sin.
Her *Coffee* father too's so basely poor,
And such a hireling, that he'll hold the door,
Be pimp himself, that she may play the whore.

Once *Twyford* had some modesty; but she,
Her husband being close in custody,
Wou'd be unkind to let him famish there:
So sins for guineas, to provide him fare.

But *Osborn* moves in a religious strain,
She'll jilt and pray, and pray and jilt again;
Sure now her jilting praying days are o're,
Who'd have an ugly, old, yet zealous whore.
Then *Norris*, and her daughter, pleasant are,
One's very young, the other desperate fair:
A very equal, well-proportion'd pair.
The girl's of use, faith, as the matter goes,
She plays the whore to get her father cloaths.
I've pleas'd my self: now, criticks, do your worst,
And he that fears your malice may be curs'd.

A Satire on the POETS.

WRETCH! whosoe'er thou art that long'st for praise,
That courts a *Muse*, and itches after bays:
Be well advis'd before it be too late,
Or from my mouth prepare to hear thy fate.
Hard by the fair *Augusta*'s walls there stood
Of yore an aged *cittadel* of wood,
Which long th' attacks of pelting boys had bore,
And prentice, storming for suburbian whore,
Scene of lewd nymphs, and of polluted strains,
Where now a lordly * pile, so fate ordains,
Stands, and surveys around the humble plains.
Goodly and great; provided as a fence
'Gainst all the batt'ries of thought or sense.
There witty raving wretches howl and cry,
And with their woes divert the standers by:
Sylvia in straw on her *Alexis* calls,
And paints love's charcoal emblems on the walls;
The dark inhabitants ne'er see the day.
But the wild motion of the moon obey.
There, in a den, remov'd from human eyes,
Possess'd with muse, a brain-sick poet lies,
Too miserably wretched to be nam'd,
For plays, for heroes, and for passion fam'd:
Thoughtless he raves his sleepless hours away,
In chains all night, and darkness all the day.
And if he gets some intervals from pain,
The fit returns, he foams, and bites the chain,
His eye-balls roll, and he grows mad again.

* *Bedlam.*

The

The application's fair: be wise in time,
Avoid the youthful appetite of rhyme;
Beware, and be before-hand with your fate:
Once in the gin, repentance comes too late.
Your jilting muse is like your practis'd whore,
Cheats, wheedles on, and keeps her cully poor:
In vain you struggle from the charm to part,
In vain you strive to disengage your heart.
So spark abus'd by mistress, rag'd and swore,
And vow'd he never wou'd see *Olinda* more:
But, the fit over, to her arms he flies,
Doats, rages, swears, loves, languishes, and dies,
And courts new ruin from her lightning eyes.
Soldiers and wits the same hard fate has damn'd;
Both toil for conqnest in a fairy land:
Yet, tho' alike, all labour in the chace.
One has the laureat's, one the general's place.
What volunteer that ever trail'd a pen
Of all the adventurers, since mighty *Ben*,
Has ever found in these our starving days,
For all his golden hours, but paultry bays;
An hungry moiety of stinted praise?
Else why should *Manly* that reform'd the age,
And first show'd wit and nature on the stage,
Immur'd in prison, under durance sit,
After such deathless monuments of wit?
Tate I cou'd pity, and his wretched life,
Chain'd to a muse, and wedded to a wife:
Wrack'd by his wants, to farce and drolls obscene;
And from a poet, turn'd an *Harlequin*.
But *Settle*, that incorrigible owl,
That composition of a knave and fool,
Whipt by his needs, 'gainst wit and sense to write,
Forc'd to turn honest in his own despite.
Let him to atone his bold presumptuous crime,
Like *Bridewell* criminals, each day beat rhyme;
And may his portion and allowance be
Just what he earns from wit and poetry;
'Till maceration lets the booby find,
Such fat fed clowns were ne'er for wit design'd.
Mac Fleckno, for the mirth of mankind fram'd,
For magick bromsticks, and for witches fam'd,

In vain to ſtrive by poetry eſſay'd;
His muſe and wife e'en ſpoil'd the poets trade:
Yet he jogs on in meaſure hard and rude;
A wretched rhimer, pennyleſs and lewd.
Durfey that rhimes as ſquirrel jingles bells,
For ſonnets fam'd as far as *Epſom* wells;
That prates and talks for almonds like a parrot
Sings roundelays and ſtanza's in a garret;
If he does ſometimes keep his carnaval,
To make their Graces merry at *Newhall*,
All after that is Lent, and penury:
Even *Joſeph Hindmarſh* now has laid him by,
And vows he ne'er will trade in's poetry.
Thus hopeleſs pence from epick bays to drain,
Jockey and *Moggy* makes him eat again.
Rymer the great, of wit and parts profound,
With everlaſting laurels be he crown'd;
To whom ſoft *Ovid*'s ſacred ſhade's indebted,
And thanks him for an elegy tranſlated:
Matchleſs his ſtile, and worthy of a crown,
Where headlong booby torrents blunder down;
But where, *Pen* weaves 'till her poor fingers ake,
Bleſs me, ye nine! my wonder who can ſpeak?
I read and kiſs, and turn it o'er again,
And bleſs the beauteous offſpring of thy brain.
Go on, bright *bard*, and teach thy happy lyre
A ſtrain which after-ages may admire:
Fleckno, and thou his colleague in the war,
The ſtates againſt the realm of ſenſe declare:
Like kings of *Brentford* hand in hand ſhall fit,
The target thou, and he the flail of wit.
Marcellus thus the ſword of *Rome* did wield,
Whilſt his wiſe fellow-conſul held the ſhield.
Aſtrea, with her ſoft gay ſighing ſwains,
And rural virgins on the flow'ry plains,
The laviſh peers profuſeneſs may reprove,
Who gave her guineas for the iſle of love,
Glump *Ravenſcroft*, and tedious *Johnny Crown*,
Who by court *maſks*, and *novels* reap renown;
And *Bank*'s for bays that left the lawyers gown:
I leave to *Crambo*, dulneſs and tranſlation,
To view more modern follies of the nation.

Pert

Pert dull *French* drolls, th' *Italian Petroline*,
Andrews of *English* growth, we oft have seen;
But who wou'd e'er expect to see or hear,
From a grave bard above his fifti'th year;
Morocco Zambra's on our theatre?
If he goes on, as Heaven avert our fears,
Down goes the amphitheatre of bears;
Our *English* mettle will be out of doors,
And sport succeed, and pastime of the *Moors*:
Bull feasts, instead of bears, and broken skulls;
And fierce *Almanzor*'s bouncing of the bulls.

Thus have I sung, in measure rough, and broken,
What in plain prose, much better might be spoken;
And show'd the vanity of most that write,
From the dull fifth rate, to your first rate, wit:
Even my own dearest self I do not spare,
But my own folly by my rhimes declare;
To bid the brethren of the quill beware.

So *Newgate* criminal, with heavy heart,
Lugg'd to long home in pensive *Holborn* cart;
Sings psalms of grace, e'er halter close his eyes,
And warns his comrades to repent, then dies.

The present State of Matrimony.

OF all the sots with which the nation's curs'd,
The matrimonial ideot is the worst,
Our ruin oft may from ambition flow,
That's some pretence; but all he has to show,
He is a slave, because he will be so.
From whence we gather this undoubted rule,
A husband's next relation to a fool;
Which being a truth that none can disallow,
What can we think of our unthinking *How*,
Who rashly wasted all the sweets of life,
To be th' unpity'd object of a wife?
A wife, under whose yoke he's doom'd to bear,
That arbitrary sway he us'd to fear.
Justly she does the injur'd ladies right,
Unjustly persecuted by his spight,
When his chief business was to rail and write:

O! how the ſex will laugh, to ſee the man,
Who in looſe ſatire has done all he can,
To ſet the huſband and the ſpouſe at ſtrife,
Satir'd himſelf ſo ſharply in a wife!
When bullets fly, warriors are ſafe in mail.
But what defence, what armour can prevail
Againſt the boſom curſe of tooth and nail.

F——land plods on in the ſame path; and yet
Has the ambition to be thought a wit;
When he's the trueſt glaſs in which we ſee,
How vile a thing a hen-peck'd chit may be:
The loſs of freedom long h'has mourn'd in vain;
But will be longer e'er 'tis found again:
And may that be the fate of ev'ry fool
That's govern'd there where he has pow'r to rule.

There's *L——cy* too, whoſe follies to expreſs,
Wou'd be as hard a taſk as to redreſs;
For let the world be judge, (as ſure it will)
If h' had not better kept the player ſtill;
Tho' now and then he might have the miſhap
To get that mark of gentleman, (a clap)
Than marry home-bred punk without a groat,
And (which is worſe) not find the peace he ſought.

In this vain rank *Gerrard* the fop may paſs,
That whiffling, whimſical, fantaſtic aſs;
Beneath the curſe of matrimonial ſtrife,
Tho' none can be more wretched in a wife:
What man beſides himſelf, could be ſo dull,
So void of that which ſhou'd have poiz'd his ſcull,
To wed a jilt in height of luſt and youth?
And madly think to beat her into truth,
When with all modeſty I dare maintain,
That he may grow as wiſe, as now he's vain,
E'er that falſe ſcouring drab turns true again.

Nor is inſipid *Stamford* leſs to blame,
In wife, and wit, his caſe is much the ſame:
Well might he think one of ſo vaſt a ſize
Wou'd not be pleas'd, without as vaſt ſupplies.
There's not a hackney-coach that ſcours the town,
In which ſh' has not been bugger'd up and down;
Either by lord, knight, ſquire, page, or clown.

Knaves

Knaves may be honeſt, uſurers be juſt,
Or a town jilt ſtill proſtitute on truſt;
Strollers not ſcratch, altho' they have the itch,
E'er his lewd counteſs ceaſe to be at b——.
Had *Arund*——*l* but ſhunn'd his wretched fate.
H' had ſcap'd the knowing what he knows too late;
The knowing he a jilt to 'is arms preſers,
That has had many well-hung fools in her's:
Wou'd he be merry, ſtrait his conſort's noiſe,
E'er he can think, th' abortive thought deſtroys;
Or wou'd he be devout, (which is but rare)
She'll make him mingle curſes with his pray'r:
At home, abroad, at park, or play, or ball,
A wife ſtill daſhes his delight with gall.
But of all thoſe that in our liſt appear
(And there are choice of thoughtleſs coxcombs here)
There's none more deſpicable than *K*——*ldare*:
A wretch, which, if we ſcan, we ſoon ſhall find,
His form is juſt proportion'd to his mind.
Others ſometimes may have ſome truce from ſtrife,
But he's for ever harraſs'd with a wife:
And ſuch a wife as hourly makes him feel
Th' effects of her damn'd *Preſbyterian* zeal.
Five pounds a week ſhe allows him for expence,
To ſhow the world he is a man of ſenſe.
Were I to chuſe my ſhape, 'twou'd be my pray'r
To be a dog, a monkey, or a bear,
Or any thing, but that vain animal *K*——*ldare*.
Rocks that lie hid no mortal can avoid,
We pity thoſe by ſuch a fate deſtroy'd;
But when they far above the waves appear,
He muſt be mad that ſeeks for ſafety there;
What then can *Eſh'ridge* urge in his defence,
What reaſon bring, unleſs 'tis want of ſenſe?
For all he pleads beſides is mere pretence.
Merit, with honour, join'd 's a crown to life;
But he got honour for to get a wife.
Prepoſt'rous knighthood! in the gift ſevere,
For never was a knighthood bought ſo dear.
Trace him from youth to his maturer age,
In all the time he triumph'd on the ſtage;

And every ſentence ſcan, and action weigh,
In's prating, ſnarling, drunkenneſs, or play;
And e'er you ſuch another brute can find,
That goes for man, and herds with human kind;
He ſhall turn ſound, his old ſpouſe ceaſe to ſtink,
(Impoſſibilities that ne'er can link)
Nay, which is more, he ſhall be freed from ſtrife,
From all th' incroaching plagues that wait on life;
Tho' curs'd with loſs of money, pox, and wife.
But here we muſt leave railing for a while,
And change our ſharp, to an obliging ſtile;
For whenſo'er we *B — ber*'s praiſe begin,
Envy is dumb, and ſatires ceaſe to grin:
His graceful mien reſiſtleſs charms impart,
And glides unfelt into a female heart;
While on his lips ſuch ſmooth diſcourſe is hung,
His perſon's leſs attractive than his tongue.
In *Julian*'s books his choiceſt virtues ſhine,
And dart freſh luſtre out at every line;
Nor is the hero leſs admir'd in mine.
Tho' had he 'ſcap'd the matrimonial ſnare,
And ſtill dreſs'd on, like *Andrew* in a fair;
Been bubble, cully, whimſical, or dull,
Or in tranſlating *Butler* crack'd his ſcull,
He might have 'ſcap'd the notion of a fool;
Which now is fix'd as laſting at his life:
For death's the ſafeſt refuge from wife.

The veil's pluck'd off, and now the monſter bare,
Let *Hewit* then, and *Henningham* beware;
For tho' all men have faults, we muſt confeſs,
Take marriage out, and every man has leſs.
Yet let 'em ſtill continue lewd, or vain,
One boaſts of fighting, t' other of his ſtrain;
'Bate matrimony, and I'll not complain:
For here I fix it as a public rule,
'Tis better live a fop than die a fool.

A Satire

A Satire against MATRIMONY.

CURSE on those senseless fools who disallow
Those harmless sports nature commands us to
Without indenture, and loud proclamation,
Made by a fop to a dull congregation:
When as the gods cou'd ne'er endure that fashion.
To priests, like scriveners, some will apply
Themselves, who doubt of their security;
But generous souls, like gods, move in a sphere
Above those tyes, made by old sinners here;
They are for that free way of propagation,
Made by the law of nature, not o' th' nation;
Which dulls the pleasure by its limitation.
Let foppish zeal, devotion's bastard, say
What e'er it can; or private pleasures may
Be as divine, altho' not us'd that way:
It is more modest; that, I'm sure, you'll say.
What you call virtue 's but a composition
Of such ingredients nature makes her fish on:
Dull phlegm and melancholy do produce
Zeal in abundance, that does introduce
Such bug-bears in your fancy, that an ant
Appears to you to be an elephant:
Nature, the gods great instrument, must be
Branded by you, with all the infamy
You can asperse her with; and all, because
She gives us freedom, by her sacred laws,
To use those pleasures she for us has made,
And not to stand upon the *Levite*'s aid.
Good man, he cries for matrimony! why?
It brings a gain to his divinity:
Christ'nings and burials to the same I vow,
If you omit' em, there's damnation too!
But, why should the poor brat in danger be
Of being damn'd, because not cross'd by thee?
Or why, where funeral rite omitted is,
Shoud that obstruct the mortal's way to bliss?

These, and dull nuptials, all your wise men saw
Were nothing, but to complement the law:
So that the book and ring appear to me
Such a mistake in your divinity,
That you must grant, the ceremony sent
To such poor mortals, for a punishment,
As cou'd not with their freedom be content.

The Battle of the BAUDS.

GIVE o'er, you tilting sparks o' th' pit, give o'er,
And fright the boxes and yourselves no more,
Two *Amazons*, of scandalous renown,
Have with dire battle made the field their own:
Their fray on no slight grounds, like yours was made;
But for pre-eminence in their famous trade.
Boih for the public break their midnight sleep,
And open courts for lated mortals keep:
No rank of men their palaces refuse,
From filbert prentices to acorn *Jews*.
Zeal to the public did their rage excite:
But who can speak the terror of the fight?
The oaths, the yells, the sweat, the dust, the blood,
Are not to be express'd, nor understood.
Strong sarc'net scarves, with hood of gauze more slight,
Promiscuously were scatter'd in the fight:
Necklace and pendants perish'd in the fray,
And reverend point that did the art display
Of ages past, had now its fatal day:
Our upper regions, ravish'd at the sight,
With din of clatt'ring sticks applaud the fight;
Nay ev'n our sparks o' th' pit, like *Trojans* true,
Made a fair ring, and stood spectators too.
Could not your own sense make you tender hearted,
Who have the comfort known of being parted;
'Tis strange, that matrons so obliging kind,
In a full pit, shou'd no acquaintance find!
Some side-box nymphs, 'tis true, made protestation,
This war wou'd be the ruin of the nation;

Which to prevent, the destinies interpos'd,
And with a partial hand the battle clos'd.
Silence, the vanquish'd silence, quits her ground:
The conqu'ring *Strafford* is with *myrtle* crown'd,
And *Drury-Lane* all loyal whores resound.

To FELTON *in the* Tower. 1628.

ENJOY thy bondage, make thy prison know
Thou hast a liberty, thou canst not owe
To such base punishments, kept intire, since
Nothing but guilt shackles the conscience.
I dare not tempt thy valiant blood to whey,
Enfeebling it with pity; nor dare pray
That thou may'st mercy find; lest thy great story
Lose something of its miracle and glory:
I wish thy merit study'd cruelty,
Stout vengeance best besits thy memory;
And I wou'd have posterity to hear,
He that can bravely do, can bravely bear.
Tortures seem great unto a coward's eye:
'Tis no great thing to suffer; less to die.
Shou'd all the clouds fall out, and in the strife
Lightning and Thunder take away my life,
I should applaud the wisdom of my fate;
Which knew to value me at such a rate,
As at my fall to trouble all the the sky,
Emptying upon me *Jove*'s full armory.
Serve in your sharpest punishments, use the rack,
Enlarge each joint, and make each sinew crack;
Thy soul before was strengthen'd, that thy doom,
To show thy virtue she has larger room:
Yet sure, if every artery were broke,
Thou wou'dst find strength for such another stroke.

And now I leave thee unto death and fame,
Which lives to shake ambition at thy name,
And, if it were no sin, the court by it
Wou'd hourly swear, before the favourite,

Farewel

Farewel; for thy brave ſake we ſhall not ſend
Henceforth, commander, enemies to defend:
Nor will it ever our juſt monarch pleaſe
To keep an admiral to loſe the ſeas.
Farewel: undaunted ſtand; and joy to be
Of public ſorrow the epitome.
Let the duke's name ſolace and crown thy thrall,
All we in him did ſuffer; thou for all:
And I dare boldly write, as thou dar'ſt die,
Stout *Felton*, *England*'s ranſom, here does lie.

Cobler & Vicar of Bray

The Tale of the Cobbler *and the* Vicar *of* Bray.

Rara est concordia fratrum.

IN *Bedfordshire* there dwelt a knight,
Sir *Samuel* by name,
Who by his feats in civil broils,
Obtain'd a mighty fame.

Nor was he much less wise than stout,
But fit in both respects
To humble sturdy cavaliers,
And to support the sects.

This worthy knight was one that swore
He would not cut his beard
'Till this ungodly nation was
From king and bishops clear'd.

Which holy vow he firmly kept,
And most devoutly wore
A grizly meteor on his face,
'Till they were both no more.

His worship was in short a man
Of such exceeding worth,
No pen or pencil can describe,
Or rhyming bard set forth.

Many and mighty things he did,
Both sober and in liquor,
Witness the mortal fray between
The cobbler and the vicar;

Which

Which by his wiſdom and his power,
He wiſely did prevent,
And both the combatants at once
In wooden durance pent.

The manner how theſe two fell out,
And quarrell'd in their ale,
I ſhall attempt at large to ſhow
In the ſucceeding tale.

A ſtrolling *cobbler* who was wont
To trudge from town to town,
Happen'd upon his walk to meet
A *vicar* in his gown.

And as they forward jogg'd alone,
The *vicar* growing hot,
Firſt aſk'd the *cobbler* if he knew
Where they might take a pot.

Yes, marry, that I do, quoth he,
Here is a houſe hard by,
That far exceeds all *Bedfordſhire*,
For ale and landlady.

Thither let's go, the *vicar* ſaid;
And when they thither came,
He lik'd the liquor wondrous well,
But, better far the dame.

And ſhe who like a cunning jilt
Knew how to pleaſe her gueſt,
Us'd all her little tricks and arts
To entertain the prieſt.

The *cobbler* too, who quickly ſaw
The landlady's deſign,
Did all that in his power was
To manage the divine.

With

With ſmutty jeſts, and merry ſongs
They charm'd the *vicar* ſo,
That he determin'd for that night
No farther he would go.

And being fix'd, the *cobbler* thought
'Twas proper to go try,
If he cou'd get a jobb or two,
His charges to ſupply.

So going out into the ſtreet,
He bauls with all his might,
If any of you tread awry,
I'm here to ſet you right.

I can repair your leaky boots,
And underlay your ſoles,
Backſliders I can underprop,
And patch up all your holes.

The *vicar* who unluckily
The *cobbler*'s outcry heard,
From off the bench on which he ſat,
With mighty fury rear'd.

Quoth he, what prieſt, what holy prieſt,
Can hear this bawling ſlave?
But muſt in juſtice to his coat
Chaſtize the ſaucy knave.

What has this wretch to do with ſouls,
Or with *backſliders* either;
Whoſe buſineſs only is his *awls*,
His *laſts*, his *thread*, and *leather*.

I loſe my patience to be made
This ſtrolling varlet's ſport;
Nor could I think this ſawcy rogue
Would treat me in ſuch ſort.

The

The *cobbler*, who had no design
  The *vicar* to displease;
Unluckily repeats again,
  I'm come your soles to ease.

The inward and the outward too
  I can repair and mend;
And all that my assistance want,
  I'll use them like a friend.

The country folk no sooner heard
  The honest *cobbler*'s tongue,
But from the village far and near
  They round about him throng.

Some brought their boots, and some their shoes,
  And some their buskins bring;
The *cobbler* sits him down to work,
  And then begins to sing.

Death often at the *cobbler*'s stall
  Was wont to make a stand;
But found the *cobbler* singing still,
  And on the mending hand.

Until at length he met old time,
  And then they both together
Quite tear the *cobbler*'s aged sole
  From off the upper leather:

Even so a while, I may old shoes,
  By care and art maintain;
But when the leather's rotten grown,
  All art and care is vain.

And thus the *cobbler* stitch'd and sung,
  Not thinking any harm;
Till out the angry *vicar* came,
  With ale and passion warm.

Doſt thou not know, vile ſlave, quoth he,
  How impious 'tis to jeſt
With ſacred things, and to profane
  The office of a prieſt.

How darſt thou, moſt audacious wretch!
  Thoſe vile expreſſions uſe,
Which make the ſouls of men as cheap
  As ſoles of boots and ſhoes.

Such reprobates as you betray,
  Our character and gown;
And would if you had once the pow'r
  The church itſelf pull down.

The *cobbler* not aware that he
  Had done or ſaid amiſs;
Reply'd, I do not underſtand
  What you can mean by this.

Tho' I but a poor *cobbler* be,
  And ſtroll about for bread;
None better loves the church than I
  That ever wore a head.

But ſince you are ſo good at haines,
  And make ſo loud a pother;
I'll tell you plainly I'm afraid,
  You are ſome cobbling brother.

Come, *vicar*, tho' you talk ſo big,
  Our trades are near a-kin;
I patch and cobble outward ſoles,
  As you do thoſe within.

And I'll appeal to any man,
  That underſtands the nation,
If I ha'nt done more good than you,
  In my reſpective ſtation.

Old

Old leather, I muſt needs confeſs,
  I've ſometimes us'd for new;
And often par'd the ſole ſo near,
  That I have ſpoil'd the ſhoe.

You *vicars* by a diff'rent way,
  Have done the very ſame;
For you have par'd your doctrines ſo,
  You made religion lame.

Your principles you 've quite diſown'd,
  And old ones chang'd for new?
That no man can diſtinguiſh right,
  Which are the falſe or true.

I dare be bold, you're one of thoſe
  Have took the covenant;
With cavaliers, are cavalier;
  And with the ſaints, a ſaint.

The *vicar* at this ſharp rebuke,
  Begins to ſtorm and ſwear;
Quoth he, thou vile apoſtate wretch!
  Doſt thou with me compare.

I that have care of many ſouls,
  And power to damn or ſave,
Dar'ſt thou thy ſelf compare with me,
  Thou vile ungodly knave!

I wiſh I had thee ſome where elſe,
  I'd quickly make thee know;
What 'tis to make compariſons,
  And to revile me ſo.

Thou art an enemy to the ſtate,
  Some prieſt in maſquerade;
That to promote the pope's deſigns,
  Has learnt the cobbling trade.

Or elſe ſome ſpy to cavaliers,
  And are by them ſent out;
To carry falſe intelligence,
  And ſcatter lies about.

But whilſt the *vicar* full of ire,
  Was railing at this rate;
His worſhip, good Sir *Samuel*,
  O'erlighted at the gate.

And aſking of the landlady
  The occaſion of the ſtir;
Quoth ſhe, if you will give me leave,
  I will inform you, Sir,

This *cobbler* happ'ing to o'ertake
  The *vicar* on his walk;
In friendly ſort they forward march,
  And to each other talk.

Until the parſon firſt propos'd,
  To ſtop and take a whet;
So cheek by jole they hither came,
  Like travellers well met.

A world of jeſts and healths went round,
  Sometimes a merry tale,
Till they reſolv'd to ſtay all night;
  So well they lik'd my ale.

Thus all things lovingly went on,
  And who ſo great as they;
Before an ugly accident
  Began this mortal fray.

The caſe I take it to be this;
  The *vicar* being fixt,
The *cobbler* chanc'd to cry his trade,
  And in his cry he mixt

Some

Some harmleſs words, which I ſuppoſe,
  The vicar falſly thought
Might be deſign'd to banter him,
  And ſcandalize his coat.

If that be all, quoth he, go out,
  And bid them both come in;
A dozen of your nappy ale
  Will ſet 'em right again.

And if the ale ſhould chance to fail,
  For ſo perhaps it may,
I have it in my power to try
  A more effectual way.

Theſe vicars are a wilful tribe,
  A reſtleſs ſtubborn crew;
And if they are not humbled quite,
  They will the ſtate undo.

The cobbler is a cunning knave
  That goes about by ſtealth;
And would inſtead of mending ſhoes,
  Repair the common-wealth.

However bid 'em both come in,
  This fray muſt have an end;
Such little feuds as thoſe do oft
  To greater miſchiefs tend.

Without more bidding out ſhe goes,
  And told them by her troth,
There was a magiſtrate within,
  That needs muſt ſee 'em both.

But, gentlemen, pray diſtance keep,
  And don't too teſty be;
Ill words good manners ſtill corrupt,
  And ſpoil good company.

To

To this the vicar first replies,
  I fear no magistrate;
For let 'em make what laws they will,
  I'll still obey the state.

Whatever I can say or do,
  I'm sure not much avails;
I shall still vicar be of *Bray*,
  Which ever side prevails.

My conscience, thanks to heaven, is come
  To such a happy pass,
That I can take the covenant,
  And never hang an arse.

I've took so many oaths before,
  That now without remorse;
I take all oaths the state can make,
  As merely things of course.

Go therefore, dame, the justice tell,
  His summons I'll obey;
And further you may let him know,
  I vicar am of *Bray*.

I find indeed, the cobbler said,
  I am not much mistaken;
This vicar knows the ready way
  To save his rev'rend bacon.

This is a hopeful priest indeed,
  And well deserves a rope:
Rather than lose his vicaridge,
  He'd swear to *Turk* or *Pope*.

For gain he would his God deny,
  His country and his king;
Swear, and forswear, recant and lie,
  Do any wicked thing.

At this the *vicar* ſet his teeth,
  And to the cobbler flew;
And with his ſacerdotal fiſt
  Gave him a box or two,

The *cobbler* ſoon return'd the blows,
  And both with head and heel,
So manfully behav'd himſelf,
  He made the *vicar* reel.

Great was the outcry that was made,
  And in the woman ran
To tell his worſhip that the fight
  Betwixt them was began.

And is it ſo indeed, quoth he,
  I'll make the ſlaves repent;
Then up he took his baſket-hilt
  And out, enrag'd, he went.

The country folk no ſooner ſaw
  The knight with naked blade;
But for his worſhip inſtantly,
  An open lane was made.

Who with a ſtern and angry look,
  Cry'd out, what knaves are theſe,
That in the face of juſtice dare
  Diſturb the public peace.

Vile raſcals, I will make you know,
  I am a magiſtrate;
And that as ſuch I bear about,
  The vengeance of the ſtate.

Go ſeize them, *Ralph*, and bring them in,
  That I may know the cauſe;
That firſt induc'd them to this rage,
  And thus to break the laws.

Ralph,

Ralph, who was both his ſquire and clerk,
And conſtable withal;
I' the name o' th' common-wealth, aloud
Did for aſſiſtance bawl.

The words had hardly paſt his mouth,
But they ſecure them both;
And *Ralph*, to ſhew his furious zeal
And hatred to the cloth,

Runs to the *vicar* thro' the crowd,
And took him by the throat;
How ill, ſays he, doth this become
Your character and coat:

Was it for this not long ago
You took the covenant;
And in moſt ſolemn manner ſwore
That you'd become a ſaint.

And here he gave him ſuch a pinch
That made the *vicar* ſhout;
Good people, I ſhall murther'd be
By this ungodly lout.

He gripes my throat to that degree,
I can't his talons bear;
And if you do not hold his hands
He'll throttle me I fear.

At this a butcher of the town
Steps up to *Ralph* in ire,
What will your ſqueeze his gullet thro'
You ſon of blood and fire?

You are the devil's inſtrument
To execute the laws;
What will you murther the poor man
With your fanatick claws.

At which the ſquire quits his hold,
  And lugging on his blade,
Full at the ſturdy butcher's pate,
  A furious ſtroke he made.

A diſmal outcry there began,
  Among the country folk;
Who all conclude the butcher ſlain,
  By ſuch a mortal ſtroke.

But here good fortune, that has ſtill
  A friendſhip for the brave,
I' th' nick miſguides the fatal blow,
  And does the butcher ſave.

The knight who heard the noiſe within
  Runs out with might and main;
And ſeeing *Ralph* amidſt the croud,
  In danger to be ſlain:

Without regard to age or ſex,
  Old *baſket hilt* ſo ply'd;
That in an inſtant three or four,
  Lay bleeding by his ſide.

And greater miſchiefs in his rage,
  This furious knight had done;
If he had not prevented been,
  By *Dick* the *Blackſmith*'s ſon.

Who catcht his worſhip on the hip,
  And gave him ſuch a ſquelch;
That he ſome moments breathleſs lay,
  E'er he was heard to belch.

Nor was the ſquire in better caſe,
  By ſturdy butcher ply'd;
Who from the ſhoulder to the flank,
  Had ſoundly ſwing'd his hide.

Whilſt

Whilſt things in this confuſion ſtood,
And knight and ſquire diſarm'd;
Up comes a neighbouring gentleman,
The outcry had alarm'd.

Who riding up among the croud,
The *vicar* firſt he ſpy'd;
With ſleeveleſs gown and bloody band,
And hands behind him ty'd.

Bleſs me, ſays he, what means all this!
Then turning round his eyes,
In the ſame plight, or in a worſe,
The *cobbler* bleeding ſpies.

And looking further round he ſaw,
Like one in doleful dump;
The knight amid'ſt a gaping mob,
Sit penſive on his rump.

And by his ſide lay *Ralph* his ſquire,
Whom butcher fell had maul'd;
Who bitterly bemoan'd his fate,
And for a ſurgeon call'd.

Surpriz'd at firſt he paus'd a while,
And then accoſts the knight;
What makes you here, Sir *Samuel*,
In this unhappy plight?

At this the knight gave breaſt a thump,
And ſtretching out his hand;
If you will pull me up, quoth he,
I'll try if I can ſtand.

And then I'll let you know the cauſe,
But firſt take care of *Ralph*:
Who in my good or ill ſucceſs,
Doth always ſtand my half.

In ſhort he got his worſhip up,
  And led him in the door;
Where he at length relates the tale,
  As I have told before.

When he had heard the ſtory out,
  The gentleman replies,
It is not in my province, Sir,
  Your worſhip to adviſe.

But was I in your worſhip's place,
  The only thing I'd do;
Was firſt to reprimand the fools,
  And then to let them go.

I think it firſt adviſeable,
  To take them from the rabble,
And let them come, and both ſet forth
  The occaſion of the ſquabble.

This is the *vicar*, Sir, of *Bray*,
  A man of no repute;
The ſcorn and ſcandal of his tribe,
  A looſe, ill-manner'd brute.

The *cobbler*'s a poor ſtrolling wretch
  That mends my ſervants ſhoes;
And often calls as he goes by
  To bring me country news.

At this his worſhip grip'd his beard,
  And in an angry mood;
Swore by the laws of chivalry,
  That blood requir'd blood.

Beſides, I'm by the common-wealth
  Entruſted to chaſtize;
All knaves that ſtraggle up and down,
  To raiſe ſuch mutinies.

However

However ſince 'tis your requeſt,
  They ſhall be call'd and heard;
But neither *Ralph*, nor I can grant
  Such raſcals ſhould be clear'd.

And ſo to wind the tale up ſhort
  They were call'd in together;
And by the gentleman were aſk'd,
  What wind 'twas blew them hither.

Good ale and handſome landladies,
  You might have nearer home;
And therefore 'tis for ſomething more
  That you ſo far are come.

To which the *vicar* anſwer'd firſt,
  My living is ſo ſmall,
That I am forc'd to ſtroll about
  To try to get a call.

And, quoth the *cobbler*, I am forc'd
  To leave my wife and dwelling,
T' eſcape the danger to be preſt,
  To go a colonelling.

There's many an honeſt jovial lad
  Unwarily drawn in,
That I have reaſon to ſuſpect,
  Will ſcarce get out again.

The proverb ſays, *Harm watch, Harm catch*,
  I'll out of danger keep;
For he that ſleeps in a whole ſkin
  Doth moſt ſecurely ſleep.

My buſineſs is to mend bad ſoles,
  And ſtich up broken quarters;
A *cobbler*'s name would look but odd
  Among a liſt of martyrs.

Faith, *cobbler*, quoth the gentleman,
  And that ſhall be my caſe;
I will with neither party join,
  Let what will come to paſs.

No importunities or threats,
  My fix'd reſolves ſhall wreſt;
Come here, Sir *Samuel*, here's his health,
  That loves old *England* beſt.

I pity thoſe unhappy fools,
  Who ere they were aware,
Deſigning and ambitious men
  Have drawn into a ſnare.

But, *vicar*, to come to the caſe
  Amidſt a ſenſeleſs croud,
What urg'd you to ſuch violence,
  And made you talk ſo loud?

Paſſion I'm ſure does ill become
  Your character and cloth;
And tho' the cauſe be ne'er ſo juſt
  Brings ſcandal upon both.

Vicar, I ſpeak it with regret,
  An inadvertant prieſt
Renders himſelf ridiculous,
  And ev'ry body's jeſt.

The *vicar* to be thus rebuk'd
  A little time ſtood mute;
But having gulp'd his paſſion down,
  Replies; that cobbling brute

Has treated me with ſuch contempt,
  Such vile expreſſions us'd,
That I no longer could forbear
  To hear myſelf abus'd.

The

The rascal had the insolence
  To give himself the lie;
And to aver h' had done more good,
  And sav'd more souls than I.

Nay, further, Sir, this miscreant
  To tell me was so bold
Our trades were very near of kin;
  But his was the more old.

Now, Sir, I will to you appeal,
  On such a provocation,
If there was not sufficient cause,
  To use a little passion.

Now, quoth the *cobbler*, with your leave,
  I'll prove it to his face;
All this is meer suggestion,
  And foreign to the case.

And since he calls so many names,
  And talks so very loud,
I will be bound to make it plain;
  'Twas he that rais'd the croud.

Nay, farther I will make 't appear,
  He and the priests have done
More mischiefs than the *cobblers*, far,
  All over *Christendom*.

All *Europe* groans beneath their yoke,
  And poor *Great Britain* owes
To them her present miseries,
  And dread of future woes.

The priests of all religions are,
  And will be still the same;
And all, tho' in a diff'rent way,
  Are playing the same game.

At this the gentleman ſtood up;
Cobbler, you run too faſt;
By thus condemning all the tribe,
You go beyond your laſt.

Much miſchief has by prieſts been done,
And more is doing ſtill;
But then, to cenſure all alike
Muſt be exceeding ill.

Too many, I muſt needs confeſs,
Are mightily to blame;
Who by their wicked practices
Diſgrace the very name.

But, *cobbler*, ſtill the major part
The minor ſhould conclude;
To argue at another rate 's
Impertinent and rude.

By this time all the neighbours round
Were flock'd about the door,
And ſome were on the *vicar*'s ſide,
But on the *cobbler*'s more.

Amongſt the reſt a graſier, who
Had lately been at town,
To ſell his *oxen* and his *ſheep*;
Brim full of news came down.

Quoth he, the prieſts have preach'd and pray'd,
And made ſo damn'd a pother,
That all the people are run mad
To murther one another

By their contrivances and arts
They've play'd their game ſo long,
That no man knows which ſide is right,
Or which is in the wrong.

I'm

I'm ſure I've *Smithfield* market us'd
  For more than twenty years,
But never did ſuch murmurings
  And dreadful outcries hear.

Some for a church, and ſome a tub,
  And ſome for both together;
And ſome, perhaps, the greater part,
  Have no regard for either.

Some for a king, and ſome for none,
  And ſome have hankerings
To mend the common-wealth, and make
  An empire of all kings.

What's worſe old *Noll* is marching off,
  And *Dick*, his heir apparent,
Succeeds him in the government;
  A very lame vicegerent.

He'll reign but little time, poor fool,
  But ſink beneath the ſtate;
That will not fail to ride the fool
  'Bove common horſeman's weight.

And rulers when thy loſe the power,
  Like horſes overweigh'd,
Muſt either fall and break their knees,
  Or elſe turn perfect jade.

The *vicar* to be twice rebuk'd,
  No longer could contain;
But thus replies, To knaves, like you,
  All arguments are vain.

The church muſt uſe her arm of fleſh,
  The other will not do,
The clergy waſte their breath and time
  On miſcreants like you.

You are so stubborn, and so proud,
  So dull, and prepossest,
That no instructions can prevail,
  How well soe'er addrest.

Who would reform such reprobates
  Must drub them soundly first;
I know no other way but that
  To make them wise or just.

Fie, *vicar*, fie, his patron said,
  Sure that is not the way,
You should instruct your auditors
  To suffer or obey.

Those were the doctrines that of old
  The learned fathers taught;
And t'was by them the church at first
  Was to perfection brought.

Come, *vicar*, lay your feuds aside,
  And calmly take your cup;
And let us try, in friendly wise,
  To take the matter up.

That's certainly the wiser course,
  And better too by far;
All men of prudence strive to quench
  The sparks of civil war.

By furious heats and ill advice
  Our neighbours are undone;
Then let us timely caution take
  From their destruction.

If we would turn our heads about
  And look t' wards forty one,
We soon shall see what little jars
  Those cruel wars begun.

A one

A one-ey'd *cobbler* then was one
  Of that rebellious crew;
That did in *Charles* the *Martyr*'s blood,
  Their wicked hands imbrew.

I mention this not to deface
  This *cobbler*'s reputation,
Who I have always honeſt found,
  And uſeful in his ſtation.

But this I urge to let you ſee
  The danger of a fight
Between a *cobbler* and a *prieſt*,
  Tho' he were ne'er ſo right.

The *vicars* are a num'rous tribe,
  So are the *cobblers* too;
And if a gen'ral quarrel riſe,
  What muſt the country do;

Our outward and our inward ſoles
  Muſt quickly want repair;
And all the neighbourhood around
  Would the misfortune ſhare.

Sir, quoth the grazier, I believe
  Our outward ſoles indeed,
May quickly want the *cobblers* help,
  To be from leakings freed.

But for our inward ſouls, I think,
  They're of a worth too great
To be committed to the care
  Of any holy cheat,

Who only ſerves his God for gain,
  Religion is his trade,
And 'tis by ſuch as theſe our church
  So ſcandalous is made.

Why ſhould I truſt my ſoul with one
  That preaches, ſwears, and prays;
And the next moment contradicts
  Himſelf in all he ſays.

His ſolemn oaths he looks upon
  As only words of courſe;
Which like their wives our fathers took
  For better or for worſe.

But he takes oaths, as ſome take whores,
  Only to ſerve his eaſe;
And rogues and whores it is well known
  May part whene'er they pleaſe.

At this the *cobbler* bolder grew,
  And ſtoutly thus reply'd;
If you're ſo good at drubbing, Sir,
  Your manhood ſhall be try'd.

What have I ſaid, I will maintain,
  And further prove withal,
I daily do more good than you
  In my reſpective call.

I know your character, quoth he,
  You proud inſulting *vicar*,
Who only huff and domineer,
  And quarrel in your liquor.

Th' honeſt gentleman who ſaw
  'Twould come again to blows,
Commands the *cobbler* to forbear,
  And to the *vicar* goes.

Vicar, ſays he, for ſhame give o'er,
  And mitigate your rage;
You ſcandalize your cloth too much
  A *cobbler* to engage.

All

All peoples eyes are on your tribe,
  And ev'ry little ill
They multiply and aggravate,
  And will, becauſe they will.

But now let's call another cauſe,
  So let this health go round;
Be peace and plenty, truth and right
  In good old *England* found.

Quoth *Ralph*, all this is empty talk,
  And only tends to laughter;
If theſe two varlets ſhould be ſpar'd,
  Who'd pity us hereafter?

Your worſhip may do what you pleaſe,
  But I'll have ſatisfaction
For drubbing, and for damages,
  In this ungodly action.

I think that you can do no leſs
  Than ſend them to the ſtocks;
And I'll aſſiſt the conſtable
  In fixing in their hocks.

There let 'em ſit and fight it out,
  Or ſcold till they are friends:
Or what is better much than both,
  'Till I am made amends.

Ralph, quoth the knight, that's well advis'd,
  Let them both thither go,
And you and the ſub-magiſtrate
  Take care that it be ſo.

Let them be lock'd in face to face,
  Bare buttocks on the ground;
And let them in that poſture ſit
  'Till they with us compound.

Thus

Thus fix't, we'll leave them for a time
  Whilst we with grief relate
How at a wake this knight and squire,
  Got each a broken pate.

The CAVALIER, a Song.

HE that is a clear
CAVALIER
Will not repine;
  Although
His pocket grow
  So very low
He cannot get wine.

Fortune is a lass
  Will embrace,
But soon destroy;
  Born free,
In liberty,
  We'll always be
Singing *vive le roy*.

  Virtue is it's own reward,
And fortune is a whore,
  There's none but knaves and fools regard her
Or her power implore.
But he that is a trusty *Roger*,
  And will serve the king;
Altho' he be a tatter'd soldier,
  Yet may skip and sing:
Whilst we that fight for love,
May in the way of honour prove,
That they that make sport of us
May come short of us:
Fate will flatter them,
And will scatter them;

Whilst

Whilſt our loyalty
Looks upon royalty,
We that live peacefully
May be ſucceſsfully
Crown'd with a crown at laſt.

Tho' a real honeſt man
May be quite undone,
He'll ſhew his allegiance,
Love and obedience;
Thoſe will raiſe him up,
Honour ſtays him up,
Virtue keeps him up,
And we praiſe him up,
Whilſt the vain courtiers dine
With their bottles full of wine
Honour will make him faſt.

Freely then
Let's be honeſt men,
And kick at fate,
For we may live to ſee
Our loyalty
Valued at a higher rate.
He that bears a ſword, or a word
Againſt the throne,
And does prophanely prate,
To abuſe the ſtate,
Hath no kindneſs for his own.
What tho' painted plumes, and players
Are the proſp'rous men,
Yet we'll attend our own affairs
Till they come to 't agen;
Treachery may be fac'd with light,
And letchery lin'd with furr,
A cuckold may be made a knight,
Sing fortune *de la guerre*,

But what's that to us, brave boys,
That are right honeſt men?
We'll conquer and come again,
Beat up the drum again;
Hey for *cavaliers*,
Ho for *cavaliers*,
Drink for *cavaliers*,
Fight for *cavaliers*,
Dub a dub, dub a dub,
Have at old belzebub,
Oliver ſtinks for fear.

Fiſth-monarchy-men muſt down boys,
With bullies of ev'ry ſex and town boys;

We'll rally and to 't again,
Give 'em the rout again,
Fly like light about,
Face to the right about,
Charge them home again,
When they come on again;
Sing tantara rara boys,
Tantrara rara boys;
This is the life of an old *CAVALIER*.

The

The Satanical CABAL, *a* VISION.

DRAWN by my penſive thoughts into a field, [yield;
Where unheard plains my griefs ſome eaſe might
Griefs that aroſe, as *David's* did to ſee
The good and juſt oppreſt, the wicked free;
A doubt he ſcarce could ſolve, too hard for me:
Till weary'd nature over-preſt with thought,
Sunk under ſleep; and ſleep this viſion brought.

Methought old *Albion's* genius did appear,
With expectation full, and full of fear:
He cry'd this day determines *England's* fate;
All hell about it are in keen debate.
Strait *Milton's Pandemonium* did appear,
As when hell's princes ſat conſulting there,
Of conqu'ring heav'n, but vanquiſh'd nought but air.
Satan the vileſt of the fiends that fell
Sat preſident; while leſſer imps of hell,
Were ſent to divers ſtations to proclam
A ſolemn conſult in the devil's name:
Thither to ſummon all who factions head;
And thoſe who by pretended zeal are led,
To thriving ſins, and act the worſt of crimes:
Sin cloſe themſelves; yet wou'd reform the times.
Aſhly appear'd, firſt of the prick-ear'd race,
All leſſer fiends gave him the ſecond place:
H' had damn'd more ſouls than any devil there;
Were Satan abſent he'd deſerve the chair;
His minion baſtard follow'd in the crowd,
For him more fool than knave they all allow'd:
Bran—was next; to him next *Eſ*—ſate,
Jo—*Win*—thoſe bell-weathers of ſtate:
One Satan's counſel, t'other advocate.
A ſpurious brood fit for no place but hell,
Fill'd up the court; their names too long to tell;

Famld

Fam'd traitors, or their ſpawn, whoſe joint conſent
Murder'd their king, o'erthrew the government.
(Fit counſellors for ſuch a preſident!)
Diſcord, confuſion, famine, civil war,
Attended on the court: there heralds were
To act what they decreed. The council ſat,
All things prepar'd they enter'd on debate,
When Satan thus, you matchleſs peers of hell,
Fathers conſcript, (whoſe wiſdom who can tell?)
Long did we battle 'gainſt the *Northern* iſle,
Whoſe guardian angel ſet and laugh'd the while
At our vain projects; prince and people were
Bulwark'd by heav'n, heav'ns peculiar care,
Like *Eden* fenc'd; one entrance round about,
And there the ſword of juſtice kept me out.
Their monarch fear'd abroad, beloved at home,
Ev'n hell itſelf deſpair'd to overcome:
But what our force united cou'd not do,
This noble peer has found a way unto.
A ſhame to hell, and devils thus to ſee
A mortal's malice can do more than we!
But ſay, the ways, the means, my darling ſon;
That hell may learn how this great deed was done,
Then ſpoke the caitiff thus:

Luxurious eaſe and plenty made 'em proud,
And reformation's name ſtill takes the croud;
Suſpicious, cauſeleſs jealouſies, and fears,
At firſt we ſoftly whiſper'd in mens ears:
Then publick libels bolder treaſons ſpoke;
But, above all, religion was our cloak,
That ſpecious vizor rebels ever took.
The ſubjects poiſon'd thus, we had recourſe
To means, to part the king's united force.
Dudley and *Somerſet*, while join'd ſtood well;
One taken off, the other quickly fell:
Againſt that admiral there was ſome pretence;
But nothing cou'd be urg'd againſt this prince
But love, and zeal for truth, and innocence.

Tho' arm'd with virtues, I laid a deſign
Deep as your hell itſelf; I boaſt 'twas mine:

Plebian

Plebeians first we nam'd, as in a plot;
And tho' the wiseſt heads perceiv'd it not,
York was the royal mark at which we ſhot,
For commons blood made way to noble game;
We found 'twou'd take, and peers, then prince we name;
Impriſon'd ſome, and ſome to exile went;
For none was ſafe, tho' ne'er ſo innocent,
True ſons of *Belial*'s oaths made out our cauſe;
By lawyers help, we over-rul'd the laws:
We got the houſe of commons on our ſide;
And thoſe that join'd not with us vilify'd.
Aſſiſted thus, if all our wiles ſhou'd fail,
We thought by open force we might prevail:
We boldly ſtruck at all, and did deſign,
Againſt all laws both human and divine,
Quite to cut off at once the royal line;
And by degrees debaſe the ſovereign pow'r:
When all our hopes (curſt be the fatal hour!)
Abortive prov'd;
Our darling commons unexpected fell,
Tho' by a ghoſt forewarn'd, went quick to hell.

Here Satan interpos'd. This to repair,
Is this day's council call'd; for thus you hear
The royal lion 'ſcap'd the hunters toil,
He now lives happy northwards on this iſle:
Parting the royal pair ſucceeds not well;
Their loves unite 'em, and protect 'em ſtill.
To break this ſacred union, let us now,
Philiſtines-like, with *Sampſon*'s heifer plow.
That be thy work, my peer. While this he ſaid,
Nuncius, a wily fiend from *'Scotland* fled,
Enters, and cries, O ſave me, hell! for I
From *York*'s too pow'rful guardian angel fly;
Thither I went, deſign'd, by your command,
To ſow rebellion in that fruitful land,
To wound that prince's intereſt there and find
Some freſh occaſion to diſturb his mind;
But againſt all my arts he found defence,
Arm'd with religion, courage, innocence;
Belov'd, ador'd by all, there juſtice flows
In equal ſtreams, and none oppreſſion knows;

Rebellion

Rebellion there meets with its just reward,
And loyalty is had in due regard:
Blest in each other, prince and people are;
He in their love, they in his watchful care.
Th' Almighty, who well knew my vile intent;
A guardian angel to his succour sent:
I (who had try'd the force of heav'nly steel,
And since our fall its dire effects still feel;)
From far perceiv'd him coming; at whose sight,
To save myself and you, I took my flight.
But, oh! he comes! he's here!
At his approach, th' infernal spirits shook,
Down to your hell, he cry'd! while this he spoke;
The fabrick sunk, dissolv'd in fire and smoke.

The

The Whig's *Ghost.*

IN dead of night, when the pale moon
Had got to the nocturnal noon,
Betwixt her light, and what was lent
From twinkling candle almost spent,
As I lay slumbering on my bed,
I saw, methought, a man, was dead:
Gravely he stalk'd, and stood, and star'd,
While I lay trembling and was scar'd.
Dumb for a while, at last I broke
Silence, and to the fantom spoke
Methinks you're one that I have seen,
Oh! tell me, ghost, were have you been:
He soon reply'd, with accent hollow,
In words conform to these that follow.

From the *Tartarean* shades below,
That neither bounds, nor bottom know
(Where a new life the cursed gain,
Thro' constant torments, endless pain)
I, by permission, come, to tell
What government there is in hell.
Because I know thou art a Tory,
To thee I chose t' impart my story;
For thou wilt joyfully reveal,
What Whigs (that long for common-weal
Like *Spartan* boys,) will still conceal:
Attend then, and my narrative
Communicate to all alive.
I am the soul of one of those
That both the king and law oppose,
And itch with conscientious scurvy,
To turn the kingdom topsy-turvy;
Rogues that presume themselves appointed,
To contradict the lord's anointed:
Those that wou'd murder an addressor,
And cut the legs of true successor,

And make him look in piteous caſe,
As *Witherington* in *Chevy Chaſe:*
Nay, cut his throat; and in his place
Set *Perkin* up, of extract baſe;
Who has no more pretence to rule,
This land, than any other fool;
But may make out (I'll ſwear) as ſoon,
A title to the world i'the moon.
I was, I ſay, of that cabal,
Till I was frighted in the *Mall:*
But to proceed with our relation,
Of action in th' infernal nation,
Aſſiſt me, ſteed of *Phœbus* legion,
While I deſcribe the doleful region.
One monarch in that world controuls
With flaming ſcepter tortur'd ſouls,
And captive tho' he be in chains,
Yet abſolute in power he reigns;
No factions there diſturb the ſtate,
Which is preſerv'd by ſteady fate;
Unalterable laws they have,
Which the Almighty Godhead gave,
And to their prince, ev'n on his foes
A ſtrict obedience did impoſe.
That prince is *Luciſer*, whoſe pow'r
The ſubject ghoſts adore each hour;
Who to advance their mighty king,
In blaſphemies his praiſes ſing,
Devoutly ſwearing there's no odds,
Betwixt his grandeur and the gods.
Theſe tho' they ſuffer, 'tis in vain,
Amidſt their torments to complain;
If he but nod from burning throne,
There's not a ſoul that dares to groan;
For hell admits of no petition
To redreſs grievance hn condition;
Nor do tumultuous crouds appear,
With bold remonſtrances of fear,
Nor ſpirits mumur at oppreſſion,
Nor prate of right or wrong ſucceſſion.
Their king's immortal: oh! 'mong you,
Your mighty monarch were ſo too!

I love

I love him now; and tho' a devil,
Am much more honeſt grown and civil;
For, having ta'en a dram of *Styx*,
I have forgot my whiggiſh tricks.
Next to the prince, there are that ſtand
Awfully waiting his command,
Belzebub, *Moloch*, *Aſhtaroth*, *Baal*,
And *Dagon*, who, before their fall,
(Tho' now condemn'd t' eternal night)
Were *Seraphims*, and ſons of light;
Thoſe curſed peers, when e'er he will
(If he intends great wo or ill,
To ſons of earth) he always can,
Summon into his dark divan;
Not to give counſel, but to do
What his dire dictates prompt him to;
You have (like them) one noble peer
Who wou'd do mighty ſervice there;
Wou'd he were there, inſtead of me,
To ſhew his ſquinting policy;
He 'tis I mean, that looks at once,
Like *Cerberus* from tripple ſconce;
But that his eyes wou'd faſcinate,
And give a deſtiny to fate:
For he, I fear, wou'd break the law,
By which that world is kept in awe,
Since it is here his chiefeſt care,
To break all laws that penal are.
He wou'd go nigh even in that ſtation,
To make a new aſſociation;
But, if he did, oh! there are judges,
Inſtead of ſcarlet cloth, with badges;
Not ſuch as theſe in which we trade,
But robes of ſolid darkneſs made:
They'd firk his toby; for take this
For fatal truth, (and ſo it is)
In the proceedings againſt furies
There are no *ignoramus* juries,
Plain evidence is there believ'd,
And no convicted fiend repriev'd;
No mainprize there allow'd, nor bail,
But doom'd to an eternal jail,

The

The reſtleſs pris'ners howl and cry,
While they in burning ſhackles fry;
Yet in my conſcience he'd endeavour,
Ev'n to deceive the great deceiver;
Or would pretend to court for miſtreſs,
The fatal'ſt of the fatal ſiſters,
And wou'd ſo wheedle her, that ſhe
Should cut the thread of monarchy.
So wou'd he his clear wiſh obtain,
To put an end to *Charles* his reign;
Nor wou'd he value his damnation
To keep out *James* from kingly ſtation.
Here upon earth he has a pug,
Which he (like devil and witch) doth hug;
For he ne'er found his words were true in
Any thing yet, but his own ruin;
He then did tell the younker, he
Should ſway the *Britiſh* monarchy,
Of a known baſtard grow a prince;
But poor deluded *Perkin* ſince,
From fancy'd honour is degraded,
And all his *flower-de-luces* faded.
But I digreſs from my deſign,
While things on earth and hell I join:
Suffer me then to repreſent
The methods of our parliament.
When *Lucifer* to utmoſt borders
Of *Erebus* ſends out his orders,
His officers make no delay,
But the great ſummons ſoon obey;
Unanimouſly they elect,
Not ſuch as ſay they will protect
The common peoples liberty,
From their dread ſovereign's tyranny;
For none his boundleſs power queſtions,
Nor make undutiful ſuggeſtions;
But ſuch they are, as when they aſſemble
Before his footſtool, bow and tremble;
They come with ſtedfaſt reſolutions,
T' aſſert the fatal conſtitutions:

Nor

Nor do they once capitulate,
Or grumble to maintain the ſtate;
All that they have, to him they owe;
Mammon beſides is his, they know.
There is no ſawcy well-clad clown,
That claims the uſe of what's his own;
Nor can from helliſh mouth ſuch ſin come
As to deny him his own income:
There no abhorrers on their knees,
Pay *Topham*'s arbitrary fees:
No bawling lawyers ſpeeches make,
Which only with the vulgar take.

But hark! I hear the midnight bell,
And that rings my departing knell:
What I have ſaid pray con it o'er,
Next time we meet, I'll tell you more.

An Epitaph on JACK GILL *the Gameſter.*

HERE lies *Jack Gill*,
Who never liv'd well,
Till that very moment he found himſelf ill.

Severe was his fate,
To begin the world late,
For the end and beginning had both but one [date.

Yet I cannot but ſay,
Death gave him fair play,
For he loſt his life at the beſt of the lay;

For had death come before,
When *Jack* run o'th' ſcore,
He had loſt it to nothing, ſince he muſt have [liv'd poor,

'Twas hard, tho', that death,
Shou'd give no more breath,
But so soon as he had it to make him bequeath;

Jack treated him too,
As he wou'd have done you,
The doctor was there, but all wou'd not do.

Death he found was no cull,
Nor lov'd he a droll;
Else *Jack* might have banter'd him out of his soul.

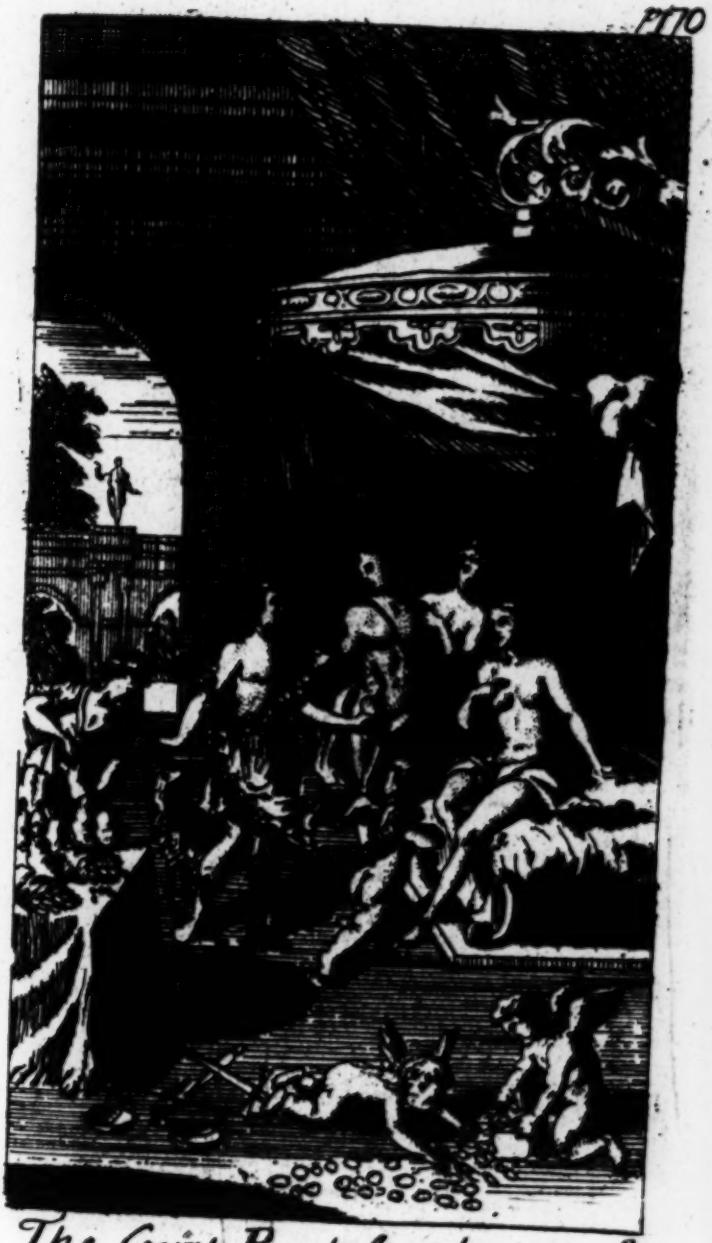
Who before, it seems, guess
The time of his rest;
But I don't believe him, he us'd so to jest.

Howe'er, 'tis plain now,
He has made his words true,
And our hearts very sad, so we bid him adieu.

The Court Burlesqu'd.

I SING a merry monarch's fame,
Whose codpiece no advice can tame;
Nor can the power of both the houses
Keep it from gaping at their spouses.
No wonder, since all living creatures
Will still pursue their different natures.
Why therefore should not kings be kind
To punks, and jilts, if so inclin'd?
Since no man cares to be debarr'd
Of that for which he 'as most regard;
But still will gratify that lust
To which he has the greatest gust.
The sportsman hunts away his life,
And for his dogs forsakes his wife:

The



The Court Burlesqu'd. 8.

The ſot in bumpers drowns his time,
And thinks ſobriety a crime:
The gameſter curſes, prays, and plays,
And fretting, fools away his days:
The leacher ſweats away his nights,
In drudging hard at love's delights:
Therefore ſince ſubjects have their follies,
And all men in their turns are cullies,
Why may not kings, as well as nobles,
To craving jilts be gen'rous bubbles,
Since few men can refrain that vice
Of which their natures have a ſpice,
How ſhould the head that rules the throne,
Govern the tail when rampant grown,
Or make that looſe proud-fleſh obey,
That has ſo long had ſov'reign ſway?

Two ſcepters, to the nation's coſt,
His ſtrong-back'd majeſty can boaſt;
By dint of one he does maintain
His regal power over men;
The other ſteers his looſe affection,
And keeps the ladies in ſubjection;
Nor does the monarch ſcorn to own it,
Tho' picked-beard cries, ſhame upon it.
Why ſhould he, ſince the wiſe we know
Have two ſtrings always to their bow,
That if one faulters, when 'tis try'd,
The other may be well apply'd.
So *R*- --, when he craves ſupplies,
And his requeſt the houſe denies,
With city-heifers then he plows,
Plants royal creſt on factious brows;
With ſwarthy brats adorn their houſes,
And borrows of their wealthy ſpouſes,
Well knowing cuckold-makers find
The loving cuckold always kind.
Thus, at a pinch, his point he gains,
By dint of back as well as brains;
And when he thus exerts his forces,
To dive into the city's purſes;

If he proves lib'ral of his nature,
The wives, to recompense the matter,
Plead hard to make th' sum the greater.

So bullies who support their lives
By kindly kissing buxom wives,
Like thrashers drudge t' advance their gains
In due proportion to their pains.

Old *Harry*'s codpiece in the *Tower*,
That once contain'd such fleshly power,
Made now a cushion for the fair,
To stick in pins and needles there;
That by that means they may express
Their rev'rence to the empty case,
And not forget that pious prince,
Whose *tarriwags* it held long since.
What tho' that codpiece's dimension,
Shows something was of large extension;
Besides, it brought into this nation,
So great a thing as reformation;
And therefore to our ladies eyes,
Can be of no disdainful size:
Yet if to thine, O *C---.s!* compar'd,
'Tis but a bauble, by the L---d;
A codpiece that would pinch thy belly
Bottom, tho' shorten'd by thy *Nelly!*
A case that would not half inclose
Thy scepter, all the kingdom knows:
No! *Harry*'s codpiece must knock under
Thine merits fifty times the wonder;
And has ejected twice the force,
That e'er leap'd out of *Trojan* horse;
For tho' thou hast but one good wife
To recreate thee in thy life,
And he had six, yet thou hadst more
Of other mens, by twice a score;
Besides more harlots, to thy cost,
Than *Solomon* could ever boast:
And more *Fitz-Roys* of thy begetting,
Than *Hal* had peers of his creating.

Go

Go on brave *C---s*, and if thy back,
As well as luſt, but holds thee tack,
Moſt of thy court, in time, much rather
Than call thee king, will call the father:
For ſuch a crowd of ſpurious dukes,
With empty heads and tawny looks,
Will plague thy throne, that all thy places
Muſt be ingroſs'd by graceleſs Graces;
Thy court be fill'd with baſtard brothers
Begot on mercenary mothers,
Moſt kindly taken for their charms,
From cellars into monarch's arms.

So vapours that from ditches riſe,
Change to be meteors in the ſkies,

The witty'ſt of the wanton crew,
That do by turns thy luſt ſubdue,
Was ſnatch'd from theatre, G-d wot,
And rais'd to be the Lord knows what;
Tho' broach'd at fourteen years of age
By the ſham-monarch of the ſtage,
That ſkill'd in love, the pretty thing
Might better pleaſe a real king:
For *Nelly* knows ſhe ows the art
Of w----g, not to *C*---- but *Hart*;
He taught her firſt to manage right
The female ſcabbard of delight:
Which made the monarch love his *Nell*,
Becauſe ſhe did the trick ſo well.

So airy jilts, train'd up for cullies,
Are tapp'd in ſtews by pimps and bullies,
And then preferr'd to wealthy beds,
For charming high-prix'd maidenheads.

Another laſs of beauteous feature,
Bred up, like *Nell*, in the theatre,
Who long had roll'd her eyes about,
To pick ſome keeping cully out;

Ogl'd the boxes and the pit,
Where noble lords, and bubbles ſit,
Till ſhe 'ad at laſt the luck to charm
A king who ne'er meant woman harm,
But lov'd the pleaſing ſport from whence
He came, becauſe he came from thence.
However, as ſome people tell us,
Nelly of *Molly* growing jealous,
Prepar'd a doſe of purging jallop,
And gave it to her ſiſter trollup,
That very night the royal cully
Deſign'd to exerciſe his folly,
With his new miſtreſs, to the grief
Of *Nelly*, who was miſs in chief.
No ſooner had the princely lover,
Inflam'd with furious luſt all over,
Bedded his new theatrick dame,
To ſatiate his ſalacious flame,
But giving *Moll* an am'rous tumble,
The harlot's guts began to grumble,
And in the height of all their ſport,
Let fly a very nauſeous ſlirt.
A fizzle of a fouler nature
Than ſmall-beer grounds or kennel water,
Which therefore highly did diſguſt
The monarch's ſceptre of his luſt,
And of a ſudden give him reaſon,
To ſtop his noſe againſt the treaſon,
Which in his noſtrils ſtunk as hot
As if 't 'ad been a powder-plot:
Nor did the miſchief only reach
The neighb'ring folds of madam's breech
But in the ſweet enjoyment flew
All o'er his royal dowſers too,
That he was forc'd to fly the bed,
Much frighted and as much bewray'd,
Leaving poor miſs, that ſmelt ſo ſtrong,
To lie and batten in her dung,
The k- - -, altho' he honour'd ſwi- g,
As much as any mortal living,
And lov'd the condeſcending part
Of lady fair with all his heart;

Yet

Yet tho' before he was so smitten,
When once he found himself beshitten,
He loath'd the bride, or rather beast,
That so besoul'd her charming nest,
And spoil'd that kind refreshing smell,
Which *R----y* always lov'd so well,
That her past service he rewarded,
And from that time the punk discarded.
Thus she who by her s----gn l. . .d
Was for her beauty once ador'd,
In one sad hour lost royal favour,
By dropping what had too much savour.

So those who by good turns have won us,
And signal friendships oft have done us,
Yet if they disoblige at last,
We bury all their kindness past.
Nay, kings themselves, that are so vain
And gen'rous when they're pleas'd, what
If vex'd they're just like other men. {*then?*}

A third more beauteous than the rest,
That prov'd a snake in royal breast,
Was rais'd for hum'ring his debauches,
From a lewd C. . . . .s to a D. . . . .s;
But being troubled, as some say,
With such an itch that none could lay,
She could not be content alone
To bind her honour to a throne,
But loving well the am'rous sport,
Turn'd prostitute to half the court:
Nor would her Grace confine her favours
To their weak surfeited endeavours,
But search'd both playhouses and fairs,
For dancers of the ropes and players,
Such that would drudge as hard to earn
The pence as threshers in a barn,
Exert their strength and strain their sinews,
For a green purse half fill'd with guineas;
This made the court as mad as devils,
To find they had such scoundrel rivals;

That they, to be reveng'd upon her,
Whiſper'd to *R*- - - -*y* the diſhonour
Done him by ſuch a jilting h- - -ſy,
Who 'ad ſo abus'd her t- - -zy m- - -zy.
This made the king at once reſign her,
Altho' he never had a finer.

So the cloſe harlot that detects
Her neighbour joining ſex with ſex,
Will cry out whore upon the dame,
Expoſe her faults to publick ſhame,
Tho' ſhe herſelf has done the ſame.

The m. . . .rch, tho' in pocket low,
B'ing proud, at his expence, to know,
What diff'rence nature had begot,
Betwixt a *French* and *Engliſh* t. . .t,
Takes a gay tit from *France* to mount,
The caſt-off of a *Paris* Count,
With apple-face and ſlender waſte,
All over jilt, yet looking chaſte?
With her the m. . . . . ch next agreed,
To pleaſure his adult'rous bed,
That he might know the worth and nature
Of *French* commodities the better.
This madam with her nimble ſcut,
Now toſſes m. . . . . y about,
And from the pockets of his breeches,
Shakes out her r. . .l c. . . .y's riches;
Thus like a true experienc'd w- - - -,
Ev'n keeps her very keeper poor.
Nor has he yet the ſenſe to ſee
How much his generoſity
Diſhonours his m. . . .ck ſtation,
And makes him ſlighted by the nation.
Whilſt ſhe, her country to advance,
Sends golden pies from hence to *France*,
And ſtrips the m. . . . .ch of our iſle,
T' enrich her own dear native ſoil:
Is but a treach'rous ſpy upon him,
To hug him till ſhe's quite undone him,

Does

Does all his grand affairs discover,
To cunning *Lewis* at the *Louvre*.
O *C*. . . .*s!* how happy had we been
Hadst thou but had a fruitful queen,
Or else been gelt before fifteen.

Besides these mercenary crew,
Who drain his purse and - - - - - - too,
And with their b- - -d broods deceive him,
Of all the wealth the people give him,
Yet such a croud of ladies ply
Around his throne, who, by the by,
Are proud to ease his l- - - -ry,
That scarce a D. . . .s of renown,
Or wanton C- - - -s in the town,
But waits the motion of his l- - -st,
In hopes to have one r- - -l t- - -st,
Each striving when his love grows fervent
To be his very humble servant;
Well knowing that the only means
To win the favour of their prince,
Is to surrender when he's ready,
The seat of honour in a lady;
Then let' em ask what 'tis they want,
And t- - - -will gain what merit can't.
Thus he that needs a boon at court,
And has but small pretensions for't
Let him but send his wife, if pretty,
Or daughter, that's but young and witty.
As long as *C*- - - -*s* the s- - - -d reigns,
He need not fear to gain his ends;
For he, good prince, could ne'er deny
The petticoat, good reason why,
Because, as he himself does own,
He loves a lady 'bove a crown.

These lady punks, that like the sport,
Are th' only shining lamps at court,
Who, by the use of copulation,
Bring wh-ing daily into fashion,
That none approach the r- - - -l presence,
But with such am'rous acquiescence,

That he who asks another's bride
To lay her modesty aside,
Need never fear to be deny'd.
For since the greatest courtiers use it,
'Tis thought ill breeding to refuse it.
They take example by the throne,
And make their mon- - -'s vice their own;
The city borrow 't from the court,
And hand it to the common sort;
Till thus, by ape-like imitation,
Love spreads his wings o'er all the nation,
Where nothing thrives, we plainly see,
But perjury, pox, and venery,
Till *London* is as famous grown,
For w- - - -m, (God preserve the thr. . .)
As *Sodom* was for their provoking
God's vengance, by their backward poking.

Besides these ladies of the sport,
Whose lust inflames the baudy court,
And makes a brothel of a palace,
Where harlots ply, as many tell us,
Like brimstones in a *Wheistone* alehouse;
There are a crowd of fawning peers,
Which *R- - - -y* calls his ministers,
Who manage with such cost and care,
They fit their mon- - -h to a hair;
Assist him in his costly swi- - - -g,
But make him pay for their contriving;
Project such cunning ways and shifts,
To help him out at all dead lifts,
That when they have supply'd his wants,
Themselves may beg the larger grants:
Thus by ill means they 'nrich his treasure,
Then pick his pocket at their leisure.

So those who sponge upon a friend,
Who is too free to spend and lend,
When at a pinch (if not bereft
Of all, but still has something left)
They'll raise him money on his credit,
That they may share it as they need it.

The

The chief of these was crafty *C*- - - *y*,
Who first advis'd the king to marry
To *K*- - *e* of *Lisbon*, who had got
No catch to her unfruitful spot,
In hopes his pretty blooming daughter,
May come to be a queen herea'ter;
Or that her issue may, ot least,
Be of the throne in time possest.
This cunning *Machiavelian* cuff,
Tho' he himself is wise enough,
Yet he advises honest *R*- - *y*,
To many a strange unking-like folly,
Indulges him in loose amours,
And raises money for his wh- - - *s*,
Rather than he should send back *Kate*,
And marry with a fruitful mate,
Whose race his brood may disappoint,
And put their noses out of joint.

So junior brothers love to see
Their seniors without progeny,
Because they hope that they or theirs
May prove their elder brothers heirs.

But *C*- - - *y*, who hath long ingrost
His prince, and e'ery gainful post,
That merit, without his consent,
Can never rise in government,
At last is glad to quit his hold,
For what he 'as said, and what he 'as sold;
Is forc'd, in spight of *James* his son,
To take his farewel of the throne,
And from the land to fly by stealth,
Into a much worse commonwealth.
Leaving his noble house he built,
As a proud witness of his guilt,
Whose costly walls were rais'd, 'tis said,
By *French* pistoles for *Dunkirk* paid;
And since it breaks old *C*- - - *y*'s heart,
To think that *C*- - - *s* and he should part,

The fam'd Escurial is decreed,
(In hopes to please the factious breed)
To fall e'er long a sacrifice,
That from its ruins there may arise,
Whole streets of famous . . . .houses,
Where buxom jades, for want of spouses,
Shall shew each rake what pretty sport
The lords and ladies use at court,
And what a way *Nell G----n* has got,
To humour *R----y* with her t. . .t.

Just so lords palaces of old,
When into builders clutches sold,
Were often doom'd beneath the curses
Of being inns for law or horses.

Another cunning fox of state,
Advanc'd from little to be great,
Has, by court wheedles, climb'd to be
The greatest in the treasury.
Nor truly does he want the sense,
To manage well the nation's pence,
Because in spight of all their care,
He'll have at last, a fav'rite's share.
And is more charge to *England*'s th. . .e,
Than any she that hangs thereon.
Nor does he, like his master's Duchess,
Receive his pay from other clutc hes,
But judges of his own deserts,
And, to reward his able parts,
In his high station, is so wise
To serve himself, and thus he cries.

Here's so much for your majesty,
But, Tom, *here's twice as much for thee;*
And all that you and I can spare,
We'll frankly pay away else where.

This, by a rat behind the curtain,
Has been o'er heard, some say for certain,
And is reported still to be
The fox's old soliloquy.

So ſtewards who have eaſy lords,
By coz'nage pile up wealthy hoards,
And as their maſters grow more poor,
The craſty knaves increaſe their ſtore,
And at high int'reſt often lend'em
Their own, pretending to befriend'em,
And make'em think, to hide their knav'ry,
'Tis borrow'd with much pains and ſlavery.

A third who by the king's good grace,
Is big in wealth and high in place,
A truſty friend, whoſe ſilver tongue,
Determines well 'twixt right and wrong.
And to his own immortal glory,
Has all the arts of oratory,
Can argue, when he pleaſes, wiſely,
And cut a wheedle too as nicely;
Delude the houſe with ſuch fine fetches,
And coax the commons with ſuch ſpeeches,
That none were ever better able,
In ſenate or at council table,
To do good ſervice to his prince,
In any caſe of exigence;
Yet he, as cunning as the reſt,
Knows hows to feather his own neſt:
For 'tis with him, like prieſt in cloyſter,
No money, *C- - -s*, no *pater noſter*.
Nor would the prudent ſage embrace
The favour of ſo high a place,
Without four thouſand pounds *per annum*,
In caſe upon ſome ſtate *arcanum*,
He ſhould be turn'd from council table,
And from his poſt, as one not able
To pleaſe our mighty lords the rabble.
A bargain wiſe, we muſt allow,
In times precarious, as they 're now;
For who would truſt ſuch kings as thoſe
Who ſtarve their friends to feaſt their foes;
And kiſs away that wealth that's meant
To ſerve the ends of government,

And

And to reward those faithful few,
That are both wise as well as true.
Who would, I say, with life and fortune
Serve such a prince behind the curtain,
Who oft, to please the rabble rout,
Must turn his best advisers out,
And to his hazard, in their steads,
Be forc'd to lean on rotten reeds,
Without they were at first secure
Of something if disrob'd of pow'r,
And from the court with shame remov'd
Because by faction disapprov'd.
'Tis therefore, mighty *C*. . . .*s*, we fear,
Thou'rt forc'd to buy thy friends so dear,
Because they're certain, if they shou'd
Once trust to thy old gratitude,
When they thy turn have truly serv'd,
That then they may be hang'd or starv'd.
For the same reason wanton sluts,
That earn their livings by their scuts,
Are all importunate to count
Their money e'er their riders mount:
Nor couldst thyself, O *C*. . . .*s*, e'er vent
Thy l. . .st before a settlement;
Which shews, altho' our s. . .gn l. . .d,
Thy very wh. . .s wont take thy word.

So he that for his own bye ends,
Employs and then deceives his friends,
If e'er he wants their fresh endeavours,
Must purchase thro' the nose their favours.

Next these a duke of mighty fame,
So known I need not tell his name;
His own extravagance and folly
Shews now his boasted wit but dully.
Once he was highly in esteem,
And glitter'd like the diadem,
Had all preferments in his power,
And did above his rivals tour,
Was thought to have a subtle pate,
Turn'd rightly for intrigues of state,

And

And was ſuppoſed exactly wiſe
In all monarchick myſteries;
Beſides th' inſpection he had made
In e'ery art and e'ery trade,
That his deep judgment might outpierce all,
And make his knowledge univerſal:
In poetry he was, alas,
Competitor with *Hudibras*;
And as for the dramatick ſtage,
He's ſtill the mirrour of the age,
And has a knack of ridiculing,
That out-does any other fooling.

In chymick arts he's ſuch a dabſter,
He'll draw a philtre from a lobſter,
That if 'tis given to a lady,
Who had before refus'd to bed ye,
In one ſhort minute's time 'twill make her
As lewd as any kennel-raker;
Beſides, 'twill ſo reſtore a crazy
Old leacher, that's decay'd and lazy,
And give his rudder of affection,
So briſk a juvenile erection,
That the poor thing ſhall be as live,
As e'er it was at twenty-five;
Probatum eſt, for by experience,
Himſelf and all his lewd adherents,
Know that the ſecret, without harm,
Will all theſe wondrous things perform:
Therefore whoever loves the placket,
May, if they pleaſe, with ſafety take it.

Muſick he underſtands, as well
As any ringer does a bell;
Can judge of trebles and their baſes,
Of hautboys, fiddles, and their caſes,
As well as any minſtrel brother,
That plays on either one or t'other:
Nay, he himſelf has oft been ſeen,
And heard, to touch the violin,
So finely 'twould have charm'd a lady,
Or any milk-maid, on a *May day*.

The

The philoſophick ſtone, his grace
Has ſtudy'd many nights and days;
And, by the ſtrength of fire and bellows,
Had found it once, ſome people tell us,
But that, for want of ſkill or care,
The wonder vaniſhed into air:
Some ſay it was of burning gold.
And therefore prov'd too hot to hold,
That dropping from his hand it broke,
And b'ing too brittle for the ſtroke,
It flew away in fire and ſmoke.

Or elſe he would have bleſs'd the nation,
With the ſtrange art of tranſmutation:
Taught us to 've metamorphos'd mettles,
And into gold turn brazen kettles,
Which would have ſure ſurpriz'd us more,
Than *Bacon*'s head had done before.
But this great project, like the reſt,
(Tho' pity 'twas) became a jeſt,
And all the ſecrets that the bubble
Found out, to recompenſe his trouble,
Inſtead of turning lead or braſs,
To gold, that would for ſtandard paſs,
Was to change mettles to his loſs,
And bring his gold to worthleſs droſs;
The only coſtly gen'rous art,
At which himſelf is moſt expert,

So freakiſh melancholy wretches,
When poor, will dig in fields and ditches,
Big with conceit, that under ground,
Some hidden treaſure may be found,
Till weary of their pains, and then
Sit down with loſs, inſtead of gain,
And ſcratch to think they 've dug in vain.

His wiſdom too the world may ſee,
I' the government of 'is family;
Who, for good orders and decorum,
Surely admit of none before 'em.

Wages

Wages his ſervants ne'er regard,
It is enough to ſerve my lord;
They never aſk his Grace a penny,
Nor does he care to pay 'em any;
Their ſal'ries never drain his coffers,
They ſeldom pray, he ſeldom proffers:
So that they 're both ſo open-hearted,
'Tis pity they ſhould e'er be parted;
Yet all that live beneath his wing,
Grow rich, as if they ſerv'd a king:
Whilſt his wiſe Grace, by wondrous ways
Grows poor, altho' he never pays;
A paradox well worth our notice,
Tho' true *in verbo ſacerdotis:*
But, after all, what riddle's in it,
May be expounded in a minute;
For would he pay they'd ſcorn to cheat him,
But ſince he don't, they all outwit him;
Or he'd not have ſuch need to wait on
That city-fox, Sir *Robert Clayton.*
But he whoſe wants aſſiſtance crave,
Muſt be a fool to ſome rich knave.

Beſides theſe many wondrous things,
For which his fame thro' *England* rings,
His comely perſon and his parts,
Commands all am'rous ladies hearts;
Nor does he fear to hazard life,
To kill the cuckold, for his wiſe;
For he's as true a ſon of *Mars,*
As ever yet drew ſword or - - - - -.
Nor can old *R*- - - - for his pleaſure,
Keep one fine tit, to mount at leiſure,
But he will find ſome way or other,
To be his ſov'reign's ſtallion-brother,
And to command the very thing,
Belov'd ſo dearly of the king.
That not the ſacred lips or belly,
Of *C*- - -*d* down to little *Nelly,*
Can keep his merry Grace from ſtealing,
By hook or crook, a fellow-feeling;

Far

For, still regardless of the th- - - - e,
He often gives a butter'd bun,
To the kind cull that sits thereon;
And does, by these intrigues discover
The secrets of the r. . . .l lover,
And make the treach'rous jilts disclose
Whate'er had pass'd beneath the rose.

So the gay spark that can invade
His hen-peck'd neighbour's nuptial bed,
As oft as at the game he plays,
Knows all the husband does or says;
By which, and by the wife's direction,
He keeps the cuckold in subjection.

This practice made old *R*. . . .puff,
And turn his Grace in dudgeon off:
Who, much disgusted, now sets up
To be the faction's only prop;
Hoping, as most believe, in vain,
To please the blockheads and regain,
By rich rebellious city slaves,
What he has lost by fools and knaves.
In this condition shall we leave him,
That they fair words at first may give him,
At last the better to deceive him.

For he that does good friends despise,
And hopes by worthless rogues to rise,
Is like a crippl'd old debauch
Who flings away a trusty crutch,
To lean upon a feeble reed,
Too weak to serve him in his need,

Another Duke, the spurious son
Of him that tamely rules the th. . . .e,
The only darling of the court,
From prince to punk of e'ery sort;
The factions bubble and the tool
Of those that would usurp the rule;
The dancing, fencing, riding bauble,
That bows and cringes to the rabble;

The

The brainless, fawning, pretty thing,
That hopes e'er long to be a king;
Enters the list among the rest,
With his star shining at his breast,
And none but crafty knaves about him,
Who tho' they court him, yet they flout him,
Gay as a peacock at a ball,
Tres humble serviteur to all;
A busy fop among the ladies,
To shew 'em what an am'rous blade he's.
Forward to fight, in battle warm,
Altho' poor thing, he means no harm,
Except it is to his own father,
Or to his *Popish* uncle rather;
Ready in all things to oppose
His country's friends, instead of foes,
The only idol of the town,
That struts and rattles up and down,
That all the factious fools, who hope it
Will one day reign, may view the puppit;
That they may fill his empty Grace
With noisy shouts and loud huzzas.
And make him use his worst endeavours
T' abuse his king, the best of fathers,
In hopes he may, by usurpation,
In time, reign tyrant o'er the nation.
But, O remember *J*....*y Sc*....*t*,
Thy arms have such a bastard blot,
That many think thou may'st as soon
Expect a scaffold as a crown;
For he that is so vainly proud
O' th' flatt'ries of a factious crowd,
Of ruin very seldom fails,
When fortune turns the ticklish scales.
Then shake off the rebellious crew,
Or else prepare to have thy due;
For tho' thou hast been twice forgiven,
Thou still retain'st the ancient leaven:
But *Jemmy Frog* beware the stork,
Thy father has a brother *Y*....*k*.

Another

Another factious grave bell-weather,
Whose tongue's the devil's b- - - leather.
The plague and teazer of the court,
Whose chief delight's in doing hurt,
The head of all the factious clan,
By whom our feuds were first began;
The city's god, the rabble's leader,
A lord, a rebel, and a trader,
Who keeps his changes and cabals,
At publick halls and festivals;
An old rebellious canting wizard,
Who loves the rump with all his gizzard.
Hell's journeyman, our plot projector,
The rebels patriot and protector,
So loose no royal smiles can win him,
So base, the very devil's in him;
The sower of seditious feeds,
The planter of rebellious weeds,
The quintessence of all that's naught,
And yet too cunning to be caught;
The subtle baffler of the laws,
The bulwark of the good-old-cause,
The fatal firebrand of the nation,
The spring of all abomination,
The *Cacafugo* of the age,
The *Samford* of the publick stage,
The broacher of destructive schism,
The very tap of devilism,
Thro' which all sorts of treasons flow,
That with his dropsick humours grow,
Yet once was great in the esteem
Of him that wears the diadem;
But still when high in pow'r and place,
The statesman did the judge disgrace,
And shew his nature to be base.

Thus factious foes, whom kings endeavour,
So oft to win by royal favour,
Tho' honours make them less severe,
Yet still the rebel will appear.

To

To ballance this contentious mortal,
Of ſoul diſtempers full, tho' heart whole,
A *Scot* whoſe noddle may as big be,
As that famed knight's Sir *Kelum Digby*.
And has as muckle cunning in it,
As any lad that wears a bonnet,
Is held in favour of the crown,
To bear the riſing faction down;
Tho' many more, we muſt agree,
Are in the ſcale as well as he;
But in the ſubtile arts of ſtate
He truly bears the greateſt weight,
And is the fitteſt man of action,
To fruſtrate the intrigues of faction,
Altho' his blubber face is ſuch
A phiz that does not promiſe much,
Yet he has cunning to unravel
The very myſt'ries of the devil,
And knows as well to countermine
A plot, or trayterous deſign,
And if he had below been bred,
Where helliſh treaſons firſt are laid;
'Twas he that did adviſe his liege,
To ſend his ſon to *Bothwell-Bridge*,
That by deſtroying his own friends,
His uncle *Y*... might gain his ends,
And in his progreſs win that favour,
His nephew loſt by's raſh behaviour.
'Tis he that chiefly undermines
And blows up all the whigs deſigns,
And by one ſtratagem or other,
Secures old *R*... and his brother;
In ev'ry exigence does ſhew
He's no true *Scot*, but *Scot*, that's true;
Juſt to the int'reſt of the throne,
United wiſely with his own,
As faithful to his *Papiſh* friend,
Whoſe ſafety is the chieſeſt end,
To which his ſecret counſels tend.

O Scotland!

O Scotland! *had thy sons been all*
Like him, you'd stopp'd th' unhappy fall
Of Charles, *whose blood will ever be*
A witness of thy treachery.

Among the rest there is a peer,
Whose pointed wit the courtiers fear;
For tho' himself more open lies
Than those he loves to scandalize,
Yet for her theme his wanton muse
Does always spiteful satire chuse.
(*So among lady punks, the worst*
Will always cry out whore the first.)
No kind amour can pass at court,
Or love intrigue of any sort,
But still his muse must tell what sporting
Has been of late behind the curtain,
As if she stood a pimp to all
That cool'd their letch'ry at *Whitehall.*
Nor can old *R*. . . lay aside
Affairs of state and kingly pride,
To drink a merry glass, to drown
The cares that wait upon the crown;
Or can he steal one happy night,
To pass away in love's delight,
With madam *N*. . . .*y* or his Duchess,
To come the sooner to his crutches,
By tiring age with his debauches,
But presently some witty flirt
Must sing aloud the mon. . . .'s sport,
That all the factious town must know
The secret, where, with whom, and how;
As if his lordship had a patent,
To publish all that should be latent;
And that no other bard was free
To deal in bawdy wit, but he:
Yet, tho' his poems are so luscious,
That all the modest think 'em nauseous,
They steal, with godly books of pray'r,
Into the closets of the fair,

And

And oft are made unseemly neighbours
To rev'rend *Baxter*'s pious labours,
And by the godly dame selected
From sermons, not so much respected;
Hugg'd by the bye, and valu'd more,
Than all she ever read before.
For ladies, tho' on damask cushion,
They sham their maids with their devotion,
And kneel at church, on mat or hassock,
To honour holy gown and cassock,
Yet, by themselves, they never fail,
To dearly love a bawdy tale;
Or will they want a friend to show 'em,
Each fulsome book or smutty poem;
Especially if well assur'd,
'Tis the blunt offspring of my lord,
Who always takes the liberty,
Not to spell *sunt*, with *s*, but *c*.

So those who wear the holy robes,
That rail so much at father Hobbes;
Because he 'as so expos'd of late,
The nakedness of church and state,
Yet, tho' they do his book condemn,
They love to buy and read the same.

All have an itch, from high to low,
Of knowing what we should not know.
This noble peer, so fam'd for writing
Satires, so bawdy and so biting,
Who for lampooning church and crown,
Usurps the bays from all the town,
May boast himself, we must allow it,
Lord, atheist, mountebank, and poet,
Rake, coward, libertine, but yet
A man of learning and of wit;
Who, to provoke the vicious age,
To an insatiate lustful rage,
Expends more time, and takes more pains,
In his licentious tickling strains,
With am'rous fires to leudly warm us,
Than all the prelates to reform us:

And, that the world may know the better
From mettle falſe his ſtandard metre,
He ſtamps his own poetick coin,
With *p*, or *c*, in e'ery line;
And if thoſe taking marks you miſs,
You may be ſure it is not his;
For when he handles pen and ink,
His luſcious rhimes would make us think,
They ſprang not from imagination,
But, in the height of luſtful paſſion,
Were got by carnal copulation.

Such are the ladies, ſuch the lords,
That merry *C*. . . .*s* alone regards;
So tame a prince, ſo lewd a court,
Whoſe vices are each other's ſport;
Cuckolds ſo cow'rdly and ſo baſe,
Laſcivious wives ſo void of grace;
Rebels ſo daring and ſo bold
Cullies ſo fooliſh, tho' ſo old;
Knaves ſo ſucceſsful and ſecure,
Merit ſo ſlighted and ſo poor;
A factious undermining crew,
So pious and rebellious too;
Such ſtars could ſurely never ſhine,
O *C*. . . .*s*! round any throne but thine:
Thy great example prompts each ſpouſe
To make a jeſt of marriage-vows;
Encourages each beauteous dame
To ſin, without the fear of ſhame;
Makes thy peers turn keeping cullies,
To imitate thy princely follies.
Go on, good *C*. . . .*s*, that we, in time,
May ſee adultery deem'd no crime,
And marriage ceaſe, throughout the nation,
To be a lawful obligation.
For who can blame us, if we ſtray,
Since royal greatneſs leads the way.

The

The CASE *of King* CHARLES I. *truly stated, against* John Cook, *Master of* Gray's-Inn.

The PREFACE.

THE *Publisher of this following discourse, has thought fit to oblige the world with a piece of curiosity; it was penn'd above forty years since, by the ingenious and celebrated author of* Hudibras. *The libel which he answers, was the labour of one* John Cook, *master of* Grays-Inn, *a great pains-taker in the mysteries of rebellion. To give you the original of it, 'twas a studied invective against the person of King* Charles I. *before the* High Court of Justice *(so called) of infamous memory; but upon the non-pleading of the Royal Martyr, 'twas afterwards metamorphos'd into a pamphlet, with the specious title of,* King Charles's case; or an appeal to all rational men concerning his trial. *How rational this appeal was, may be easily discover'd from those numerous fallacies and notorious falsehoods, which our author has detected in him, not only as to what concerns plain matter of fact, but also, in the pamphleteer's pretended way of reasoning, the false logic, and worse law. I shall not enter into the merits of the cause; for I suppose the more rational part of mankind, is abundantly satisfied in the innocence of that great man, as to any thing that was laid to his charge; and upon that account indeed, there would have been little occasion at this time of day to produce so great an advocate for his memory, but that there is risen amongst us a new rule of the old republican stamp, who have reviv'd the quarrel, and copied out the obsolete and almost forgotten scandal of our libeller, and made it their own. The author of* Ludlow's *letter may be reckon'd amongst the first of these, one that always set up for a patron of faction, and a promoter of the* Good old Cause; *but shew'd himself most in that famous year, when he was one of the tribunes of the people. I should not have made such a digression upon this worthy patriot, but that I find him to intrude amongst his friends,* Mr Milton *and our libeller, and seems to be the very copy of their malice, at least tho' not of their wit; and for that reason, I must confess, he seems to be the least pointed at by our answer. I*

shall say no more of him at present, but pass him by with the same contempt as the government has wisely done; 'tis but unseasonable quarrelling with a man that is arm'd with so much dirt, you'll be sure of that if you have nothing else.

I need not trouble the reader with any harangue upon our author, or his book; I suppose he is no stranger to the honester and more learned part of the kingdom; and as for the rest t'was their best security they were not known by him. I shall only add, that it was Mr Butler's *design to print the discourse himself, had not death prevented him; and since it has fell into the editor's hands, 'tis but a piece of justice to his memory, to let the world make their advantage of it.*

Mr Cook,

HAVING lately seen a book of your's, which you are pleased to call *King CHARLES his case, or an appeal to all rational men concerning his tryal*; I was much invited to read it, by the ingenuity promised in your title. For having heard you style your self solicitor-general for the king's dread sovereign, and your own honourable client, the people; I was much taken with your impartiality, that not only exempts all rational men from being your clients in this case, in making them, by your appeal, your judges: for no man, you know, can be judge in his own case, but acknowledge your high court, from which you appeal to all rational men to consist of no such: but indeed I had not read many lines before I found mine own error, as well as your's, and your proceedings nothing agreeable to the plain dealing I expected from you; for you presently fall to insult upon the unhappiness of your undeserved adversary, and that with so little moderation, as if you strove to make it a question whether his incomparable patience, or your own ungoverned passion, should be the greater wonder of men, preposterously concluding him guilty, before, with one syllable, you had proved him so: a strange way of doing justice! which you endeavour to make good by a strange insolent railing and more insolent proceeding to the secret counsel of almighty God, from whence you presume to give sentence on him, a boldness no less impious than unjust in you, were it true, since we can never know it to be so.

But indeed it is hard to say, whether you have shewn more malice or vanity in this notable declaration of your's: for he that considers the affectation, and fantastic lightness of

of your language, (such as *Ireland*, a land of *Ire*; bit-sheep for bishops; and other such ingenious elegances of quibble) must needs confess it an oratory more becoming a fool in a play, or *Peters* before the rabble, than the patrons of his sovereign's sovereign, or the gravity of that court, which you say, right wisely, shall be admir'd at the day of judgment. And therefore you do ill to accuse him of reading *Johnson*'s and *Shakespear*'s plays, which, it seems, you have been more in yourself to much worse purpose, else you had never hit so right upon the very dialect of their railing advocates, in which (believe me) you have really out-acted all that they could fancy of passionate and ridiculous outrage.

For certainly, Sir, I am so charitable to believe it was your passion that imposed upon your understanding; else, as a gentleman, you could have never descended to such peasantry of language, especially against such a person, to whom (had he never been your prince) no law enjoins (whatsoever his offences were) the punishment of ribaldry. And for the laws of God they absolutely condemn it: of which I wonder, you that pretend so much to be of his counsel, should be either so ignorant or forgetful.

Calamity is the visitation of God, and (as preachers tell us) a favour he does to those he loves; wherever it falls it is the work of his hand, and should become our pity, not our insolence. This the ancient heathen knew, who believing thunder came from the arm of God, reverenced the very trees it lighted upon.

But your passion hath not only misled you against civility, and christian charity, but common sense also; else you would never have driven your chariot of reason (as you call it) so far out of the road, that you forget whither you are going, and run over every thing that stands in your way: I mean, your unusual way of argument, not only against reason but yourself, as you do it at the first sally; for after your fit of raving is over, you bestow much pains to prove it one of the fundamentals of law, that the king is not above the law, but the law above the king. And this you deraign, as you call it, so far, that at length you say, the king hath not by law so much power as a justice of peace to commit any man to prison; which you would never have done, if you had considered from whom the justice derives his power, or in whose name his warrants run; else you may as well say a man may give that which he hath not; or prove the moon hath more light than the sun, be-

cause he cannot shine by night as the moon doth. But you needed not have strained so hard, for this will serve you to no purpose, but to prove that which was never denied by the king himself; for if you had not a much worse memory than men of your condition should have, you could not so soon have forgotten, that immediately after the reading of that charge, the king demanded of your high court, *by what law they could sit to judge him*; (as offering to submit if they could produce any,) but then silence or interruption were thought the best ways of confessing there was no such thing: and when he undertook to shew them both law and reason too, why they could not do it, the righteous president told him plainly, *He must have neither law nor reason*; which was certainly (as you have it very finely) *the most comprehensive, impartial, and glorious piece of justice that ever was plaid on the theatre of* England: for what could any court do more than rather condemn itself than injure truth.

But you had better have left this whole business of the law out of your *appeal to all rational men*, who can make no use of it, but against yourself: for if the law be above the king, much more is it above the subject. And if it be so heinous a crime in a king to endeavour to set himself above law, it is much more heinous for subjects to set themselves above king and law both. Thus, like right mountebanks, you are fain to wound and poison yourselves to cheat others, who cannot but wonder at the confidence of your imposture, that are not asham'd to magnify the power of the law, while you violate it; and confess you set yourself really above the law, to condemn the king for but intending it.

And indeed intentions and designs are the most considerable part both of your accusations and proofs, some of which you are fain to fetch a great way off, as far as his coronation oath, which you next say, *He, or the archbishops by his order, emasculated, and left out very material words*, (which the people shall chuse) which is false; for these words were not left out, but rendred with more sense, (*which the commonalty have*) and if you consider what they relate to, (customs) you will find you cannot, without open injury, interpret, *elegeret*, (in the *Latin* oath) *shall chuse, not, hath chosen*; for if you will have *consuetudines quas vulgas elegerit*, to mean customs, which are to be not only use, which must be often repeated before it become

become a cuſtom, but, choice, which neceſſarily precedes uſe.

But ſuppoſe it were as you would have it, I cannot ſee with what reaſon you can preſume it to be a deſign to ſubvert the laws, ſince you know he had ſworn to defend them before, in the firſt article of the oath, from which I wonder how you can ſuppoſe, that ſo wiſe a prince (as you acknowledge him to be) could be ſo irrational to believe, himſelf abſolute by this omiſſion. But you are not without farther contradiction yet, for if he were ſo perfidious a violator of oaths, as you would have the world believe. what reaſon had he to be conſcientious of taking them? Certainly he hath little cauſe to be nice what oaths he takes, that hath no regard what oaths he breaks.

Nor can I poſſibly underſtand your other conſtruction of his refuſal to take the oath, as his predeceſſors had done; which you will have a deſign to refuſe his aſſent to ſuch good laws, rather than bad ones, as the parliament ſhould tender; for beſides the abſurd conceits, that he muſt ſtill like the bad better than the good, if you conſider what you ſay afterwards, the charitable ſenſe will appear, by your own words, to be the trueſt; for you confeſs he gave not his aſſent to any bad one, elſe you had not been fain, for want of ſuch, to accuſe him of a few good ones, as you do there; which of theſe is moſt probable, let every rational chriſtian judge.

Your next argument to prove the king's deſign to deſtroy the law, is thus ordered: thoſe knights that were by an old ſtatute to attend at the king's coronation, being promiſed by his proclamation (in regard of the infection then ſpread through the kingdom) a diſpenſation for their abſence, were after fined at the council table; no doubt by the procurement of ſome of your own tribe, where they pleading the proclamation for their indemnity, were anſwered, that the law of the land was above any proclamation: your concluſion is therefore, the king had a deſign to ſubvert the laws: ſure there is no man in his wits but would conclude the contrary; ſuch arguments as theſe are much like the ropes that *Oenens* twiſted only for aſſes to devour.

But if this ſhould fail, you know you were provided with another, not leſs ſubſtantial, and that is, his alteration of the judges commiſſions, who heretofore had their places granted to them during their good behavior, but he made them but during pleaſure; of this you make a ſad buſineſs of a very imaginary evil conſequence; but if you

had considered before, what you say presently after, that the king, and not the judges, is to be accountable for the injustice and oppression of the government, *&c.* you would have found it very just that he should use his pleasure in their dismission as well as choice; for men of your profession, that have lived long enough to be judges, are not such punies in cunning, to play their feats of iniquity aboveboard; and if they may sit still they can be proved to have misbehaved themselves: the prince that is to give an account for all, may sooner know he is abused, than how to help himself.

All the inconveniency which you can fancy possible to ensue it, is only to such bad judges as buy their places; of whose condition and loss you are very sensible, as if they had too hard a bargain of injustice, believe they may have reason enough to give unjust judgment, rather than lose their places, and their money too, if they shall receive such intimation from the king. But you forget your self when you put this in your *Appeal to all rational men*; for they will tell you, this was a bold affront done to your high court of justice; for if it were potential tyranny (as you will have it) in the king, to have but a design to inure the judges to give sentence against the law, which you say brings the people the next step to slavery: what is it in those who presume to give sentence themselves, not only contrary to law, but the declared opinion of all the judges, and those of their chusing too; And (I beseech you) whither, by your own doctrine, does this bring the people that submit to it? Certainly, if you that can accuse the king of this, had been a Jew heretofore, you would not only have stoned your fellows, but your Saviour too.

But if all your arguments should miscarry, you have a reserve left that does (as you say) irrefragably prove the design; what's that? He is restless to destroy parliaments, or make them useless. Believe me, this is right *ignotum per ignotius*, excellent consequence to prove his design by his desires; you should have proved his desires first (if you would prove his thoughts by his thoughts) for certainly if ever he designed it, he desired it first. You had better have concluded plainly he did it, because he designed it, for that is all one in sense: but if I might be but half so bold with your designs, I should, with more reason guess, you have one to make us believe your fa-

milia

miliar acquaintance with the ſecret counſels of God, (which you ſo often pretended to) elſe certainly he has given the deſires of men ſo private a lodging, that without his own diſcovery, (which you can give us no account of) you have no other way to know them. You do well, and, if I may adviſe you, you ſhall give over this unlucky thing called reaſon, and betake yourſelf wholly to revelations.

How theſe arguments might prevail with your high court of juſtice, I cannot tell: but, in my opinion, they had little reaſon to thank you for this laſt; for while you make the king a traytor, and prove his meer deſire to deſtroy the parliament, or make it uſeleſs, on purpoſe to ſubvert the laws, you do but tell them what they are that have already done it; and the people, what a deal of law they are to expect hereafter. All you can juſtly, in your own ſenſe, accuſe the king of, is, but diſcontinuance or untimely diſſolution of parliaments; which I wonder with what ſenſe you can interpret a deſign to deſtroy the parliaments, ſince all the world knows when he parted with his power to diſſolve the parliament too. But ſee how doubly unjuſt you are; you accuſe him for not calling parliaments ſo often as he was bound to do by the law, once a year, (as you ſay) or oftener; but never conſider how that is impoſſible to be done, without diſſolving them as often, for doing which, notwithſtanding, with ſo much clamour, you condemn him. Thus you charge him with inconſiſtencies, and may with much more reaſon accuſe him for calling parliaments; becauſe if he had not called them, he could never have diſſolved them, which is very like your way of argument.

But much better than you commonly uſe; for your next (to remove an objection out of your way) is thus managed: the king, and not the judges and evil conſellors, ought to be accountable for the male adminiſtrations, injuſtices, and oppreſſions of the parliament, your reaſons are, becauſe he made ſuch wicked and corrupt judges: were they not his own creatures? And ought not every man to be accountable for the work of his own hands? Believe me, this was ſomething, if you could prove he made them wicked, as well as judges. But if this plea hold, you have argued well for your honourable clients, the people; for if they made the king, as you ſay they did, you have cleared him of all ſuch horrid crimes, murthers, and maſſacres, which you take ſo much pains, to no purpoſe, to

accuſe him of; and, like a right man of law, have undone your clients, upon whoſe ſcore you ſet them. Your next buſineſs will be to prove God guilty of the ſins of wicked men, for they are his creatures, and the work of his own hands, I take it. But this is your perpetual method of doing him right, to make him ſole author and owner of all his ill-ordered or unhappy actions, and not allow him a ſhare in any good deed or act of grace.

And theſe are the fundamentals of the charge, only ſuppoſitions of intentions and deſigns, which how far you have proved juſt or profitable, let any man but yourſelf judge. The courſe you take afterwards, is much worſe in my opinion, for you make your own grounds, and either not prove them at all, or (which is worſe) prove them upon their own bottom; as when you take upon you to ſtate the ground of your wars, and prove the king to be the cauſe of it, you do it thus:

The king (you ſay) ſet up his ſtandard of war for the advancement and upholding of his perſonal intereſt, power, and pretended prerogative, againſt the publick intereſt of common right, peace, and ſafety. How do you prove this? Becauſe he ſought for the Militia, for a power to call and diſſolve parliaments, a negative voice, to make judges, conſer honours, grant pardons, make corporations, inhanſe or dabaſe money, and avoid his own grants. Theſe you call his perſonal intereſt, power, and prerogative, which you ſay he ſought for: now, put the poſition and proof together, and ſee what ſenſe it will make: truly none but this: that he made war for his prerogative, becauſe he ſought for his prerogative: is not this fine logic! but ſuppoſe it were ſenſe, how do you prove he fought for his prerogative? To this you have not one word to ſay; and why then ſhould we rather take your word than the king's, who proteſted he took arms in defence of the proteſtant religion, the liberty of the ſubject, the privileges of parliament, and laws of *England*? Certainly there is no man in his wits, but would rather believe his words, than your arguments, if he does but conſider that the moſt improbable part of all, (he proteſted to fight for the defence of the privileges of parliament,) is found by experience, to be no paradox: how true the reſt is, time will inſtruct you. But yet I cannot ſee why we ſhould not rather believe them, than the pretences of the parliament, which were more to fight in defence of his perſon,

and

and their own privileges, which how they have performed, yourself can tell; but all this while you mistake your own question, which was not the right of the cause, but the cause, or (as you have it) the occasion of the war; and if you had a purpose to know that, actions had been the only guide of your inquiry; for intentions and words are uncertain, and if they make no assaults in private quarrels, I know not why they should in publick; and therefore, since we can never agree about the truth of more remote causes, 'tis most just for us to place the cause of the war, where we find the first breach of the peace. Now, that the king was cleared of this, all indifferent men, who had the unhappiness to be acquainted with the method of their own undoing, can very well testify. And if the parliament should deny it, their own votes would contradict them, as well as their actions; for when they first raised horse and arms, they pretended to do so, because it appeared, the king, seduced by wicked counsel, intended to make war against the parliament; whereby they confess he had not then done it, and they had so little ground to make it appear he ever would, that they were fain to usurp the right of his cause, to justify their own; and, they say, took arms for the defence of the king; which, if we grant, it must follow, they first made war against him; for no body else ever did, against whom they could possibly defend him: nor did their actions, in offering the first violence, less declare who began the war, when having an army ready to invade him, before he set up his standard, they both followed and set upon him, as they did at *Edgehill*. Go as far as you can, you will still find the *Scots* (whose quarrel the parliament took up at the second hand, as well as they followed their examples) were the first beginners of all.

This being granted, how the king could afterwards do less than he did, I cannot understand: first he was bound by the law of nature (which you say is legislative, and hath a suspensive power over all human laws) to defend himself. Secondly, by his coronation-oath, which he took to keep the peace. And how could he do that, but by his raising power to suppress those who had already broken it? Thirdly, by the laws of the land, which, you say, trusted him with the power of the sword. And how could he preserve that trust, if he had sat still, and suffered others, not only to take it from him, but to use it against him?

But it is most probable that he never intended it, else he was very unwise to let them be before-hand with him, in seizing upon his castles, magazines, and ships; for which there can be no reason imagin'd, but that he was loth to give them any occasion (in securing them) to suspect he did but intend a war. And by all this, I doubt not but it appears plain enough to all rational men, that he was so far from being the cause of the war, that he rather fell into it by avoiding it; and that he avoided it so long, till he was fain to take arms at so great a disadvantage, as he had almost as good have sat still and suffered. And in this you have used the king with the same justice the christians received from *Nero*, who having set *Rome* on fire himself, a sacrifice to his own wicked genius, laid the odium of it on the christians, and put them to death for it.

But this way you found too fair and open for your purpose, and therefore declined it; for having proved his intentions by his desires, and his actions by his intentions, you attempt a more preposterous way yet to prove both, by what might have been his intentions: and to this purpose you have the confidence (in spite of sense) to make contingences the final cause of things; and impolitick accidental, possible inconveniencies (which all the wit of man can never avoid) the intended reasons of state. As when you will have the king fight for the Militia, only to command the purse of the people; for a power to make judges, only to wrest the laws; to grant pardons, that publick spirited men (as you call them) may be made away, and the murderers pardon'd, *&c.* All which being creatures of your own fancy and malice, (and no part of his quarrel,) you are so far from proving he fought for, that when you have strained your ability, all you can say, is but this, in your own sense, that he fought for a power to do that which he never would do when it was in his power; but if you take this liberty, I cannot but think how you would bestir yourself, if you could but get your God, as you have done your king, before such an impartial high court of justice as this! how would you charge him with his misgovernment in nature, for which, by the very same logic, you may prove he made us all slaves, in causing the weaker to hold his life at the pleasure of the stronger; that he set up a sun to dazzle our eyes, that we might not see; and to kindle fevers in our veins, made fire to burn us; water to drown us; and air

to

to poiſon us, and then demand juſtice againſt him; all which you may eaſily do, now you have the trick on't, for the very ſame reaſon will ſerve again, and with much more probability; for 'tis eaſier to prove, that men have been burnt and drowned, and died of the plague, than to make it appear the king ever uſed your finer device to remove publick ſpirited men; or can you, without extreme injuſtice, ſuppoſe he ever would? For it is ſo much as very well known, he highly favoured and advanced his greateſt oppoſers, (for ſuch you mean, I know) whom he found owners of any eminent deſert, as he did the earl of *Strafford*, and the attorney-general *Noy*, (and for other honeſt men, as you will have them) whom frenzy or ſedition ſet againſt him, by your own confeſſion; he did not ſuffer thoſe black ſtars (very ſtrange ones) to ſlip their noſes, and crop their ears.

But now I think theſe honeſt publick ſpirited men, certainly ſome of them have not ſo good an opinion of the honeſty of your publick proceedings, but they would willingly venture, not only their ears again, (if they had them) but their heads too, in defiance of your moſt comprehenſive piece of juſtice, whoſe cauſe, while you take upon you to plead, againſt their conſent, as you have done your honourable clients, the people; you deſerve, in reaſon, to be thrown over the bar, by your own party; for you but confeſs your own injuſtice, while you acknowledge the publick honeſty of thoſe that moſt oppoſe it.

How ſolid or pertinent thoſe arguments of your's have been, let any man, that is ſober, judge: but you are reſolved, right or wrong, they ſhall paſs: to let us know how eaſily he that has the unhappineſs to be judged by his enemies, is found guilty of any thing they pleaſe to lay to his charge; and therefore, ſatisfied with your own evidence, you proceed to ſentence, and condemn the king with much formality, by the fundamental laws of this kingdom, by the general law of all nations, and the unanimous conſent of all rational men in the world; for employing the power of the ſword to the deſtruction of the people, with which they intruſted him for their own protection. How you got the conſent of rational men to this ſentence, I cannot imagine; for 'tis moſt certain (by your own confeſſion) that he never employed the ſword, but againſt thoſe who firſt ſought to deprive him

of it; and by that very act, declared they did not trust him, and consequently absolved him both from the obligation that he had to protect them, and the possibility too: for no man can defend another longer than he defends himself; so that if you will have your sentence to be just, you must confess it to be nonsense; for you must not only prove, that those who fought against him, were the people that trusted him, not those who fought for him, but the lesser, or less considerable part of the people, the people, as you have the confidence to call your honourable clients, being not the twentieth part of the very rabble; which if you can do, you are much wiser than *Solomon*; for it is easier to divide a child in two parts, than to make one of those two parts a whole child; and if you have the trick on't you shall be next allowed to prove, that take 4 out of 6, there remains 6; nor is there more justice or reason in the sentence, than in the course you take to uphold it; for while you deny the old maxim of law, *That the king can do no wrong*, you maintain a new one much worse, *That he may suffer any*: and having limited this power to act only according to law, expose him to suffer, not only without, but against the law. Truly it is hard measure, but, rather than fail of your purpose, you will make as bold with scripture as you have done with reason, if it stand in your way; as you do when you interpret that place of the apostle, *Where no law is, there is no transgression*, to mean, where there is neither law of God, nor nature, nor positive law: I wonder where that is; certainly you had better undertake to find out a plantation for *Archimedes* his engines to move the earth, than but fancy where that can be, which you must do before you can make this scripture to be understood to your purpose; and I cannot but smile, to think how hard a task that will be for such a strong fancy as your's, that cannot conceive what yourself affirm; for when you deny it possible to suppose two supreme powers in one nation, you forget that you had acknowledged much more before; for you confess the king to be supreme, when you say, very elegantly, he made head against the parliament, who acknowledg'd him to be head thereof, and yet you say the parliament is the supreme authority of the nation. Thus you affirm that really to be, which you think is impossible to imagine.

But such lucky contradictions of yourself, as well as sense, are as familiar with you as railing, for besides the many

many before mentioned, and your common incongruities of ſpeech, is as far from conſtruction, as the purpoſe: there are others which for your encouragement, ought not to be omitted; and when you would prove the king the moſt abominable tyrant that ever people ſuffered under, yet you ſay he was beloved of ſome, and feared abroad: his judges you compared to the ſaints ſitting in judgment at the laſt day, and yet, by your own doctrine, they are more like bears and wolves, in ſetting by a commiſſion of force; their high court is a royal palace of the principles of freedom, and yet, till the people voluntary ſubmit to a government, (which they never did to that) they were but ſlaves. The parliament (you ſay) petitioned the king, as good ſubjects, and yet, immediately after, you make, them his lords, and himſelf ſervant; ſo they give him the honour of his own royal aſſent, and yet they often petitioned him for it. His trial you call moſt impartial, and yet cannot deny all his judges to be parties, and his profeſs'd enemies. But you hit pretty right, when you ſay he cauſed more proteſtant blood to be ſhed than ever was ſpilt either by *Rome*, heathen or antichriſtian; for grant that partly to be true, and confeſs as much proteſtant blood as ever was ſpilt by the heathen *Romans*, unleſs they could kill proteſtants eight hundred years before there were any in the world; which eloquent piece of nonſenſe we muſt impute to your ignorance in chronology, or confuſion of notion, which you pleaſe. Nor are thoſe riddles of contradiction only in your words, but in the whole courſe of your proceedings, for you never do the king any right, but where you do him the greateſt wrong; and are there only rational, where you are moſt inhuman; as in your additional accuſations, ſince his death, for there you undertake to prove ſomething, and give your reaſons (ſuch as they are) to make it appear, which were fair play, if you do not take an advantage too unreaſonable, to argue with the dead. But your other impeachments conſiſt only of generals, prove nothing; or intentions, which can never be proved; or your own forc'd conſtruction of actions, or what might have been actions, but never were; all which you only aggravate with impertinency and foul language, but never undertake to prove; and if we ſhould grant all you would ſay, and ſuppoſe you ſay it in ſenſe or order, it would ſerve you to no purpoſe, unleſs you have,

have, by proof or argument, applied it to him, which you never went about to do.

But if this were the worst, you might be born with, as a thing more becoming the contempt, than the anger of men; but who can preserve any patience, that does but think upon that prodigy of your injustice, as well as inhumanity, to accuse the king, after his death, of what your are ashamed to charge him with, when alive? For what you say concerning the death of king *James*, you will become the scorn of your own party, for they never used it farther than they found it of advantage to some design they had in hand; as when they would move the king to grant their propositions, they made it serve for an argument to him; if he would sign, he should be still their gracious king, if not, *he killed his father*. But when they found he would not be convinced with such logic, they laid it utterly aside, for (without doubt) they had not lost an advantage so useful as they might have made it in the charge, had they not known it would have cost them more impudence to maintain, than they should need to use in proceeding without it; but let us consider your student's might with which you first say you are satisfied, and yet after have it as a riddle. First, he was observed to hate the duke, but instantly, upon the death of king *James*, took him into his special grace and favour, of which you conceive this art must be the cause. Believe me, your conjecture is contrary to all experience, and the common manner of princes, who use to love the treason, but hate the traytor; and if he had been so politick a tyrant, as you would describe him, he would never believe his life safe, nor his kingdom his own, while any man lived, (much less his enemy, whom such a king would never trust) of whose gift and secrecy he held them both; nor is it likely that he, who would not spare the life of his father to gain a kingdom, should spare the life of his enemy to secure it. As for his dissolving the parliament, I believe not only all wise men, but all that ever heard of this, will acquit him, whether he did it to avoid the duke's impeachment, you cannot prove; but if you could, you must consider, that in such cases princes may as well protect their favourites from injury as justice, since no innocence can serve them, if they lie as open to the question, as they do to the envy of men.

But

But for the better satisfaction of those you appeal to, I shall add this: it is most certain, that this humour of innovation began to stir in the first parliament of this king, and grow to an itch in the commons for the alteration of government; to which end, they first resolved to pull down the chief instrument thereof, the duke of *Buckingham:* but having then no *Scotch* army, nor act of continuance, to assure their sitting, all the wit of malice could never invent more politick course than to impeach him, and put this article (true or false) into his charge; for thus they were not only sure of the affection of the people, who (out of the common fate of favourites) generally hated the duke, and are always pleased with the ruin of their superiors, but secured from the king's interposition, whom they believed, by this means, bound up from protecting the duke, (tho' he knew his innocency) left the envy and fury of all should fall upon himself; but the king who understood their meaning, and knew this was but in order to their further attempts, (which always begin with such sacrifices) suddenly dissolved the parliament, and, by his wisdom and policy, kept that calamity sixteen years after from the people, which the very same courses and fate of these unhappy times, have since brought upon them. But you have taken more pains to prove him guilty, since his death, of the rebellion in *Ireland*, altho' with as little reason or ingenuity, only you deal fairly in the beginning, and tell us what judgment and conscience we are to expect from you, when you say, as a ground of all your proofs, *If you meet a man running down stairs, with a bloody sword in his hand, and find a man stabbed in the chamber, tho' you did not see this man run into the body by that man which you met, yet if you were of the jury, you durst not but find him guilty of the murther.* I hope not, before you know whether the man killed were sent by the king to fetch the man you met, for then you may say it must be in his own defence: truly you are a subtle enquirer, but let us hear some of the clear proofs; first, *he durst never deny it absolutely*; besides the notorious falshood of that, it is most senseless to imagine, that he who had wickedness enough to commit so horrid an act, should have the innocent modesty not to deny it, when he durst not own it. He sent thanks to *Muskerry* and *Plunket*, by *Ormond*, which you are confident his height of spirit would never have done,

done, if he had not been as guilty as themſelves; and may not *Ormond*, that carried the thanks, be, by the ſame reaſon, as well proved guilty as the king? What's next, *If he had not been guilty, he would have made a thouſand declarations; and have ſent to all princes in the world for aſſiſtance againſt ſuch hell-hounds and blood-hounds*, &c. That was impoſſible to be done, without ſending to the Pope, and then you would have proved it clearly indeed. But the copy of his commiſſion to the *Iriſh* rebels, is in the hands of the parliament. 'Tis moſt certain they never believed it themſelves, elſe it had not been omitted in the charge. But now for an argument to the purpoſe; after the *Iriſh* were proclaimed traytors and rebels by the king, their general council made an oath to bear true and faithful allegiance to king *Charles*, and by all means to maintain his royal prerogative, againſt the puritans in the parliament of *England*; which they would never have done, unleſs he had commanded or conſented to the rebellion: but obſerve then what will follow; after the two houſes at *Weſtminſter* were proclaimed rebels and traytors by the king, they made a ſolemn covenant to defend his royal perſon, rights, and dignities, againſt all oppoſers whatſoever, and therefore by the ſame reaſon he did command or conſent to the war raiſed by the parliament againſt himſelf. But did they not ſay they had his commiſſion, and call themſelves the king and queen's armies? But then, you forgot who they were that ſaid ſo, hell-hounds, and blood-hounds, fiends and fire-brands, and bloody devils, not to be named without fire and brimſtone; do you think ſuch are not to be believed, (eſpecially when they ſpeak for their own advantage) rather than the people of God, the faithful of the land at *Weſtminſter*, who likewiſe, when they raiſed forces, ſaid, they did it for the king and parliament? can any man in his wits deny but the king is to be believed before either of theſe? and yet you cannot be perſwaded, but his offer to go in perſon to ſuppreſs the rebellion, was a deſign to return at the head of 20 or 30000 rebels to have deſtroyed this nation. That's very ſtrange! but firſt, how ſhall we believe what you ſay before, (to ſhew your breeding) never was bear ſo unwillingly brought to the ſtake, as he to declare againſt the rebels, if he offered to adventure his perſon to ſuppreſs them. When you made this agree in ſenſe, let us know how you can

ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe the ſame perſon, the wiſeſt king in chriſtendom, and yet ſo fooliſh to ſtudy his own deſtruction; for who could ſuffer ſo much in the ruin of this nation as himſelf? for his hindering the earl of *Leiceſter*'s going into *Ireland*, he had much more reaſon to do ſo, than the parliament had to hinder him; and therefore you may as well conclude them guilty, as him, of the rebellion.

That they ſold or exchanged, for arms and ammunition, the cloth and proviſions ſent by the parliament to the proteſtants in *Ireland*, you muſt either accuſe the parliament, which ſeized upon his arms firſt, and uſed them againſt him, or prove them above the law of nature, (which I believe you had rather do) that commands every man to defend himſelf. But the rebels in *Ireland* gave letters of mart for taking the parliament's ſhips, but freed the king's as their very good friends. I ſee you are not ſuch a wizzard at deſigns as you pretend to be; for if this be the deepeſt reach of your ſubtilty, had you been a ſenator in *Rome*, when *Hannibal* invaded *Italy*, and burnt all the country of the *Roman* dictator, you would have ſpared no longer to prove him confederate with the enemy. But I fear I may ſeem as vain as yourſelf in repeating your impertinencies. There is one argument that might have ſerved inſtead of all, to convince you of wickedneſs and folly in this buſineſs, and that is the ſilence of the charge, which (by your own rule, ought to be taken *pro confeſſo*) there was never any ſuch thing.

I will not trouble myſelf nor any body with your *French* legend, as being too inconſiderable to deſerve any ſerious notice, built only upon relations and hear-ſays, and proved with your own conjectures; which how far we are to credit from a man of ſo much biaſs and miſtakes, any of thoſe you appeal to ſhall determine; to whom I ſhall ſay but this, that you do but acknowledge the injuſtice of the ſentence, while you ſtrive to make it good with ſuch additions; for if you had not believed it very bad, you would never have taken ſo much pains to mend it: and I hope your high court will puniſh you for it, whoſe reputation your officious indiſcretion hath much impaired to no purpoſe: for tho' we ſhould grant all your additions to be true, as you would have it, it does not at all juſtify the king's death, ſince he did not die in relation to any thing there objected; and all you can poſſibly aim at by this pitiful argument, is but to prove him guilty, becauſe he

he was punished; for you can never prove him punished because he was guilty.

For your epilogue, I have so much charity to believe it (being of a different thread of language) none of your own; but either penn'd for you by your musty *Peters*, or else you writ short-hand very well to copy after the speech of his tongue. However you came by it, sure I am it could come from no body else; and having said so, I hope I shall need say no more; for I shall be loth to commit the sin of repeating any of it: but since 'tis but a frippery of common-places of pulpit railing, ill put together, that pretend only to passion, I am content you should use them yourself, and be allowed to say any thing with as little regard as if you wore your privilege: yet least you should grow so conceited as to believe yourself, I will take *Solomon's* advice, and answer you not in your own way of railing or falshood, but in doing some right to truth and the memory of the dead, which you have equally injured.

The Character of King CHARLES I.

THAT he was a prince of incomparable virtues his very enemies cannot deny, (only they were not for their purpose) and those so unblemished with any personal vice, that they were fain to abuse the security of his innocence, both to accuse and ruin him. His moderation (which he preserved equal in the extremity of both fortunes) they made a common disguise for their contrary impalations, as they had occasion to miscal it, either an easiness to be misled by others, or obstinacy to rule by his own will. This temper of his was so admirable, that neither the highest of temptations, adoration, and flattery, nor the lowest of misery, injuries, the insolency of fools, could move him. His constancy to his own virtues, was no mean cause of his undoing; for if he had not stated the principles of government upon unalterable right, but could have shifted his sails to catch the popular air when it grew high (as his enemies did) they had never undone him with empty pretendings to what he really meant. His wisdom and knowledge were of so noble a capacity, that nothing lay so much out of his reach as the profound wickedness of his enemies, which his own goodness would never give him leave to suspect, nor his experienc'd power to dis-

cover

cover; for they managed the whole course of his ruin, as they did the last act of it, in disguise; else so great a wit as his had never been circumvented by the treachery and cheat, rather than policy of ignorant persons. All he wanted of a king was, he knew not how to dissemble, unless concealing his own perfections were so; in which he only deceived his people, who knew not his great abilities, till their sins were punished with the loss of him. In his death, he not only out-did the high resolution of the ancient *Romans*, but the humble patience of the primitive martyrs; so far from the manner of tyrants, who use to wish all the world their funeral pile, that he employed the care of his last thoughts about the safety of his very enemies, and died not only consulting, but praying for the preservation of those whom he knew resolved to have none, but what was built upon their own destruction.

All this, and much more, the justice of posterity (when faction and concernment are removed) will acknowledge to be more true of him, than any of those slanders you (or the mad wickedness of this age) have thrown upon his memory, which shall then, like dung cast at the roots of trees, but make his name more flourishing and glorious; when all those monuments of infamy you have raised, shall become the trophies of his virtue, and your own shame. In the mean time, as your own conscience, or the expectation of divine vengeance, shall call upon you, you will see what you have done, and find there is no murder so horrid, as that which is committed with the sword of justice; nor any injustice so notorious, as that which takes advantage both of the first silence of the living, and that of the dead: in this last, you have been very sinful; and in accusing the dead, have not behaved yourself so like a saint at the day of judgment, as the devil, whose office is to be solicitor-general in such cases. I will not judge you, lest I should, do worse, imitate you. But certainly you will find it the worst kind of witchcraft, to raise the devil by sacrificing to your own malice, especially to so bad a purpose as you have done, that you might invade the judgment-seat of Christ, and usurp his jurisdiction before his coming, which you have presumed to do with more rudeness than *Hacket* used, and less formality in not sending your fore-runner to proclaim (in a turnip-cart) your coming to judgment. But the worst of all is, you seem to glory in your sins, and assert the martyr-

dom

dom of your wickedness, for having supposed a possibility you may fall by the hands of violence: you arm yourself with a forc'd resolution, which you may be confident you will never have need of; for you have no reason to think any man can believe you have deserved a violent death; no, you have deserved rather to live long; so long, till you see yourself become the controversy of wild beasts, and be fain to prove our scare-crow. Unless you shall think it just, that as you have been condemned out of your own mouth, so you shall fall by your own hand. Indeed there was not a hangman bad enough for *Judas*, but himself; and when you shall think fit to do yourself so much right, you shall be your own sooth-sayer, and fall by the hand of a *Ravillac*, to whom with more likeness compare yourself than to *Henry* the fourth, for you are no king. What *Ravillac* was, is very well known; what you are I leave to your own conscience.

A Proposal for the Farming Liberty of Conscience.

SINCE nothing can be dearer unto poor christians than *Liberty*, or the free exercise of their *Judgments* and *Consciences*, the pursuit of which happiness hath kindled that fire in the bowels of the three kingdoms, which all the precious blood that hath been shed, during the late troubles, hath not been able totally to extinguish: and since many of us, whose names are affixed, were so profitably instrumental in those late combustions, appears all long in our *sermons* before the honourable house of parliament, in the years 1642, 43, 44, 45, 46. in exciting the good people of this nation, to seek and maintain their *Christian Liberty*, against all *Prelatical* and *Antichristian Imposition* whatsoever. And considering that the little finger of apostasy from our first love, would be a greater burden upon our *tender consciences*, than the loins of episcopacy. We being more bound in honour than *conscience*, cannot totally desist; neither need any man fear, or so much as suspect, lest any inconvenience or alteration should happen in religion, by the great diversity of opinions, tongues, and languages, tolerated among us, unless in the great *Babel* of *episcopacy*, that may possibly be pulled down and destroyed by this our *notable confusion*; for, if the

the gospel was wonderfully spread abroad by every man's speaking in his own language, and the very enemies thereof astonished, and miraculously wrought into a belief of it; how it is likely to be now obstructed in the free exercise of our *spiritual gifts*, with these our *cloven* and *divided* tongues. And since many worthy persons, from whom we might little expect it, but far less deserve it, out of their goodness and clemency, are pleased to incline to some *liberty*, did not some persons, aliens and strangers to the *common-wealth* of *Israel*, take up a reproach against us, as persons reprobated into an unpossibility of submission to principles of *concord*, *peace*, *and order*, in church and state, never being able hitherto to come to any consistency amongst ourselves; the ark of God having for twenty years together, been exposed to by-ways, streets, and worse places, for want of an agreement amongst our own brethren where to rest it, or how to entertain it. If this be our case, and could we be sure of so much favour as *Saul* once desired of *Samuel*, that the bishops would but *honour* us before the people, we would in a private christian way, lay our hands upon our hearts, and acknowledge the hand of God, and the justice thereof, in turning us out of his vineyard, as wicked and *unprofitable servants*, and to suffer the iniquity of our heels to overtake us; crying out with the Rev. Mr *Calamy*, *the ark of God is justly departed from us*; but being not yet thus assured, do hope the people will yet believe these to be only bear-skins lapp'd about us by episcopal hands: and therefore, to the end that a *consistency*, and *oneness* of judgment of the whole separating brethren, and their moderation, may be known to all men, and that the world may know, that there is a spirit of rule and government resting in us;

IT *is humbly proposed that the sole power of granting licences and indulgences for* Liberty of Conscience, *within the kingdom of* England, *dominion of* Wales, *and town of* Berwick, *may be vested in the persons under-named, for the term of seven years, under the farm rent of an hundred thousand pounds* per Ann. *to commence from the twenty-fifth day of* March *next, under such rates and qualifications as are hereafter specified.*

The names of the grand commissioners and farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*; proposed on *Monday March* 2. 1662.

being

being the day of a private fast, kept by Mr *Calamy*, Mr *Baxter*, and others, at Mr *Beal*'s house, near my lord of *Ely*'s chapel, in *Holbourn*.

Mr *Edmund Calamy*.
Mr *Tilham*, late of *Colchester*.
Mr *Philip Nye*.
Mr *Feak*.
Mr *Stanley* of *Dorchester*.
George Fox, executor of the last will and testament of *James Naylor*, deceased.
Dr *Lazarus Seaman*.
Mr *Dell*, late of *Cambridge*.
Dr *Owen*.
Mr *Bryan*, late of *Coventry*.
Mr *Matthew Mead*.
Mr *John Coppin*.
Dr *Manton*.
Mr *Kiffen*.
The executor of Mr *Venner*, lately executed.
Mr *Thomas Case*.
Mr *Reynor*, late of *Lincoln*.
Mr *Ralph Venning*.
Mr *Rogers*.
Mr *Benn*, late of *Dorchester*.
Mr *George Griffith*, late of *Charter-house*.
The executor of *Hugh Peters*, lately exec
Mr *George Newton*, late of *Taunton*.
Mr *Daniel Dyke*, late of *Hertfordshire*.
Mr *William Jenkins*.
Mr *Fisher*, late of *Kent*.
Dr *Thomas Goodwin*.
Mr *Hammond*, late of *Newcastle*.
Mr *Peter Sterry*.
Mr *Bridges*, late of *Yarmouth*.
Mr *Joseph Carryll*.
Mr *Tombes*, late of *Lemster*.
Mr *Leigh*, late of *Lombard-street*.
Mr *Mayo*, late of *Kingston*.
Mr *Joshua Sprigg*.
Mr *Henry Jessey*.
Mr *Newcomen* of *Dedham* in *Essex*.
Dr *Tuckney* of *Cambridge*.
Dr *Cornelius Burges*.

Mr *Zachary Crofton.*
Dr *Holmes.*
Mr *John Cann.*
Mr *Thomas Brooks.*

That the persons aforesaid may be constituted *grand commissioners*, and farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, within the kingdom of *England*, dominion of *Wales*, and town of *Berwick*, and may be impowered to set up one publick office within the city of *London*, and to nominate and elect a convenient number of registers, clerks, and other officers: and for the more certainty of all *certificates* to be granted, as is hereafter appointed, the said *grand commissioners* and *farmers* may form a common seal to be known and called by the common name of *the publick seal of the grand commissioners and farmers of Liberty of Conscience*; engraven, *An ass without ears, braying*, with this motto encircled, *Stat pro ratione libertas:* and the said grand commissioners and farmers, or any twenty four of them in the said office assembled, may, from time to time, compound and agree for *Liberty of Conscience*, with any person or persons, under such rates and qualifications, as are hereafter specified.

That the said grand commissioners and farmers, or any twenty four of them, may constitute and appoint under the publick seal of the office, sub-commissioners, and other officers, for every county within the said kingdom, not exceeding the number of twelve, for each county, whereof seven to be a *Quorum*, who may compound and agree for *Liberty of Conscience*, with any person or persons, select congregations, cities, towns corporate, parishes, hamlets, and villages, by the great, or otherwise, within their respective counties not exceeding the rates hereafter mentioned.

Rates to be observed in all compositions for
Liberty of Conscience.

Per Annum.	*l.*	*s.*	*d.*
A *Presbyterian Minister.*	5	0	0
A ruling Elder.	4	0	0
A Deacon.	3	0	0
A Hearer, Male or Female, in Fellowship to all Ordinances.	2	0	0

A Com-

	l.	s.	d.
A Common Hearer only.	1	0	0
An Independent Paſtor.	5	0	0
A Teaching Elder.	4	0	0
A Helper in Government.	3	0	0
A Deacon.	3	0	0
A Hearer, Male or Female, in Fellowſhip to all Ordinances.	2	0	0
A Common Hearer only.	1	0	0
A Baptiſt, admitted to the Adminiſtration of all Ordinances.	5	0	0
A Preaching Aſſiſtant.	4	0	0
An Elder in Office.	3	0	0
A Deacon.	2	0	0
A Hearer, in Fellowſhip, Male or Female, to all Ordinances.	2	0	0
A common Hearer only.	1	0	0
A Fifth Monarcher, admitted to hold forth.	5	0	0
An Elder, under the ſame Adminiſtration.	3	0	0
A Deacon, under the ſame Adminiſtration.	3	0	0
A Hearer, Male or Female, in Fellowſhip, according to the value of his or her eſtate, 2 *s.* per *l.* per annum.			
A common Hearer, Male or Female, in Fellowſhip according to the value of his or her eſtate, 12 *d.* per *l.* per Annum.			
A Speaking Male Quaker.	4	0	0
A Speaking Female Quaker.	3	0	0
A Common Quaker, Male or Female.	2	0	0
A Confeſſor,	6	0	0
A Seminary of Maſs-Prieſts at large.	5	0	0
A Private Maſs-Prieſt.	4	0	0
A Roman Catholick in any other Order.	3	0	0
A Roman Catholick, not in Order, Male or Female.	1	0	0
An Officer under any Adminiſtration not mentioned in the rates aforeſaid, being a Native of England, *ſuch only excepted as ſtand conformable to the Church of* England.	5	0	0
A common Perſon under any Adminiſtration not mentioned in the rates aforeſaid, being a Native of England, *ſuch only excepted as ſtand conformable to the Church of* England.	2	0	0

	l.	s.	d.
An Officer, under any Administration whatsoever, not a Native of England, *except conformable to the Church of* England. - - -	10	0	0
A private Person under any Administration whatsoever, not a Native of England, *except conformable to the Church of* England. -	5	0	0

Rates to be observed, in Compounding for *Liberty of Conscience*, in the particulars following, *viz.*

	l.	s.	d.
FOR *Liberty to assert the Pope's Supremacy.* -	10	0	0
For Liberty to Write, Speak, or Preach, against the Government, as they shall be inwardly moved. - - - - - - - - - -	5	0	0
For Liberty to keep on their Hats before Magistrates, or in Courts of Judicature. - - -	2	0	0
For Liberty to rail publickly against the Bishops and Common-Prayer. - - - - - - - -	1	0	0
For Liberty to refuse all manner of Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, or in Cases Civil or Criminal. - - - - - - - - - - - - -	2	0	0
For Liberty to deny Tythes, and other Church-Dues . - - - - - - - - - - - -	1	0	0
For Liberty to expound the Revelations, *and the Book of* Daniel. - - - - - - - - -	1	0	0
For Liberty to disturb any Congregation after Sermon. - - - - - - - - - - - -	0	10	0
For Liberty to assert the Solemn League and Covenant. - - - - - - - - - - - - -	1	5	0
For Liberty to instruct Youth in the short Catechism, set forth by the Assembly of Divines. - - - - - - - - - - - - - -	0	10	0

That any person or persons, gifted for any the particulars abovesaid, may have liberty therein, either as an *Itinerant*, in private or publick, at the rates abovesaid.

That no person or persons be admitted to compound for *Liberty of Conscience*, until he, or they, have first taken, and subscribed to the solemn Protestation following, before the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, or their Sub-Commissioners respectively.

I A. B, *do here solemnly protest, that I judge myself still bound by the Solemn League and Covenant, by the en-*

gagement

gagement, by private church-covenant, or by any other oath which I have taken ever since the year 1641. *And that, so far as with safety to my person and estate I may, I will endeavour the utter extirpation of episcopacy; and, to the utmost of my power, will abet and promote all schism, faction, and discord, both in church and state, according to the best form and manner, prescribed and laid open in the sermons of many of the grand commissioners and farmers, before the parliament, appointed to be printed, and now called the homilies of the separated churches. And that I will never, by what conviction of authority soever, whether legal or episcopal, ever consent to the established doctrine and discipline of the church of* England.

And I do likewise believe, that liberty of conscience was a mysterious, yet profitable talent, committed to the churches, and that it may be lawfully farmed out for advantage and improvement.

That no person, withing the kingdom of *England*, dominion of *Wales*, or town of *Berwick*, may, from, and after, the twenty-fifth day of *March* next, use or exercise any manner of *Liberty of Conscience*, except persons standing conformable to the church of *England*; until such person or persons shall first take the solemn protestation, and shall compound with the said grand commissioners and farmers, for *Liberty of Conscience*, nor shall he be admitted or permitted to be a *speaker* or *hearer*, in any meetings or assemblies whatsoever.

That the said grand commissioners and farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, may have power to constitute, under the publick seal of the said office, a convenient number of *spiritual gangers*, who may have and exercise all such powers, privileges, and authorities, as the *gaugers* for excise of beer and ale have, or ought to have and enjoy, and, may at any time, in case of suspicion, enter into any house or place, publick or private, to *gauge* and *try* the *spirits* and *affections* of any person or persons; and by *praying*, *preaching*, or other good *exhortation*, dissuade from *episcopacy*, and the *common-prayer*, the better to fit and prepare them to compound for *Liberty of Conscience*.

That the said *grand commissioners* and *farmers* of *Liberty of Conscience*, may have power to fine any person or persons, (not exceeding the sum of twenty pounds for every offence) who shall, after composition for *Liberty of Conscience*

Conscience, and subscribing the *solemn protestation*, be present in any church or chapel, within the kingdom of *England*, dominion of *Wales*, and town of *Berwick*, in the time of any part of divine service, *unless at the funeral of his father*, or some other like occasion, or shall either respond, be uncovered, or carry himself reverently in the time of divine service aforesaid.

That the said grand commissioners and farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, or any twenty-four of them, assembled at the office aforesaid, may have and exercise a *jurisdiction of appeal*, in all matters relating to *Liberty of Conscience*, within the said kingdom of *England*, and shall have a conclusive power, in all matters brought before them, by way of appeal as aforesaid.

That for the better management of all such matters as shall be brought judicially before the said grand commissioners and farmers of *Liberty of conscience*, by way of appeal, the said grand commissioners and farmers shall have power to constitute and appoint Mr *Oliver St John*, and such others as they judge fit for their said service, to be standing-council with the said grand commissioners and farmers: and the said Mr *Oliver St John*, being so constituted and appointed under the publick seal of the said office, shall, and may, be exempted and discharged from being in any publick office, or place of trust or profit, for the said term of seven years, any thing to the contrary notwithstanding.

That if any person or persons shall happen to be proceeded against, in any of the *ecclesiastical courts* of the bishops of this kingdom, for *contumacy*, for *non-conformity*, for *non-payment of tythes*, and other church dues, for *publick railing against the bishops*, and *common-prayer*, or the *government of the church of England*, or shall speak *opprobriously* or *scandalously* against the *doctrine* or *discipline* thereof, as *antichristian*, or shall maintain any positions or doctrine contrary thereunto; every such person producing a certificate from the said grand commissioners and farmers under the publick seal of the said office, that such person or persons are under composition for *Liberty of Conscience*, shall actually be discharged, and all further proceedings stayed; any thing to the contrary notwithstanding.

That if any persons shall happen to be indicted, or criminally proceeded against, in any of his majesty's courts

at *Westminster*, or elsewhere, within the kingdom of *England*, either for *treasonable speeches*, or *practices*, *for* publick *railing* at the government, or for *scandalous words* against either or both houses of parliament, or for transgressing any of the penal laws and statutes of this kingdom, every such person or persons, producing a certificate from the said grand commissioners and farmers, under the publick seal of the said office, that such person or persons are under composition for *Liberty of Conscience*; and that such words or practices were not spoken or acted *malitiosè*, but were only the natural and proper effects and product of *Liberty of Conscience*, shall be discharged, and all further proceedings stayed; any thing to the contrary notwithstanding.

That the said grand commissioners and farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, may have power from time to time, to ordain *pastors*, *elders*, and *deacons*, or any other officers, under any administration whatsoever, by the laying on of the publick seal of the office: Which said imposition of the said publick seal being received with a certificate, shall be as lawful an ordination, as if every such person had received imposition from the hands of the *presbytery*; any late usage or custom to the contrary notwithstanding.

That the said grand commissioners and farmers may have power, from time to time, to set apart days of publick fastings and humiliation, and thanksgiving; on which day it may be lawful for any person or persons appointed to officiate before the said grand commissioners and farmers, to stir up the people to a holy indignation against themselves, for having, by their want of zeal and brotherly kindness one towards another, lost many *precious enjoyments*; and above all, the never-to-be-forgotten loss of the late *power* and *dominion*, which, with the expence of so much *blood* and *rapine*, was put into the hands of the saints. And to take up for a lamentation, and great thoughts of heart, the divisions of *Reuben*, that having our sacks full, such an evil spirit should be found in the midst of us, as to fall out by the way; might it have been with those that abode by the stuff, as with those that went out to the battle, it had not been with us at this day. Some starting aside, like a broken bow, in the year 48, others continue to bear the burden and heat of the day until 60, being harnessed, did then turn their backs in the day of battle: as was most sweetly handled at the fast

faſt kept yeſterday, at Mr *Beal's*, by Mr *Calamy*, Mr *Baxter*, and others.

That the twentieth day of *April* next, commonly called *Eaſter monday*, be kept as a day of ſolemn faſting and humiliation, for a bleſſing upon theſe *goſpel-undertakings*; and that Mr *Edmund Calamy*, Mr *Peter Sterry*, Dr *Lazarus Seaman*, and Mr *Feake*, be deſired to carry on the work of the day in prayer and preaching, before the ſaid grand farmers; and that the particulars following be recommended to their conſideration in the work of the day.

1. To bewail,
   1. *All our Court Sins.*
   2. *Our Biſhops Sins.*
   3. *Our Monks Sins.*
   4. *Our Common-Prayer Sins.*

2. To divert,
   1. Weſtminſter-Hall *Judgments.*
   2. *Our* Old-Bailey *Judgments.*
   3. *Our* Tower-Hill *Judgments.*
   4. *Our* Charing-Croſs *Judgments.*
   5. *Our* Tyburn *Judgments.*

Laſtly, for deliverance from the hand of *Dun*, that uncircumciſed *Philiſtine*.

That the ſaid grand commiſſioners and farmers of *Liberty of Conſcience*, may have power to build churches and chaples in any place or places, except upon ſuch ground where churches or chapels do already ſtand, in regard of the inconveniences of ſetting up *altar againſt altar*: And foraſmuch as the cuſtom of reading ſome part of the holy bible before ſermon, commonly called firſt and ſecond leſſons, hath been found fruitleſs, that therefore the ſaid grand commiſſioners and farmers, may have power to appoint inſtead thereof, the *annual* reading of thoſe *ſermons* preached by many of the ſaid grand commiſſioners and farmers, before the *parliament*, upon ſpecial occaſions of thankſgiving and humiliation, from the year 1641, to the year 1648, which ſaid *ſermons* may be called, *the homilies of the ſeparating churches.*

That the ſaid grand commiſſioners and farmers may have power to require Mr *Gilbert Millington*, and Mr *Luke Robinſon*, the lame evangeliſt, to deliver up all ſuch articles, orders, books, papers, and other writings, as

were transacted before the late committee for plundered ministers; and likewise, all such as were passed and transacted before Mr *Philip Ney*, and some others of the now grand commissioners and farmers, and heretofore called *commissioners*, or, *spiritual tryers*, to the end the said articles, orders, books, and other papers, may be printed and published, and may be kept at the said office upon record for ever, and appointed to be the book of canons of the separated churches.

All this being done, we may, upon *scripture grounds*, expect, that the door of hope may yet be open to us, and our children after us, to see the travail of our souls, and to set us into the promised land, and to reap some of those clusters of the grapes of *Canaan*, which, with so much labour and toil of body and mind, were planted, especially in the years of 1641, 42, 43, 44, 45. by many of us, and other *precious* saints and ministers of the gospel, who are since fallen asleep, and have, we hope, reaped the fruits of those labours, the Lord having in that day put a mighty spirit into us, and set us as watchmen upon the towers of *Israel* to cry mightily, *Curse ye Meroz, curse ye bitterly*. Grant that those *heart-breaking labours* of ours, those *king-destroying labours*, *those kingdom-ruining labours*, those *gospel scandalizing labours*, those *church-subverting labours*, those *soul-confounding labours* of ours, may never be forgotten, but may be written, as with the point of a diamond, upon the heart of the *king*, upon the hearts of the *bishops*, upon the heart of the *parliament*, and upon the hearts of all the *people*, from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, that so in God's good time, we may receive our reward seven-fold into our own bosoms, and that the generations to come, may hear and fear, and do no more so wickedly. So prays

S. BUTLER.

The Round-Heads Resolution.

WHEREAS we are, through our great *ignorance* and *obstinacy*, grown to a most *seditious* and *malignant head*, and the horns of that head (tho' of a main length) not able to support our *arrogant faction*, as appears by our last being soundly slashed and bastinadoed, by a mad crew called the *Cavaliers*; and whereas a great part of

of us have shut up our shops, because we could no longer keep them open; which kind of shutting up, proceedeth commonly from our vast expence in *white-broths*, *custards*, and other *luxurious dishes*, provided for the edification one of another. And whereas the multitude, called *true protestants*, endeavour to hold up bishops, to maintain good order, discipline, and orthodox preaching in the *church*; *learning* and *arts* in the *universities*, and *peace* in the *commonwealth*; in which is nothing but *idolatry*, *superstition*, *profaneness*, and *plain popery*: and further, whereas we (who are nothing properly but *Round-Heads* and *Fanaticks*) are in a most scandalous manner termed *holy brethren*, the *zealots of the land*, and which in sincerity we never were or ever will be.

And forasmuch likewise as the prophane world of *true protestants*, are a stiff-necked generation, and will not yield unto us the preheminence of *doctrine* and *religion*, notwithstanding the many senseless two hours of those *spiritual trumpets* of our faction, the sanctified *clergy-lecturers*, or of our more divine lectures of our supreme *she-lecturers*, whose bowels do even yearn for the getting in of the saints unto us, and have, as it were, even a zealous lusting after us.

And forasmuch as the *religion* professed by us, is the purest and most decent, as appears by the great love and community betwixt the brethren and the sisters, the conveniency of the *woods*, *saw-pits*, and *dark places*, the putting out *lights*, and defying those *tapers of iniquity*, which cause us to behold our own *wicked deeds*, the goodly bigness of the ear, with the shortness of the hair, which hindereth not the sound of the shepherd's voice, but easily heareth them call to a great feast, amongst the rich saints; the length and sharpness of the nose, which not only smelleth the sweet savours of the holy *plumb-broth*, but also promiseth an eager appetite to some good work towards the *younger sisters*; the roundness of the band, the length of the doublet, and the shortness of the *breeches*, being a habit correspondent to the pictures of the apostles in the *Geneva* print; the mightiness of our *faith*, which is able to remove a church into a wood; the transparency of our *charity*, that is so invisible, that neither the right hand nor the left ever knew it; the multitude of our *good works* which no man living can number, the godly works of our tautological prayers, and the zeal thereof, which

brings us even to divine consumption, whereby we look like the prodigal son at his return home, or the priests in the Arras; the defying of all fathers, bishops, and doctors, conformable persons, canonical robes, ecclesiastical gestures, and utensils, all learning, liberal arts and degrees, as the rags of superstition, the dregs of popery, are abominable in the goggle eyes of a right *Round-Head*; and yet this *simple innocent* profession is scorned and baffled, and by whom, but by *scholars*, and such as profess learning? which is no more necessary to religion, than a publick church (which verily) is but a den of thieves when we are absent.

All which grievances do stand with much reason, and therefore are utterly against our *tender consciences*, and never were allowed by any synod of *More-fields* or *Westminster*.

That therefore which we do now resolve to maintain, and desire to have confirmed, and never be altered (till some new toy tickles us in the *pericranium*, which will be very shortly) is,

1. That our religion, tenets, and manners, beforementioned, be established and maintained against all *reason*, *learning*, *divinity*, *order*, *discipline*, *morality*, *piety*, or *humanity*, whatsoever.

2. That the very name of *bishops*, shall be a sufficient *jury* and *judge*, to condemn any of them, without any further evidence or circumstance.

3. That if any man whatsoever, having knowledge in the *Latin tongue* (being a popish language) shall presume to think he can save a soul by preaching, he shall be *excommunicated* both in this world and in the world to come; unless it be some certain *lecturers*, of whose approved *railing* and *ignorance* we are well assured, and have known to stand *six-hours* on a fasting day

4. That the *Felt-maker* and the *Cobler*, two innocent *cuckolds*, may be instituted *primates* and *metropolitans* of the two *arch-provinces*, and the rest of the *sect* preserved, according to their imbecilities of spirit, to such *bishopricks* and other livings, as will competently serve to procure fat poultry, for the filling of their insatiate stomachs, in which regard, church-livings had more need to be increased, than diminished.

5. That no man whatsoever, who bears the name of *Cavalier*, may be capable of making any of the brethren

a *cuckold*

a *cuckold*, unless he cut his hair, and alter his profession; but he excluded from the *conventicles*, as the king's friend, and a reprobate.

6. Lastly, That there be two whole days set a part to fast and pray for the confusion of all that are not thus resolved.

The Assembly-Man.

AN *Assembler* is part of the *state*'s chattels: not *priest*, nor *burgess*, but a *participle* that sharks upon both. He was chosen, as Sir *Nathaniel*, because he knew least of all his profession: not by the votes of a whole diocese, but by one whole parliament-man. He has set four years *towards* a new religion, but in the interim left none at all: as his masters, the *commons*, had a long debate, *whether candles or no candles*, but all the mean while they sat still in the dark: and therefore when the moon quits her old light, and has acquired no new, astronomers say she is in her *synodes*; shew me such a picture of *Judas* as the *assembler* (a griping, false, reforming brother, rails at waste spent upon the *anointed*, persecutes most those hands which *ordained* him, brings in *men with swords and staves*; and all for money from the honourable *Scribes* and *Pharisees*,) one touch more (a line tied to his name-sake *Elder-Tree*) had made him *Judas*, root and branch. This *Assembly* at first was a full century, which should be reckoned as the scholiast's *hecatomb*, by their feet, not heads; or count them by scores, for in things without heads six-score go to an hundred, they would be a new septuagint; the old translated scripture out of *hebrew* into *greek*, these turn into four shillings a day. And these assemblers were begot in one day, as *Hercules*'s fifty bastards all in one night. Their first list was sprinkled with some names of honour, (Dr *Sanderson*, Dr *Morley*, Dr *Hammond*, *&c.*) but these were divines, too worthy to mix with such scandalous ministers, and would not assemble, without the royal call. Nay, the first list had one archbishop, one bishop, and an half, (for bishop *Brownrigg* was then but elect). But now their assembly (as philosophers think the world) consists of *atoms*, petty small *Levites*, whose parts are not perceptible. And yet these inferior postern teachers have in-

toxicated *England* (for a man sometimes grows drunk by a clyster). When they all meet, they shew beasts in *Africk*, and by promiscuous coupling engender monsters. Mr *Selden* visits them as *Persians* use to see wild asses fight: when the commons have tired him with their new law, these brethren refresh him with their mad gospel: they lately were gravell'd betwixt *Jerusalem* and *Jericho*, they knew not the distance betwixt those two places; one cried twenty miles, another ten, it was concluded seven for this reason, that fish was brought from *Jericho* to *Jerusalem* market: Mr *Selden* smiled and said, perhaps the fish was salt-fish; and so stopped their mouths. Earl *Philip* goes thither to hear them *spend*; when he heard them toss their national, provincial, classical, congregational; he swore damnably, that a pack of good dogs made better musick: his allusion was proper, since the elder's maid had a four-legged husband. To speak truth, this assembly is the two houses tiring-room, where the lords and the commons put on their vizors and masks of religion. And their honours have so sifted the church, that at last they have found the bran of the clergy: yet such poor church-menders must reform and shuffle, tho' they find church-government may a thousand ways be changed for the worse, but not one way for the better. These have lately published annotations on the Bible, where their first note (on the word CREATE) is a libel against kings, for creating of honours. Their annotation of *Jacob*'s two kids, is, that two kids are too much for one man's supper: but he had (say they) but one kid, and the other made sauce. They observe upon *Herod*, what a tyrant he was, to kill infants under two years old, without giving them legal tryal, that they might speak for themselves. Commonly they follow the *Geneva* margin, as those seamen who understood not the compass crept along the shore. But I hear they threaten a second edition, and in the interim thrust forth a paultry catechism, which expounds nine commandments, and eleven articles of the creed. Of late they are much in love with chronograms, because (if possible) they are duller than *Anagrams*; O how they have torn the poor bishops names to pick out the number 666! little dreaming that a whole baker's dozen of their own assembly have that beastly number in each of their names, and that as exactly as their solemn league and covenant consists of 666 words. But tho' the

assembly's

assembler's brains are lead, his countenance is brass; for he damned such as held two benefices, while himself has four or five, besides his concubine lecture. He is not against pluralities, but dualities; he says it is unlawful to have two of his own, tho' four of other mens; and observes how the *Hebrew* word for *life* has no singular number. Yet it is some relief to a sequestred person to see two assemblers snarl for his tithes; for of all kind of beasts none can match an assembler but an assembler. He never enters a church by the door, but clambers up through a window of sequestration, or steals in through vaults and cellars, by clandestine contracts with an expecting patron. He is most sure no law can hurt him, for laws died in *England* the year before the assembler was born. The best way to hold him is (as our king *Richard* bound the king of *Cyprus*) in silver chains. He loves to discourse of the new *Jerusalem*, because her streets are of fine gold; and yet could like *London* as well, were *Cheapside* paved with the philosopher's stone. Nay, he would say his prayers with beads, if he might have a sett made of all diamonds: this, this is it which tempts him to such mad articles against the loyal clergy, whom he dresses as he would have them appear, just as the ballad of Dr *Faustus* brings forth the devil, in a friar's weed. He accused one minister for saying, the blessed virgin was the mother of God (Θεοτόκος, as the ancients call her). Another he charged for a common drunkard, whom all the country knows has drunk nothing but water these twenty-six years. But the assembler himself can drink widows tears, tho' their husbands are not dead. Sure if *Paracelsus*'s doctrine were true, (that to eat creatures alive will perpetuate man's life) the assembler were immortal, for he swallows quick men, wives, and children, and devours lives as well as livings; as if he were born in that pagan province where none might marry till he hath killed twelve christians. This makes him kneel to lieutenant-general *Cromwell* (as *Indians* to the devil) for he saw how *Oliver* first threw . . . . , then . . . . and can with a wink do as much for . . . . : like *Milo* in the *Olympicks*, by practising on a calf grew strong enough for a bull, and could with ease give a lift to an ass. The great *Turk* was sending his ambassador, to congratulate the assemblies proceedings against the christians; he ordered them thanks for licensing his *Alcoran* to be printed in *English*; but hearing *Otto-*

man Cromwell had talked of marching to the walls of *Constantinople*, that embassy was stopt. The only difference betwixt the assembler and a *Turk* is, that one plants religion by the power of the sword, and the other by the power of the symeter. Nay, the greatest strife in their whole conventicle, is, who shall do worst; for they all intend to make the church but a sepulchre, having not only plundered but anatomised all the true clergy; whose torment is heightened in being destroyed by such dull instruments; as the prophet *Isaiah* was sawn to pieces with a wooden saw. The assembler wonders that the king and his friends live still in hope; he thinks them all in St *Clement*'s case, drowned with an anchor tied about his neck. He has now got power to visit the universities, where these blinking visitors look on eminent scholars (as the blind man who saw men like trees) as timber growing within the root-and-branch ordinance. The assembler has now left scholars so poor, they have scarce rags wherewith to make paper. A man would think the two houses intend to transport the universities, since they load asses with college-revenues. For tho' these assemblers made themselves heads, they are rather hands of colleges, for they all are takers, and take all. And yet they are such creeping tyrants, that scholars are expelled the two universities, as the old *Thracians*, forced from their country by rats and mice. So that learning now is so much advanced, as *Arrowsmith*'s glass-eye sees more than his natural. They never admit a good scholar to a benefice, for the assembly's balance is the lake of *Sodom*, where iron swims and feathers sink. Their divinity-disputations are with women or lay-men; and 'tis only on one question (episcopacy) where the assembler talks all that he and his friends can say, (tho' his best *medium* to prove presbyters more ancient than bishops, is, that *Scribes*, *Pharisees*, *Priests*, and *Elders* were before the apostles;) yet if a scholar or good argument comes, he flies them as much as if they were his text. This made him curse Dr *Steward*, Dr *Lancy*, and Dr *Hammond*; and had he not had more brass in his face than in his kitchin, he had hanged himself at *Uxbridge*, and ended with that treaty. For he has nought of logick, but her clutched fist, and rails at philosophy as beggars do at gentlemen. He has very bad luck when he deals in philology, as one of them (and that no mean man) who in his preface to the reader, says, that

that St *Paul* had read *Euſtathius* upon *Homer*, tho' the apoſtle died a thouſand years before *Euſtathius* was born. The aſſembler's diet is ſtrangely different, for he dines wretchedly on dry bread at *Weſtminſter*, four aſſemblers for thirteen pence: but this ſharpens and whets him for ſupper, where he feeds *gratis* with his city-landlord, to whom he brings a huge ſtomach, and news; for which cramm'd capons cram him. He ſcrews into families where is ſome rich daughter or heir; but whoever takes him into their boſom will die like *Cleopatra*. When it rains he is coached (a claſſis of them together) rolling his eyes to mark who beholds him. His ſhorteſt things are his hair and his cloak. His hair is cut to the figure of 3, two high cliffs run up his temples, whoſe cap of ſhorn hair ſhoots down his forehead, with creeks indented, where his ears ride at anchor. Had this falſe prophet been carried with *Habbakuk*, the angel had caught faſt hold of his ears, and led him as he leads his auditory. His eyes are part of his tythe at *Eaſter*, which he boils at each ſermon. He has two mouths, his noſe is one, for he ſpeaks through both. His hands are not in his gloves, but his gloves in his hands, for betwixt ſweatings, that is, ſermons, he handles little elſe, except his dear mammon. His gown (I mean his cloak) reaches but his pockets: when he rides in that mantle, with a hood on his ſhoulders, and a hat above both, is he not then his own man of ſin with the triple crown? you would ſwear ſome honeſt carpenter dreſſed him, and made him the tunnel of a country chimney. His doublet and hoſe are of dark blue, a grain deeper than pure *Coventry*: but of late he is in black, ſince the loyal clergy were perſecuted into colours. His two longeſt things are his nails and his prayers. But the cleaneſt thing about him is his pulpit cuſhion, for he ſtill beats the duſt out of it. To do him right, commonly he wears a pair of good lungs, whereby he turns the church into a belfry, for his clapper makes ſuch a din, you cannot hear the cymbal for the tinkling. If this pulpit be large he walks his round, and ſpeaks as from a garriſon, (his own neck is paliſadoed with a ruff) when he firſt enters his prayer before ſermon, he winks and gaſps, and gaſps and winks, as if he prepared to preach in another world, he ſeems in a ſlumber, then in a dream, then rumbles a while, at laſt ſounds forth, and then throws ſo much dirt and nonſenſe towards

wards heaven, as he durst not offer to a member of parliament. Now because scripture bids him not curse the king in his thought, he does it in his pulpit, by word of mouth; tho' heaven strike him dumb in the very act, as it did *Hill* at *Cambridge*, who, while he prayed, *depose him, O Lord, who would depose us*, was made the dumb devil. This (one would think) should gargle his foul mouth. For his only hope why God should hear him against the king, is, the devil himself (that great assembler) was heard against *Job*. His whole prayer is such an irrational bleating, that (without a metaphor) 'tis the calves of his lips: and commonly 'tis larded with fine new words as Savingable, Muchly, Christ-Jesusness, *&c.* and yet he has the face to preach against prayer in an unknown tongue. Sometimes he is foundred, and then there is such hideous coughing: but that is very seldom, for he can gibbly run over nonsense, as an empty cart trundles down a hill. When the king girt round the earl of *Essex* at *Lestythiel*, an assembler complained, that *God had drawn his people into the wilderness*, and told him, *he was bound in honour to feed them; for, Lord*, said he, *since thou givest them no meat, we pray thee, O Lord, give them no stomachs*. He tore the liturgy, because, forsooth, it shackled his spirit, (he would be a devil without a circle); and now if he see the book of common prayer, the fire sees it next, as sure as those bishops were burned who compiled it. Yet he has mercy on *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, because their metres are sung without authority (no statute, canon, or injunction at all) only like himself, first crept into private houses, and then into churches. Mr *Rouse* moved those matters might be sequestred, and his own new rhymes to enjoy the sequestration; but was refused, because *John Hopkins* was as ancient as *John Calvin*; besides, when *Rouse* stood forth for his trial, *Robin Wisdom* was found the better poet. 'Tis true, they have a directory, but 'tis good for nothing but *Adoniram*, who sold the original for 400 *l.* And the book must serve both *England* and *Scotland*, as the directory needle points *North* and *South*. The assembler's only ingenuity is, that he prays for an extempore spirit, since his conscience tells him he has no learning. His prayer thus ended, he then looks round, to observe the sex of his congregation, and accordingly turns the apostles men, fathers, and brethren, into dear brethren and sisters.

ſters. For his uſual auditory is moſt part female; and as many ſifters flock to him, as at *Paris* on ſaint *Margaret*'s day, when all come to church that are, or hope to be with child that year. He divides his text as he did the kingdom, makes one part fight againſt another: or as *Burgeſs* divides the dean of *Paul*'s houſe, not into parts but tenements; that is, ſo as it will yield moſt money. And properly they are tenements; for each part muſt be dwelt upon, tho' himſelf comes near it but once a quarter; and ſo his text is rather let out than divided. Yet ſometimes (to ſhew his ſkill in *Keckerman*) he butchers a text, cuts it (juſt as the *Levite* did his concubine) into many dead parts, breaking the ſenſe and words all to pieces, and then they are not divided, but ſhattered, like the ſplinters of *Don Quixot*'s launce. If his text be to the occaſion, his firſt diſh is apples of gold, in pictures of ſilver; yet tells not the people what pictures thoſe were. His ſermon and prayer grin at each other, the one is preſbyterian, the other independent, for he preaches up the claſſes, yet prays for the army. Let his doctrine and reaſon be what they will, his uſe is ſtill to ſave his benefice and augment his lecture. He talks much of truth, but abhors peace, leſt it ſtrip him as naked as truth; and therefore hates a perſonal treaty, unleſs with a ſiſter. He has a rare ſimpering way of expreſſion, he calls a married couple, ſaints that enjoy the myſtery; and a man drunk, is a brother full of the creature. Yet at wedding-ſermons he is very familiar, and (like that picture in the church at *Leyden*) ſhews *Adam* and *Eve* without fig-leaves. At funerals he gives infallible ſigns that the party is gone to heaven; but his chief mark of a child of God, is, to be good to God's miniſters. And hence it is he calls his preachment *manna*, fitted not to his hearers neceſſity but their palates; for 'tis to feed himſelf, not them. If he chance to tire, he refreſhes himſelf with the peoples hum, as a collar of bells chear up a pack-horſe. 'Tis no wonder he will preach, but that any will hear him, (and his conſtant auditors do but ſhew the length of their ears;) for he is ſuch Αβελτεροκόκκυξ, that to hear him makes good ſcholars ſick, but to read him is death. Yet tho' you hear him three hours, he will aſk a fourth, as the beggar at *Delft* craves your charity becauſe he eats four pound of bread at a meal. 'Twas from his larum the *Watchmakers* learned their infinite ſcrew. His glaſs and text

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are equally handled, that is, once an hour: nay, ſome times he ſallies and never returns, and then we ſhould leave him to the company of *Lorimers* for he muſt be held with bit and bridle. Whoever once has been at his church can never doubt the hiſtory of *Balaam*. If he have got any new tale or expreſſion, 'tis eaſier to make ſtones ſpeak than him to hold his peace. He hates a church where there is an *eccho*, for it robs him of his dear repetition, and confounds the auditory as well as he. But of all mortals I admire the ſhort-hand-men, who have the patience to write from his mouth: had they the art to ſhorten it into ſenſe, they might write his whole ſermon on the back of their nail; for his invention conſiſts in finding a way to ſpeak nothing upon any thing; and were he in the *Grand Seignior*'s power, he would lodge him with his mutes; for nothing, and nothing to purpoſe, are all one. I wonder in conſcience he can preach againſt ſleeping at his *Opium*-ſermons. He preaches indeed both in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon; for he rails at popery, when the land is almoſt loſt in preſbytery; and would cry out fire, fire, in *Noah's Flood*. Yet all this he ſo acts with his hands, that in this ſenſe too his preaching is an handicraft. Nor can we complain that plays are put down while he can preach; ſave only his ſermons have worſe ſenſe and leſs truth. But he blew down the ſtage and preached up the ſcaffold. And very wiſely, leſt men ſhould track him, and find where he pilfers all his beſt ſimilies (the only thing wherein he is commendable, St *Paul* himſelf having culled ſentences from *Menander's Thais*, tho' it was his worſt, that is, unchaſt comedy). Sometimes the aſſembler will venture at the original, and then (with the tranſlator of *Don Quixot*) he miſtakes ſobs and ſighs for eggs and collops. But commonly (for want of *Greek* and *Latin*) he learns *Hebrew*, and ſtreight is illuminated, that is, mad; his brain is broke by a brickbat caſt from the tower of *Babel*, and yet this empty windy teacher has lectured a war quite round the kingdom: he has found a circulation of blood for deſtruction (as famous *Harvey* for preſervation) of mankind. 'Twas eaſy to foreſee a great mortality, when ravens were heard in all corporations: for, as multitude of frogs preſage a peſtilence, ſo croaking lecturers foretold an aſſembly. Men come to church as the great *Alexander* went to ſacrifice, led by crows. You have ſeen a ſmall elder-tree grow in chinks and clefts of

church-walls, it ſeems rather a weed than a tree; which, lend it growth, makes a rent in the wall, and throws down the church. Is not this the aſſembler; grown from ſchiſms, (which himſelf begot) and, if permitted, will make the church but a floor or church-yard. Yet, for all this, he will be called Chriſt's miniſter and ſaint, as the rebels againſt king *John* were the army of God. Sure when they meet they cannot but ſmile, for the dulleſt amongſt them needs muſt know that they all cheat the people; ſuch groſs, low, impoſtors, that we die the death of the emperor *Claudius*, poiſoned by muſhrooms. The old hereticks had ſkill and learning, (ſome excuſe for a ſeduced church) thoſe were ſcholars, but theſe aſſemblers; whoſe very brains (as *Manichæus*'s ſkin) are ſtuffed with chaff. For they ſtudy little, and preach much, ever ſick of a diabetes: nor do they read, but weed authors, picking up cheap and refuſe notes, that, with *Caligula*, they gather cockle-ſhells, and, with *Domitian*, retire into their ſtudy to catch flies. At faſts and thankſgivings the aſſembler is the ſtate's trumpet; for then he doth not preach, but is blown; proclaims news very loud, the trumpet and his forehead being both of one mettle. (And yet, good man, he ſtill prays for boldneſs.) He hackneys out his voice, like a cryer; and is a kind of ſpiritual adjutant, receives orders and ſpreads them. In earneſt, the ſtates cannot want this tool, for without him the ſaints would ſcarce aſſemble. And if the zealots chance to fly out, they are charmed home by this ſounding braſs. There is not on earth a baſer ſycophant; for he ever is chewing ſome vote or ordinance; and tells the people how ſavouring it is; like him who licked up the emperor's ſpittle and ſwore it was ſweet. Would the two houſes give him cathedral lands, he would prove lords and commons to be *Jure Divino*: but, ſhould they offer him the ſelf-denying-ordinance, he would juſtify the devil, and curſe them to their faces (his brother kirk-man did it in *Scotland*). 'Tis pleaſant to obſerve how finely they play into each other's hands; *Marſhal* procures thanks to be given to *Sedgwick*, (for his great pains) *Sedgwick* obtains as much for *Marſhal*, and ſo they all pimp for one another. But yet (to their great comfort be it ſpoken) their whole ſeven years ſermons at *Weſtminſter*, are now to be ſold in *Fetter-Lane* and *Pyecorner*. Before a battle the aſſembler ever ſpeaks to the ſoldiers, and the holding up of his hands

hands must be as necessary as *Moses*'s against the *Amalekites:* for he pricks them on, tells them that God loves none but the valiant; but when bullets fly, himself runs first, and then cries, all the sons of *Adam* are cowards! were there any *Metempsychosis* his soul would want a lodging; no single beast could fit him, being wise as a sheep and innocent as a wolf. His sole comfort is, he cannot out-sin *Hugh Peters:* sure as satan hath possessed the assembler, so *Hugh Peters* hath possessed satan, and is the devil's devil: he alone would fill a whole herd of *Gadarenes.* He hath sucked blood ever since he lay in the butcher's sheets; and now (like his sultan) has a shambles in his countenance, so crimson and torrid you may there read how St *Lawrence* died, and think the three children were delivered from his face. This is St *Hugh* who will level the assembler, or the devil's an ass. Yoke these brethren, and they two couple like a *Sadduce* and a *Pharisee,* or a *Turk* and a *Persian,* both Mahometans. But the assembler's deepest, highest, abomination, is his *Solemn League and Covenant*; whereby he strives to damn or beggar the whole kingdom; out-doing the devil, who only persuades, but the assembler forces to perjury or starving. And this (whoever lives to observe it) will one day sink both him and his faction: for he and his oath are so much one, that were he half-hanged and let down again, his first word would be covenant! covenant!

But I forget, a character should be brief (tho' tedious length be his best character). Therefore I will give ye (what he denies the sequestred clergy) but a fifth part; for weigh him single and he has the pride of three-tyrants, the forehead of six goalers, and the fraud of twelve brokers. Or take him in the bunch, and their whole assembly is a club of hypocrites, where six dozen of schismaticks spend two hours for four shillings a-piece.

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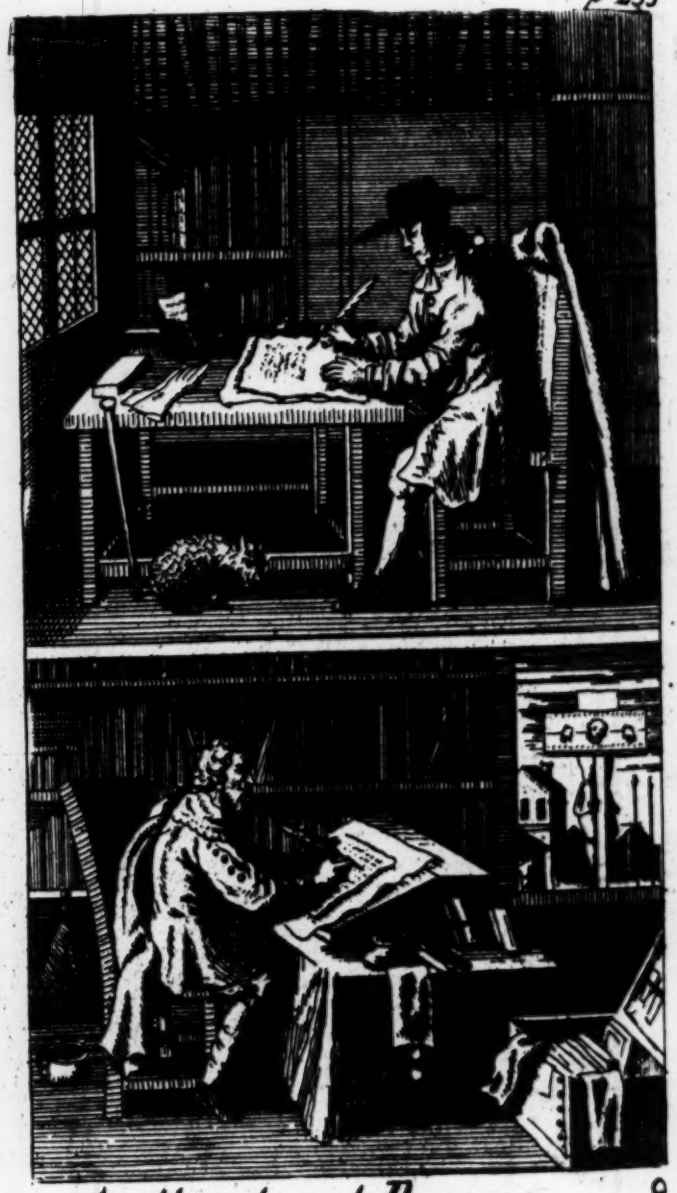

Audland and Prynne 9

John Audland's Letter to *William Prynne.*

William Prynne,

THOU perpetual *Scribe, Pharisee,* and *Hypocrite,* born to the destruction of paper, and most unchristian effusion of ink; thou *Egyptian* task-master of the press, and unmerciful destroyer of goose-quills, thou dost plunder and strip thy poor kindred naked to the skin, to maintain thyself in a tyrannical and arbitrary way of scribling against thy brethren, even the *Independants* and *Quakers,* over whom thou setteſt up thyself as an unrighteous judge; for a righteous judge hath an ear for both parties, and thou hast none for either. Verily, *William,* thou dost evil, and against the light within thee, to accuse thy brethren of that, whereof thou art more guilty thyself; for tho' they break an act of parliament, yet thou didst worse, when thou wouldst have made one thyself, after thou hadst engaged thy faith unto the house, that thou wouldst never lift up thy heel against them more: truly, thou sheweſt thyself in this, no better than a *Jew,* in throwing the first stone at them, unless thou wert innocent thy self; and all thy fundamental, municipal, common natural law, will not serve to prove the other, who hast been judged by the laws of the land as a *Pharisee,* to wear a philactery in publick, and hast had thine ears bored thro' according to the *Mosaical* law: and I fear thy pretended conversion to the christianity is but in order to something else even as the *Mahometans* (they say) will not admit a *Jew* to turn *Turk,* unless he first become a christian: and that is the reason why thou art so cruel (like a renegado) to those of thine own sect; yea, even unto those in whose quarrel thou hast lost leather; for as one of thine ears was cut off for presbytery, even so was the other for independency. But now I speak of thine ears, give me leave to ask thee one question; I have heard, that those who have lost their legs, do sometimes nevertheless feel pains in their toes; and I would fain know, whether toward change of weather, thou dost not feel a kind of itching and tingling in those defunct parings of thine, especially when presbytery and government are like to peep out again. For what else does thy railing against the bishops (as well as us) hold forth? but that thou art the very same

ſame *William Prynne*, utter barriſter, that didſt heretofore publiſh againſt them ſo many ridiculous hat-caſes and band-boxes, in which thy works are always bound up, and are to be ſold on the ſouth-ſide of *Paul's* church-yard, where thy ſtationers live. Among thoſe I have ſeen thy title-pages paſted, like mountebanks bills, in which thou doſt always write reformation, law, religion, and fundamental, in capital letters, even as thoſe quacks do pox and running of the reins, and both to the ſame purpoſe, namely, to deceive the reader, and vapour of more than thou art able to perform. But, O the verboſity of thy writings! *Solomon* ſaith, in many words there is folly; and thou haſt proved it true: for thou writeſt perpetually in the language of a conveyance, and doſt not indite, but draw; and when thou ſhalt anſwer for every idle word, all the bills and anſwers in chancery will riſe up in judgment againſt thee. For thou uſeſt ſo many impertinent tautologies, that thy reader can never underſtand what thou meaneſt, unleſs he ſhould take the pains to draw breviates of thy ſenſeleſs repetitions, which is unſufferable, and not to be endured by a free born *Engliſhman*. And this ſerves thee to the ſame purpoſe that hems and hahs do thy gifted ghoſtly fathers, that is, to loſe time, and put off thy commodity, namely, waſte-paper, whereof thou endeavoureſt to obtain the monopoly, and thereby undo hundreds of families that live by writing lewd and profane plays; for when thou haſt engroſs'd the whole commodity of waſte-paper into thine own hands, their work will be left upon theirs; and in this thou takeſt a more wiſe and rational courſe, than thou didſt heretofore in writing indentures againſt them. For thou knoweſt not how to write in any other ſtrain; and therefore to let thee ſee how eaſy it is to attain unto thy gifts, I will now ſpeak unto thee a few words in thine own way. Doſt thou not remember, *William Prynne*, when the long parliament, according to the ancient, known, fundamental, eſtabliſhed, cuſtom, practice, uſage, example of all rebels, traytors, *Cades*, *Tylers*, *Straws*, ſet upon the priſons, goals, dungeons, cages, and took the priſoners, felons, malefactors, jayl-birds, into their protection, patronage, ſafeguard, tuition, and among others, thyſelf, *William Prynne* aforeſaid, with thy brethren, companions, copemates, aſſociates, *Burton*, *Baſtwick*, *Lilborn*, *Pa*, &c. How the ſaints, brethren, godly, well-affected,

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rode out to meet thee, with the ſiſters, helpers, damſels, handmaids, behind them, on the tail of the beaſt, ſtuck with antichriſtian ſuperſtitious, idolatrous, roſemary and bays, to celebrate, welcome, and congratulate thy remitter! how they dawbed, daſhed, defiled, and polluted thee the ſaid *William Prynne*, with dirt, puddle, greetings, ſalutation, that thou didſt look more like unto a pimp, pander, bawd newly carted, than an utter-barriſter triumphant; and with how dirty and filthy a grace, faſhion, and demeanor, thou didſt bow, ſtoop, and lowt, to thine idolaters, the rabble-rout crowd on both ſides of the ſtreet, or ſtreets, who made an idol of the rings of thine ears, even as the *Jews* did of their ear-rings. This, verily, *William*, is thy perfect ſtyle, and right manner of expreſſion, in which thou art the freer of thy windy ſtuff, becauſe thou comeſt eaſily by it, for thou doſt but turn over thy concordance, and the indexes of thy books, and wherefoever thou findeſt any thing of quake, tremble and ſhake, from the motion of the Heavens to the wagging of a dog's tail, thou applieſt it right or wrong to us; and that it may ſeem to be to ſome purpoſe, thou didſt always print it in capital letters, becauſe ſuch were heretofore, to very good purpoſe, imprinted on thy cheeks by the miniſtration of that ſon of *Belial*, the executioner. But I cannot underſtand how thou, or thy rabble of ſaints, could anſwer the churches for committing the abominable ſin of bays and roſemarineſs, which they had before, and have ſince ſo often condemned; for if it be idolatrous and ſuperſtitious (as they have determined) to ſtick thoſe creatures in the windows of ſteeple-houſes, much more muſt it be on their own veſſels. All that they have (in my opinion) to ſay for themſelves, is, that they ſerved thee up (like a *Weſtphalia* ham) with bays, as thou art a pagan poet, according to the profane cuſtom of thy forefathers the heathen; tho' he that has the patience to read thy vile untunable ditties, will rather take thee for an *Iriſh* ratcatcher, that is ſaid to rhyme vermin to death, than the *Engliſh Prudentius* or *Robert Wiſdom* junior, as ſome of thine own tribe ſtyle thee, according to the fleſh; for thou doſt abuſe ſcripture moſt unconſcionably, againſt its own expreſs command, in caſting holy things into doggerel, which is worſe and more abominable than unto dogs; and this thou performeſt ſo dully, that ſome of the virtuoſo's have been puzzled to find out the reaſon of it, till they

were

were informed, that when thou writest, thou dost use always to set a death's head on thy desk before thee, as one *Campanello a Popish* frier, is said to have done the pictures of those to whom he intended to address his writings, and found it most certain upon several experiments, that the person to the resemblance of whose countenance he could nearest force and screw his own, was always most pleased with his writings: and this they are confident is the natural reason why thy compositions are so flat and dull, that they will hardly hold till the ink is dry, and when they are printed not one of an hundred will endure the stitching, but turn to such homely uses as they are most fit and proper for. Truly, *William*, if I were your friend, I would advise you to leave this freak of the death's head, least the young gentlemen of the house surprise you again, (as you know they once did at midnight) and make you drink health's-sickness in it again on your bare marrow-bones. But I wonder in what part of the world thy readers live, if there are any such creatures in nature! verily, they ought to have their shoulders grow above their heads (like *John Mandevil*'s people in *Africk*) for there is more of labour and drudgery than understanding required, and they ought to have a large measure of patience, long-suffering, and ignorance, that can endure to read one page of thine: for as in the *North*, the more dirty and foul the highways are, the larger measure they allow to their miles, even so dost thou to thy tedious dull impertinencies; insomuch that some are of opinion, that thy readers ought to be dieted like running nags, before they can be in breath to read thy longwinded periods, which none but such as thyself will submit to, for if few words do best with the wise, none of those will ever endure to have any thing to do with thee. And yet I have heard, that thou dost not a little glory, that thy works have passed thro' all sorts of times (but only those wherein they were refuted by the hand of thy old antagonist the hangman) without dispute or question. It is very true indeed, they are utterly incapable of confutation, as some places are rendered impregnable by their barren rocky situations, or by being fortified with mud walls and ditches. He that should venture to encounter thee at thy own weapon, might be said to revive the old way of fighting with sandbags, the true types of thy dry disjointed stuff; and beside, must of necessity cite so many several

veral ſorts of wares from plumbs and ſugar, to mundungus and rats-bane, with which thy works are always bound up, that his writings will be charged with quotations, as full and dull as thine own: but ſince ſo many chandlers and haberdaſhers of ſmall wares, have undertaken to confute thee, and proceeded ſo far therein already, it were an act of great imprudence to take the taſk out of their hands who are beſt able to go through with it. And therefore I ſhall leave it to them to determine, whether thou haſt ſubſtantially and ſolidly proved the *Quakers* to be jeſuitical romiſh capuchin frogs, with maſks on their faces, put on by the jeſuits, and pulled off by thee, as thou doſt confidently undertake to perform in thy title page. Truly, *William*, I do confeſs thoſe jeſuits are dangerous fellows, thou hadſt beſt look about thee and have a care, for it is verily believed by many knowing perſons, that they have always ſet thee on work no leſs than the *Independants*; and have received a better return from thy horſe-like drudgery, tho' thou haſt no more wit to perceive than a fool has to know by what hand it is ſet on work. And if they bewitched the *Quakers* (as thou doſt confidently affirm) it is moſt certain they have drawn thee into that feat too. For if it be true, as ſome carnal learned men aver, that witches fetch the materials of their medicines from gibbets and pillories, the parings of thine ears have been among their ingredients, and thou art guilty thereof.

But I fear I begin to be like thee, that is, tedious to no purpoſe, for I do not expect that any thing can do good upon thee, who haſt been ſo often incorrigible to the laws; for as the ſtrength of two men in their wits is not ſufficient to hold down and quiet one mad-man, even ſo art thou proof againſt all reaſon and light, and therefore I will caſt away no more upon thee, but leaving thee to thine own darkneſs, with the old ſaying, bid thee twice goodnight.

JOHN AUDLAND.

The Anſwer of *William Prynne*.

John Audland,

THOU quaking Quack, jeſuitical romiſh franciſcan frog, ſee my *Quaker unmaſked*, pag. 1. 13. Thou art the devil's dice-box, which he ſhakes, rattles, waggs, to gull, cheat, delude, and ſeduce the intoxicated

cated giddy-headed *English* nation. Thou art sick of thy church, and hast catch'd thy religion like a palsy, epilepsy, ague, and art taken with *tertian*, *quartan*, *quotidian* cold fits, at thy superstitious, idolatrous, jesuitical meetings, assemblies, conventicles. See my *Health's Sickness*, p. 150. *The Northern Blast*, p. 90. *The Pope crossing the cudgels*, p. 297. Whereas thou sayest I have no ears, *&c.* therein thou sheweſt that thou hast no light, reason, understanding; for as a house is judged to be a house in law, as long as any part thereof is standing; and a light piece of gold is good and lawful *English* coin, current with allowance, altho' it be clipped, filed, washed or worn; even so are my ears, legal, warrantable, and sufficient ears, and good in law, however they have been clipped, pared, cropped, circumcised, and I have a better title to the remainders than thou hast to thine, for they have been twice adjudged to me by the laws, of the land which thine never were. For those parcels, scraps, shreds, that I was deprived of, did but confirm my right to those that are (see my own abridgment at large, *page* 29. *Liste upon Gerrard*, page 26. *The Legality of Treason*, in two parts, *S. G.* upon both, *page* 666.) left, for *exceptio firmat legem in casibus non exceptis*.

This shews that the light within thee, of which thou dost vapour, brag, vaunt, and extol thyself so much, is but a kind of dusky owl-light, a trembling, twinkling, stinking snuff, which thou carriest in thy paunch, guts, bowels, as an ox, bull, or cow, doth tallow to make candles of, or the cattle of *Lincolnshire* do the fewel of the country; and thou knoweſt who it was that looked over *Lincoln*, and cried *All's mine*, as he will in time do over ye *Quakers*, frogs, vipers. See my *Hidden Works of Darkness*, page 400. *A Looking-glass for a blind Guide*, page 79. *Fryers a Fry of Frogs*, page 220, *&c.*

Whereas thou sayest, urgest, and objectest, that I would have made an act of parliament, therein thou art mistaken, deceived, and deluded, for I would rather have marred, spoiled, and perverted one, according to the sense, judgment, and opinion of the house, (and *ejus est interpretari cujus est condere*; see *Bracton*) by putting in, adding and inserting some thing or things of my own invention, with contrivance, that had not passed their votes, and putting out, erasing and expunging other things which had, which cannot be said, held, or judged to be a breach of law,

law, becauſe it was before it was made one, and if it had been ſo, yet it would have proved no great crime, fault, offence, for exchange (thou knoweſt) is no robbery. See *The Foot out of the Snare*, page 53. *Prynne's Principles*, page 200. which is more than you can ſay, produce, or alledge for yourſelves, who are a generation, ſpawn, litter, of vipers, frogs, ſerpents, ſo obſtinate, peremptory, incorrigible, that you break the act of Parliament, at the ſame time that it is put in execution againſt you, like unto a cut-purſe that picks a pocket when he is going to be hang'd; for you crowd, thruſt, and intrude yourſelves into priſons by ſhoals, that you may, in defiance of law, government, authority, meet more than five together, altho' it be in the goal. See my *Sword of Chriſtian Magiſtracy ſuppreſſed*, page 550. The *Sectary diſſected*, page 82.

Whereas thou ſayeſt, I write in the ſtile, form, language of a conveyance, therein I do according to my profeſſion, calling, vocation, and if thou hadſt done ſo too, thou hadſt been but a mechanick ſtill, and hadſt not ordained thyſelf a hedge Sir *John*, of an orderleſs order and unruly rule, the original, riſe, or beginning whereof is as uncertain as the head or heads of *Nile*, or the catching of woodcocks, for no body can tell from whence it came (See *Truth triumphing*, page 79. *The Jeſuit a Jebuſite*, page 904.) a church, or rather chapel indeed, that is built upon a quaking bog (mark that) or flat quickſand, without ſuperior or inferior in it, like the knights of king *Arthur*'s (See the *Seven Champions of Chriſtendom*) round table, or the ſerpent *Amphiſbæna* (of which ſee *Pliny*) that has a head at both ends.

Mahomet, the falſe prophet of the *Turks*, was the firſt prophet, patriarch, founder of the *Quakers:* for he had trembling trances, and frantick fits of the falling-ſickneſs, in which he had revelations, dreams, viſions, whiſpered into his ear by a dove, pidgeon or widgeon, that he had inſtructed and taught, uſed to pick ſeeds out of his ear or ears; which ſeeds are the ſeeds of your church as well as his, for they produce the very ſame fruits, effects, workings in both, and both equally hope to be ſaved by him. And hence it is, that all your wiſhes, longings, deſires, are in the *Turks* over-running of chriſtendom; for as both they and you account fools, ideots, madmen, ſaints, you do not doubt but to paſs eaſily for ſuch with them, for

your great abilities in those gifts. And therefore as your brethren the aforesaid *Turkish Mahometan Fanaticks*, devote, destine, damn themselves to destruction, meerly to tire, weary, make work for, and put a stop to the christians in their wars; and fill up ditches, grafts, trenches, with their bodies, carcases, outward men, for their fellow *Musselmen* to march over; even so ye also think to weary out the officers of justice, with your numberless numbers, and render yourselves as hard to be cast out as legion the devil incorporate did, of whom ye are a type. See *The Stationers Beacon fired*, page 1000. *The Sectary in Sippets*, page 202.

By all which it appears, that ye have a *Turk* as well as a *Pope* in your bellies, and that ye delight in persecution, in affliction, tribulation, as some old extravagant fantastick fornicators find a pleasure in being whipped, and out of these sores engender one another, by equivocal generation, as flies blow maggots, which afterwards become flies and blow others. See my *Rome's Master-piece*, page 808. *Settle-brains for a Sectary*, page 9. *A Syringe for a sore Sinner*, page 78.

That you are jesuitical, *Romish*, Franciscan frogs, witches, sorcerers, appears in that ye meet to quake, tremble, quiver, and converse with your spirits, imps, familiars, and that ye came from *Rome* out of the *North*, from whence evil and destruction cometh, as I have proved, cleared, demonstrated, and evinced in my *Quaker unmasked*, page 84. *Light's Darkness*, page 26. for as the needle in the mariners compass trembles, (mark that) and points to the *North*, even so do ye, ye trembling, quivering, shivering *Quakers*. And as witches are most frequent in the *North*, and the colder the climate is, the apter are the inhabitants thereof (see my *first Answer to thyself*) to quake, *&c.* It follows, that *Quakers* and witches are of the growth of the same place, and both of the same nature, quality, and condition: for as witches swim upon the water like light scum, even so are *Quakers* the scum of the earth, that shake themselves like water-dogs when they come out of a pond. See my *Popish Royal Favourite*, page 800. *Sweet Sips of Soul-savingness*, page 53. Lastly, as witches liquor their staves and fly thro' the air, even so do *Quakers* liquor their throats with inchanted potions, and gape to suck in the air that it may fly thro' them, and blow the light within them,

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(See *Emmot and Gilpin*, page 7. *Aldermanbury Bottle opened*, page 10.) at their exorcisms rather than exercises of devotion. Whereas thou sayest I was branded, burnt or stigmatized, in the cheek; 'tis true, I was so, nor am I at all ashamed of, sorry for, or abashed thereat, but rather set a greater value on myself therefore, as I believe I have very good cause, consideration, to do; for I was only used like a sealed measure, burnt, branded for being true. See my verses written on this occasion in the *Tower* of *London*, *in hæc verba*.

Of this Opinion William Prynn *was the*
Sixth day of March *six hundred thirty three*

Nor was it improper, unfit, or unbecoming a man of my profession, cloth, vocation, that is, to measure equal law, right, justice between man and man. See *Truth Triumphing*, page 10. *The Pricking Provender of Prelacy*, page 907.

As for the jesuits, who thou sayest made use of the scraps of my ears, to bewitch the *Quakers*, *&c.* If they did so, it was no fault of mine, nor am I bound to answer for it; for when the aforesaid parings, scraps, shreds, were severed from my freehold, they were no longer mine, nor am I to be accountable for the evil administration of them, when they were out of my power, charge, tuition. But if they had been in my own possession, and the jesuits had stolen them to bewitch the *Quakers* to listen to their enchantments, it is not just that I should answer for their ears and my own two. See *Speculum Insect.* page 95. *The frantick Franciscan*, page 700. *A Hole picked in the Pope's Coat*, page 30. whereas thou sayest the *Brethren*, *Godly*, &c. *rode out with the Sisters*, *Helpers*, *&c.* I do confess, thank, acknowledge their loving kindness therein; if they did evil in sticking rosemary and bays upon their vessels, bodies, outward folks, as thou sayest, against the doctrine and discipline of the *Presbyterian* church; it is no more than the members, tools, limbs of the devil and thy synagogue did to the patriarch, patron, and founder of their's, *James Naylor*, whom they exalted above his brethren upon an ass, and ran bare before both, against the fundamental, known, established rule, canon, constitution of their disorderly order. See

The buckle of the Canonical Girdle turned, page 63. *The Quaker quashed*, page 4.

Whereas thou sayest my works are bound up in hat-cases *&c.* if thou wouldest but buy one of those, and put thy hat therein, it would operate upon, and instil into thy noddle, sconce, loggerhead, more sense, reason, understanding, and teach thee better manners than to keep it on before a court of justice: by which thou dost but shew, declare, demonstrate, that thou hast a crack, flaw, soft place in thy skull; and in that respect art very careful to keep it warm, lest thy sickly brains (if thou hast any) should take cold. And as for those chandlers and haberdashers of small wares, *&c.* which thou sayest have undertaken to oppose, answer, confute me: verily, they will find it a harder task than they are aware of, for I have already written, printed, published 160 odd works, books, labours; and before they have done with those, do not doubt to have as many more in a readiness, and to find imployment, work, business, enough for them all; as long as church and state can furnish, store, supply, me with subject matter. Provided I may have process enough to carry on the work, and can but procure, induce, engage our *Presbyterian* brethren, the *Nonconformists*, to help, aid, and assist me, which (it being so much for their own advantage, interest, concernment, and they have at present nothing else to do) I do not doubt to obtain.

WILLIAM PRYNNE.

Memoirs of the Year 1649 *and* 1650.

SINCE the liberty of the subject, and free quarter; since new lights, and selling malignants by an inch of candle, the world hath produced seditious mercuries as fast as *Derby-house* spawned committees, or committees started delinquents: for why do *Westminster-Abbey* lubbers sit so long, but only to have their pictures drawn? but yet no ink could represent them black enough. The fittest emblem of the parliament-house is a turkey pie; the heads without will inform you what birds are within.

But alas! poor infants! we must be whipt, yet not have leave to cry: kiss the rod that scourged you. Women in some countries never love their husbands till they be well beaten by them: and certainly our reformers would have us

us be as good-natured as their ſpaniels: and indeed to what purpoſe is hue and cry ſent after a troop of horſe; it were ridiculous for a conſtable to charge the peace upon *Cromwell*, or make privy ſearch into *Lental's Exchequer*; eſpecially ſince the kingdom was reformed into a *Lacedemonian State:* for when *Lilburn* was *Lycurgus*, plundering muſt needs be ſtatutable. What other laws can we expect from him and *Newgate?* felony already is a crime only in ſome ſilly wretches, who are puniſhed for it; but parricides are ſtill above the reach of juſtice. While two armies murther and impriſon, an honeſt man may be *Burleigh'd* for beating up a drum. As if in a country of canibals, a poor innocent *Cutler* ſhould be hanged for grinding a ſtilletto. Pillories are more curel than *ſcaffolds*, or perhaps *Prin*'s ears were larger than my lord of *Canterbury*'s head.

But lord! to what an height were may-poles grown, and could they be reformed without ſequeſtration and exciſe? nay the primitive zeal had almoſt melted the bells, and made them ring backwards for themſelves. A pſalm of mercy is even denied the chimes; and maſculine *Tom of Lincoln* muſt be gelded into a roaring *Meg*. *Roundheads* and atheiſts hate ſuperſtition, only *Cromwell* and the devil are afraid of croſſes.

It is well churches ſurvived thus long; for ſince my lord *Brooke*'s groom and coachman propagated the goſpel, chriſtians were born in ſtables only. So *Job* came to be a ſaint, but upon a dunghil; and why may not a ſanctified whipſter be a heaven-driver, as well *Bereteton* and *Hervey* biſhops? who would have thought that ſnaphaunches and baſket-hilts were of apoſtolical inſtitution? or that buff and feather were *Jure Divino? Croydon* and *Fulham* are not inhabited, but haunted; nor do they lodge inmates, but apparations and gobblins. Thus have chriſtian churches been converted into *Turkiſh* moſques, and abbies have been made neſts for rooks and daws. The devil is an enemy to all hierarchy, and therefore holidays muſt be aboliſhed, and ſo farewel ſaints and angels; all renounce *Whitſuntide*, and yet boaſt the *Holy Ghoſt*. *Simon* and *Jude* are vanquiſhed by *Lilly* and *Booker*, and *Michael* is ſubdued by another devil. Time's ſcythe was turned into a ſaw, nor was he bald enough to be a perfect *Roundhead*. But an execution muſt have ſome reprieve. All ſtickle for powder-treaſon; the prentices reſcue *Shrove-Tueſday*, and

the suitors must be indulged a *Valentine*. What need any other observations? they can feast themselves without a *Christmas*, and starve others without a *Lent*.

Well then, adieu *Fridays*, and welcome monthly fasts, adieu idolators, and welcome new moons. This still sow hath devoured more than all the bishops hospitality. Their idol humiliation, like *Bel*, consumes all, and yet eats nothing. But all this is merciful. Their too much fasting hath made them canibals. They can say grace over *mummy*, and give thanks for my lord *Strafford*, as if they had abstained only as beasts ty'd up, that they might devour poor martyrs more greedily, savagely; nay, they eat up one another. Both the *Hothams*, like two thieves wait upon their crucified bishop. The parliament, like *Sejanus*, is destruction both to their friends and enemies. My lord *Brook*'s new light at last blinded him: he was first made a mole, and then earth'd; a fit end for the underminer of a state! *Lucas* and *Lisle* were both revenged, since the vice-admiral and *Rainsborough* were levelled, for as he was regenerate, so he died twice. 'Tis thought his sea-sickness purged the better half away: the haddocks had as good a breakfast as the worms. *Crassus* built a sepulchre to his decased lamprey: and what was all his funeral pomp dedicated to, but an otter? to be mourners at the death of a water-rat, is a vanity beyond being maudlin drunk. Why all these ridiculous attendants? a single sculler is good enough to carry a dog to *Wapping*. The numerous wild gang is exceeded every execution day. We see a fuller appearance at *Newgate*. The *Worthy* was but two wheels above an ordinary villain, and differed only in the blackness of his soul, and his wardrobe.

And most of the *Heroes* were such twisted pieces, one knows not from which part of the *Centaur* to name them. Whom their *Alcoran* writes prophets, others think impostors. The devil will still be black, though the Indians paint him white. All their patrons die, like *John Hus*, both heretics and saints; nor can we discern whether 'tis a martyr, or a witch that burns. My lord says sanctity is somewhat like his son *Nat*'s valour. The jewel hath too much of *Bristol* in it. The dog in the tower, though proof against lions, is no *Daniel*. O what a godly thing is the sign of the *hand bible*! What a devout company of saints are *Rebecca*, her *book*, her *pattens*, and her *stool*? For all must go together: nor would you think

think her going to church, but removing houſe. I wonder ſhe is never apprehended for carrying burdens on the ſabbath-day. Well, this *coif* and *croſs cloth*, this *blue apron'd ſaint*, is as much in the church as the parſon's *hour-glaſs*, the *haſſocks*, or the people that are buried there. Nor will ſhe tire with a ſingle hearing, but trudge from St *Antholin*'s to St *Helen*'s and hold out killing of a brace or two, and all long courſes. Thus are they carried from ordinance to ordinance, like beggars from one church to another, that they may ply at both places.

And what are their *Levites*, but their *Friers-Mendicants* for both the houſes? not a ſunday ſince the combuſtion paſſed without a brief. How oft have they picked our pockets with the relief of *Ireland?* this knack hath been as beneficial as their plundring: as much hath been gotten by a *good your worſhip*, as by *ſtand and deliver*. We could never get out of the church without a compoſition: the parſon's application was certainly directed to our purſe: every motive ſtrained our pockets, and the laſt uſe was an uſe of ſequeſtration. See how the pulpit dueliſt fights with *Bellarmin*; how he ſwears and toils, plays out all his weapons, and (you may be ſure) hath got the better; but after with an addreſs to the ſpectators to throw him ſome money.

Well, who's for *Aldermanbury?* you would think a *Phœnix* preached there; but that birds will flock after an owl as faſt; and a foot-ball in cold weather is as much followed as *Calamy* by all his rampant dog-day zealots. But 'tis worth the crouding to hear the baboon expound, like the ape taught to play on the cittern. You would think the church as well as religion, were inverted, and the anticks which were uſed to be without, were removed into the pulpit. Yet theſe apiſh tricks muſt be the motions of the ſpirit; his whimſie meagrim muſt be an extacy, and Dr *Gooding*'s palſey made him the father of the ſanctified ſhakers. Thus amongſt *Turks* dizzineſs is a divine trance; changlings and ideots are the chieſeſt ſaints; and 'tis the greateſt ſign of revelation, to be out of one's wits.

Inſtead of a dumb ſhew, enter the ſermon dawbers. O what a gracious ſight is a ſilver ink-horn! how bleſſed a gift is it to write ſhort hand! what neceſſary implements for a ſaint, are cotton, wool, and blotting paper? theſe dabblers turn the church into a ſcrivener's ſhop. A coun-

try fellow last term mistook it for the six clerks office. The parson looks like an offender upon the scaffold; and they penning his confession, or a spirit conjured up by their uncouth characters: by his cloak you would take him for the prologue to a play; but his sermon, by the length of it, should be a taylor's bill: And what treats it of, such but buckram, fustian stuff? what a desperate green sickness is the land fallen into, thus to doat on coals and diet, and such rubbish divinity? must the *French* cook our sermons too? and are frogs, fungo's, and toad-stools, the chiefest dish in the spiritual collation? strange *Israelites!* that cannot distinguish between *mildew* and *manna*. Certainly in the brightest sunshine of the gospel clouds are the best guides; and woodcocks are the only birds of paradise. I wonder how the ignorant rabbies should differ so much, since most of their libraries consist only of a concordance, The *wise mens* star doubtless was an *ignis fatuus* in a church-yard; and it was some such will-of-the-wisp steered prophetical *Saltmarsh*, when riding post to heaven, he lost his way in a forest. Indeed their rare gifts have one property of the spirit to be invisible, and so much of revelation, as not to be understood, like the musick of the spheres, never to be heard.

But *cyphers* may make an assembly, though no number: and what can we expect from an *A B C Synod*, but a catechism? Mount *Sion* hath at last brought forth a mouse, though it was long enough in spawning to have been an elephant. They have reformation, *Paul*'s work; and O may they have a scaffold for their pains! for what have they given us for lawn-sleeves, but sackcloth and misery? instead of liturgies they have brought upon us all those afflictions we there prayed against. The church, while beautiful, was *the whore of Babylon:* their zeal was never hot enough, till it scorched them into *Blackamores*. Too much fair weather, forsooth, has almost starved us. Seven years purging would kill an *Hercules*. To be always snuffing, must at last put out the light. And what can be pure enough with them that dare article the creed, and attempt to reform the apostles? these will shrive the whole bible, and have interpreted *Our Father, &c.* so long backwards, that they have made some believe it was conjuring. The synod was the parliament's spiritual block-house, and the prolocutor was the speaker's echo.

All

All the divines, like priests of old, were inspired from vaults, and the lower house.

Oh! how sweetly did the *syren* representative sing at first? how quickly it brought forth destruction, and proved a monster! *Nero* was pretty tolerable for five years; and this butter-print parliament was gold in the morning, and lead at night: for what have our precious states done, but cured and smothered little diseases with the plague? they have redressed the counter, and by all their reformations, made the kingdom at last truly to want a reformation. But vengeance overtook them; and by spinning backwards they have made ropes for their own necks. Silly conjurers! who have raised a devil, and now cannot lay him. The lease of your damnation is out. Face about! now the fiend must be master. Thus shall anarchy revenge the king, and conventicles punish the synod's sacrilege; lice and frogs plague the *Egyptians* for the injured *Israelites*.

Who would have thought there would have been a reformation beyond root and branch? or that there should be such antipathy between a spider and a toad? soldiers are omnipotent in uncreating and destruction. This *April* (they say) shall dissolve a triennial parliament, adjourn eternity, and put an end to perpetuits. *Cromwell* hath wolves enough to silence the speaker, and made *Lental* a dumb-dog. Alas, poor *Directory!* thou must give up the ghost too? the spirit must the way of all flesh. Now law itself must be arraigned, and the new judges to execution. What a fine humour would it be to see *Wild Burleigh'd* by a drum and soldiers, and *Rolles* coach it up *Holbourn*, instead of *Fleetstreet?* O! that they may have their coifs all turned into night-caps; and instead of old women, become proper men. Since the members regent were in durance, the two houses like the representations of *Ludgate* and *Newgate*. What need the distinction of upper and lower? *Cromwell* will serve both for king of hell, and prince of the air. *Warwick* for all his juggling, may perhaps suffer shipwreck. *Xerxes* was a leveller, he settered the seas: and why may not these put the *Admiral* in chains? *Prynn*'s head must after his ears; and the speaker's bags will e'er long prove him a *Judas:* my lord *Say*'s white powder is no longer silent and innocent, but must submit to *Cromwell*'s black: *Pembroke* may be visited, and *Manchester* university'd; one is not fool, and the o-

ther is not fool enough to be ſecure. And indeed theſe are ſaints in compariſon of *Cromwell's* live-guard. *Hammond* is a chriſtian compared with *Rolf*. The head quarters make *Newgate* a *Sanctum Sanctorum*. The ſoldiers are not good enough for gibbets. In the reformation the gallows is under perſecution, and *Tyburn* ſuffers martyrdom. Not one of *Peter's* 1500 ſaints, but may with St *Francis* give place to the devil. If theſe propagate the goſpel, it muſt be as the painter finiſhed his picture by defacing it, when the ſpunge did the work of his pencil. To hope for reformation from levellers, is to gape for the miracle of *Andromeda*, and to expect beauty from a *negro*. *Agitators* are as good phyſick for a ſick church or ſtate, as chips of the gallows, are for the ague. There is not a ſoldier but changes his religion as often as his ſhirt, that being ſooner lowſy than his linnen. They void their principles at every ſermon; nor do they go to church, but to ſtool. And well may they part with them ſo eaſily, ſince their religion is no better than toaſted cheeſe: every man is his own cook; each trooper, like a knight of *Malta*, is both prieſt and ſoldier; revelations are ſo common, that the ſpirit is become a meer familiar. You may be of all religions, but the *proteſtant*, as the pagans worſhip all gods but the true one; as if that uniformity did not become the church, as well as confuſion, aud the ſurplice was not as handſome as the beggar's coat. *Roſſiter* is a *Jew* extraordinary, circumciſed root and branch. *Martin's* paradiſe is the ſame with *Mahomet's*, his heaven is only a *ſeraglio*. *Cromwell* may paſs for a *Pope Joan*, or the whore of *Babylon*, and differs only thus much from a papiſt; they torment themſelves, he other folks. He believes his merits ſo far that he thinks he ſhall be ſaved by villanies, and go to heaven, like *Hercules* and *Theſeus*, be cauſe he hath been in hell. Indeed all of them are religious mimicks, devout vizards; and if ſanctity be ſnot or the pox, and ſeated in the noſe, they are as perfectly God's apes, as the devil is. The zealous pyramids always point at heaven, as fire though in hell mounts upward.

And thus we ſee who firſt began
This monſter reformation;
A ſet of vile amphibious creatures,
Of different ſhapes and different natures.

For

For e'er that civil broils broke out,
Religion ſpawn'd a numerous rout
Of vermin, that from putrefaction
Deriv'd their firſt and ſole extraction;
Who now like toads againſt wet weather,
Gender and croke, and ſprawl together.

But they are angels, only that they may be devils. A *Jew* cannot be a *Turk* till he be a *Chriſtian*. They put on religion to murder the king, as that damn'd monk poiſon'd the emperor with the eucharist. They bring in reformation as the old poets did their gods, to conclude their tragedy more eaſily. Bloody conſpiracies are always ſhrouded under leagues: when a maſſacre is intended, they chime all into *Sicilian* veſpers. When they cry out, the church! the church! they mean our grave. What degrees of miſery are flung upon us! after a parliament comes an army: rods are turned into ſcorpions. We have all theſe years been almoſt ridden to death by night-mares, and now muſt be tormented with devils. Had we wak'd in time, we might have diſmounted that load, but nothing now under a miracle, can diſpoſſeſs us of theſe legions; theſe *Turks* ſhall enjoy the holy land, while we poor *Jews* ſojourn at home, and live ſtrangers in our own country. They level others, but advance themſelves. Angels deſcend, but it is the devil's poſture to be raiſed up. All who have kept their innocency, muſt be ſtript, whilſt theſe buff-ſinners flaunt it in beaſt-ſkins.

Theſe ſaints in maſquerade would have us
Sit quietly whilſt they enſlave us:
And what is worſe, by lies and cant,
Would trick us to believe them ſaints;
And tho' by fines and ſequeſtration,
They've pillag'd and deſtroy'd the nation,
Yet ſtill they howl for reformation.

But *Cromwell* wants neither wardrobe nor armour: his face was natural buff, and his skin may furniſh him with a ruſty coat of mail. You would think he had been chriſtened in a lime-pit, tann'd alive, but his countenance ſtill continues mangy. We cry out againſt ſuperſtition, and yet worſhip a piece of wainſcot, and idolize an unblanch'd almond. Certainly 'tis no human viſage, but

the emblem of a mandrake, one ſcarce handſome enough to have been the progency of *Hecuba*, had ſhe whelp'd him when ſhe was a bitch. His ſoul too is as ugly as his body; for who can expect a jewel in the head of a toad? yet this baſiliſk would king it, and a brewer's horſe muſt be a lion.

In Cromwell *art and nature ſtrive,*
Which ſhould the uglieſt thing contrive;
Firſt nature forms an ill ſhap'd lump,
And art to ſhew how good wits jump,
Adds to his monſtrous ſhape and ſize
All ſorts and kinds of villanies;
So that he was by art and nature
An ugly, vile, and monſtrous creature.

I wonder how Sir *Samuel Luke* and he ſhould claſh; for they are both cubs of the ſame ugly litter. This urchin is as ill carved as that gobbling painted. The grandam-bear ſure had bliſter'd her tongue, and ſo left him unlick'd. He looks like a ſnail with a houſe upon his back, or the ſpirit of the *Militia* with a natural ſnapſnack, and may both ſerve for tinker and budget too. Nature intended him to play at bowls, and therefore clapt a bias upon him. His mother long'd for pumpions; he was begotten in a cupping-glaſs, and engendered in a tod of hay. Some earthquake hath diſordered the ſymetry of the *Microcoſm*, ſunk one mountain, and put up another. One would think a mole had crept into his carcaſe becauſe 'tis laid in a church-yard, and rooted in it. He looks like the viſible type of *Æneas* boulſtering up his father, or ſome beggar woman endorſed with her whole litter, and with child behind. You may take him for St *Chriſtopher*, with the devil at his back. O that knotgraſs ſhould purge the kingdom! we muſt be ridden by a camel, and reformed by the ſign of the dolphin: you would think that he were levelled ſufficiently. But *Harvey* will have him lower yet, and down with the wall tho' it be built with a buttreſs.

Sir Samuel, *whoſe very ſight wou'd*
Entitle him mirrour of knighthood,
Was one of thoſe who firſt march'd out
To raiſe a regimental rout.

Hav

Have you not ſeen an old baboon,
From chain broke looſe leap up an down,
Such was our champion's antick zeal
For parliament and commonweal.

But *Harvey* is not ſo much for levelling the men, as *Martin* the women. Look to your *Jane Shores*, you *Lombard-Street* men. He brings no maiden troops: this is no eunuch general. The ſtallion is of ſo prodigious an itch, you would think he had been gotten of *Lot*'s wife, after ſhe was turned into a pillar of ſalt. He is the bane of *Guaiacum*, and the deſpair of *ſyringes:* ſo excellently gifted for a conventicle, that he will edify you out of *Cornelius* his tub. Are the godly ones, like ſacrifices, never accepted till they are burnt? is there no way to deſtroy the whore of *Babylon*, but by a town bull? ſtrange that none of the *Luthers* can reform without nuns! Dr *Burgeſs*, forſooth, muſt have his *Hagar*. And *Peters* cannot propagate the goſpel without marrow bones, without the help of lamb-ſtones, and the butcher's wife.

Harvey, *that ſneaking, ſenſeleſs elf,*
Would level all men but himſelf;
And there's that Stallion Martin, *who*
Levels both men and women too.
Burgeſs *and* Peters *day by day,*
For marrow-bones, and lamb-ſtones pray,
A very hopeſul reformation,
When ſuch as thoſe muſt rule the nation.

Martin is not ſo great a ſinner againſt one commandment, but my Lord of *Pembroke* will overthrow him half a bar at another. One you would take for *Aretine*'s pictures moraliz'd, the other for the covenant incarnate. *Martin* for a knight of the burning peſtle, and *Pembroke* for a knight of the poſt. This *Hercules* inſtead of a worthy, is nothing but an adverb of ſwearing. He ſwallows the covenant as eaſily as an ordinary dam-me. This landſkip, this map of nobility, differs as much from a true *Briton* as a *Montgomery* beacon from a ſtar, or a *Welſh hak* from St *David:* yet rather than not be famous for ſomewhat, he will murder the univerſities, like that villain who burnt *Diana*'s temple to get himſelf a name. This is the ſecond part of *Mancheſter* on the ſame tune, *Kimbolton* of the ſecond edition. One made the king-

dom

dom a Lord *Brooks*, and the other a roasted pig. He carries a dull foggy ignorance about him, would blind the kingdom, tho' it were an *Argus*, and is more unlucky in an university, than monkies in a glass-shop: he would make an excellent *Chancellor* for the *Meuse*, or were *Oxford* turned into a kennel of hounds, and the *Sheldons* and *Hammods*, *Motleys* and *Jowlers*. His own house is an academy for hawks and spaniels, and an hospital for many cures, glanders, and the farcies. This *Nero* keeps a wilderness at home, and is so much given to his brutish society, that you would take him for a *Nebuchadnezzar* turned beast. *Oldsworth* is his crony, because his four-legged animal: for what are *Michael* and his Lordship but a blind man and his dog? any kind of creatures would make as good subjects as such earls. Some dogs scorn *Cromwell*'s health, and will not eat, but for king *Charles*. Tho' parrots may be taught allegiance, and crows have been storied loyalists, and linguists too, the blind whelp hath not docility enough to know his master. Yet shall he be the peoples idol too, and a reprobate *Welsh* goat one of the elect, tho' he is not so much a christian as the thorn at *Glastenbury*.

Pembroke's *a covenanting Lord,*
That ne'er with God or man kept word;
One day he'd swear he'd serve the king,
The next was quite another thing;
Still changing with the wind and tide,
That he might keep the stronger side,
His hawks and hounds were all his care,
For them he made his daily prayer,
And scarce would lose a hunting season,
Even for the sake of darling treason.
Had you but heard what thunderclaps,
Broke out of his and Oldsworth's *chaps,*
Of oaths and horrid execration,
Oft with, but oftener without, passion,
You'd think these senators were sent
From hell, to sit in parliament.

But why may not my lord billet in heaven, as well as *William Lilly* and *Booker*, and take *Bedlam* for a paradise, rather than make a saint of the man in the moon? indeed for these that change religion every year, the fittest gospel

ſpel is an almanack. But who would take theſe ſtar-gazers for the wiſe men? well, wiſe men they muſt be: for the queſtion is, whether of *Greece* or *Gotham*? O the infallibility of *Erra Pater*, *Lilly!* the wizzard, perhaps, may do much at hotcockles, and gueſs well at blindmanſ-buff; but I durſt undertake to poſe him with a riddle, and ſtand his intelligence in a dog in a wheel. An over-turned ſalt is a ſurer prophet. The ſieve and ſhears are oracles to him. A whining pig ſees farther into a ſtorm, Rats will prognoſticate the ruin of a kingdom with more certainty. And as for palmeſtry, a gypſie or *Derrick* may be his tutor. The wittal is cuckolded over and over, and yet the *Oedipus* is blind. Like the old witch, who being conſulted to diſcover a thief, could not diſcover who had ſhit at her own door. Indeed he is excellent at foretelling things paſt, and calculates the *Deputy*'s nativity after he is beheaded, and then by ſtarting a prophecy, he excites the credulous vulgar to fulfil it. Thus can he antedate *Crowwell*'s ſwift malice, depoſe the king five years before-hand, and inſtruct *Rolf* how to be damn'd. Impious villians! to make the ſpheres like the aſſociated counties, and the heavenly houſes ſo many lower houſes, fix a guilt upon the ſtars, and perſuade the planets are rebels, as if it were a ſequeſtration-ſtar, or any conſtellation looked like a committee. Away with your bulls and bears! ſhould we be ſubject to their influence, each conſtellation would make a man a beaſt, every planet a wandering *Jew*. What fit inſtruments are aſtrologers for rebels! heaven as well as *Paul*'s is made a ſtable. Their prophecies are, like pictures, commendable, becauſe they look every way. They are calculated for every meridian, and are as much truth to the *Turks* as the States: they are all born under *Gemini*; every prediction is a twin. Oracles muſt ſtill ſpeak double, ſure the devil is always drunk, or treats with his foot, or the ſerpent muſt have his tongue cleft too, *Lilly* has chriſtened him an ape of hell. *Merlinus Anglicus* is nothing but an *Engliſh* devil. He might ken all *Phænomena* upon earth better; would he for prey, like the kite, deſcend. What are all our new lights, but ſo many prodigious meteors exhaled, perhaps from dunghils, admired a while for ſtars, and are found only ſlime and jelly? *Cromwell*'s noſe is a comet in grain, and the grand eclipſe certainly is no common council.

Hooker

Hooker *and* Lilly *with their lies,*
Are hir'd to blind the peoples eyes,
And caſt a miſt before their reaſon,
That they might not diſtinguiſh treaſon.
The ſtars all o'er the firmament,
Are call'd to vouch their black intent,
And to denounce the ſpeedy doom
Of the whole race of kings to come,

If the *Londoners* have not by this time enough of parliament, may they ſtill fight with images, and adore a repreſentative; ſtill quarrel with ſuperſtition, and worſhip the hoſt of heaven: they will at leaſt perceive what kind of phyſick is reformation, and being drunk once a month. Sure all the women in the city are with child by *Martin*, and ſo longed for libellers. For were altars plea enough to offer up the biſhops? muſt *Abel* ſtill ſuffer for his ſacrifice? ſure his holineſs was the pope, and juſtice on *Prynne*'s ears a piece of auricular confeſſion. Their deputy, forſooth, hath made away their churches, and was executed like the poor aſs for drinking up the town-moon. Proceed, proceed, my fine reformers! ſo may your conduit knight vanquiſh his idol grove: ſo may the *George* on horſeback ſubdue the green dragon, and after all their victorious gambols, both men and horſe become reformers laureat. But what have you got for your no-plum-pottage? nay, what hath all your plate got you but iron ſides? examine all your preſſures that contain pluralities of monopolies. Patents for rags are not ſo rank as exciſe for t---s. The dunghil is ſweeter than the jakes and *Atkins*. Since the offended ſoldiers were your maſters, the livery men walk as if they ran the gauntlet. Now the city is turned delinquent, what doth the lord mayor but ride the horſe? and what are aldermen but ordinary red-coats? thus the parliament, like the *Spainards* fatal room, inſtead of treaſure hath coined deſtruction and invaſion. Like ſilly mariners, you have adored that *Pharos* for a ſtar, and ſo ſplit themſelves on your own ſecurity.

And will you Londoners *be ſtill*
Cuckolds and rebels 'cauſe you will;
What have you for your wealth and pains
But broken bones and knock'd out brains?

You

You ſee this bleſſed reformation,
At laſt muſt end in deſolation;
And that to take you man by man,
You'r ten times worſe than you began.

But the ſtates have redeemed all their treaty: yet that was but a death-bed repentance; they lay down their commiſſion juſt before they were to be caſhiered. The *Turks* impriſoned their emperour, or king: *Turks* are reformers, or reformers *Turks*. But *Charles* muſt ſuffer more than any one ſingle perſon can inflict. Levellers heat the fire ſeven times hotter. No money, no act of oblivion; they can admit of any thing from hell but *Lethe*. Theſe *Medes* and *Perſians* are unalterable: *Daniel* muſt to the lions den, *Hurſt-Caſtle*. What can ſucceed the dungeon but execution? what can a king expect but death who is already buried alive? the next enlargement tranſlates him out of the world. *Cæſar*'s tragedy is beſt preſented in the ſenate. *Weſtminſter*, alas! is the ready way to the tombs.

But now the fatal period's come,
Charles *muſt prepare for martyrdom:*
Theſe levellers know no remorſe,
But he muſt murder'd be in courſe:
And to exalt the crime the more,
This muſt be done at his own door.

Cromwell muſt triumph with the ax before him, tho' that, as of old, ſhould be properly directed by the conqueror. *Lilly* can prognoſticate no fair weather till the ſun ſet red. The queen muſt ſubmit to mother *Shipton*, and *Charles* be murdered to fulfil old prophecies. Thus ſtill rebellion is the ſin of witchcraft. The king can never pleaſe them till he looks, as in his coin (their idol) beheaded; and nothing can be too dear an offering for their *Moloch* reformation. They built up ſcaffolds (the devil's altars) and ſacrifice men for pure innocent ones. They cry out againſt idolatry, and yet are *Canibals* in ſuperſtition. As the covenant was ſealed from the biſhops veins, ſo levelling muſt be ratified by the blood royal. The *Preſbyter* of the two proved the gentler thief, and differed from the Independent as a tinker from his more ſavage trull. One ſtript and bound the king, that the other

ther might cut his throat: one silenced the bells of his nativity, and the other made them ring for his funeral. Both are guilty of his blood, only this *Pilate* would wash his hands. *Presbytery* made him an Anchorite, and *Independence* a martyr. This kills *Charles*, and that his king. To prepare the ax is little better than to give the blow.

The Presbyter *and* Independant
Had in their turns been both ascendant;
And tho' the latter got the saddle,
The former did him first disable;
From whence upon the whole we note,
One bound him t'other cut his throat;
And 'tis in law almost the same,
To lend the sword as kill the man.

Now we see what 'tis to make a glorious king by rebels; what the devil's landskip means, when it promises all the kingdoms of the earth. In the trial, as at the general dooms-day, all appear naked. Now there is none disguised, but by *Gray*, or the hangman; henceforth take heed of vizards, tho' never so holy. Murthers are but committed in masquerade, but yet all their slaughters are expiations, and their hands are the whiter for being washed in blood. They must be thought *Isaacs* for offering up their *Abraham*. None are marked for true *Israelites*, but those that have the blood of their *Moses* on their door. Thus they can sin, and yet preserve their saintships. As *Mahomet*'s paradise is both a brothel-house and a nunnery: his virgins wore it, and yet continue vestals; are heavenly bawds, and yet may lead apes in hell. We perceive at last why plays went down; to wit, that murthers may be acted in earnest. Stages must admit no scaffolds, and personated tragedies no real ones. Mock shews of cruelty are but poor feasts to their fleshed appetites; leeches will suck no pictures. They have all images and fables, but must murther the king in sincerity and truth: no need of heightning revels. These *Herods* can behead without the allurements of a dance. These tragedians have outvied invention, and acted what monsters in their monstrous wishes could hardly reach. The head and members have but one neck; our compendious *Caligula*'s have dispatched not only the king but the kingdom too at a blow.

A thousand

A thousand ages yet to come
Shall mourn, great Charles *thy martyrdom;*
And if the muse can ought foretel,
Thy sons shall crush this crocodile.
Oh! may I live to hail that day,
And sing loud poeans in the way;
When their return shall free this nation,
From future fears of usurpation

The thief's best play is to kill the judge; and great robberies are seldom committed without blood: or else what wolves but would have tended such a *Romulus?* such an *Elias*, what ominous ravens but would have fed? a prince! whose goodness might rather fear idolatry than injury; deserved rather to be prayed to, than condemned, made a saint, than murthered. A prince! whose merits were so above all flatteries, that the oldest courtier was as scandalous as *Peters*; and *encomiums* defamed as much as that *Rabshecah* of no more addresses. His sight, his wisdom was at first eclipsed, but the cloud only made his influence prove lightning; and whom he could not illuminate, at least he scared into a belief: but still he shewed more of the dove than the serpent; and 'twas the want of gall that made him lose his head. When wasps and hornets usurp the hive, the royal bee suffers, because without a sting. They turned wolves, because the lion was a lamb. All his tyranny was not to slay, but have his throat cut; and he now must bleed for not bleeding seven years before. Tumults forc'd him hence and the last great tumult murdered him

Thus, thus he dies a prince, whose innocence had taught poison allegiance, made pistols royalists, and kept *Rolf* from being cursed: a prince for whom *Hotham* was a martyr, *Brown* a prisoner, and *Shimei Prin* undertook a vindication. *Hammond* at last becomes a captive to his charge. The good apostle converts his goaler. He disarms the rebels even with his fetters, and like the hand of providence, is then most powerful when it is thought most weak. He subdues, as if the castle where not his prison, but his fort. 'Tis a question whether he was more miraculous for curing disloyalty, or the evil. *Hammond*'s blindness was as desperate as the woman's. He dispossesses so fast, *Cromwell* can scarce find devils enough to bait the exorcist. Let the vipers but kiss his hand, and

and they are innocent. Had *Bradshaw* that condemned him been longer on the bench, or single, that *Dagan* too had fallen before the captive-ark. But O! at the scaffold he engrosses miracles. There he christens by wholesale. That one blow slew more rebels than all these seven years. Our *Sampson* tho' shaved both hair and head away, killed more *Philistines* at his death, than all his life-time. Now they would swear fealty to his trunk, and homage to a dipt handkerchief. They adore his very ghost, and will atone their rebellion, by being subjects now there is no king. And who cannot continue loyal to such a king, that died for the sins and safety of his people? who would refuse to be his subjects, who is their martyr? he acted a christian better than most divines can describe one; and bled doctrines more freely than they can speak them. He shewed graces the schoolmen scarce ever heard of. We might edify more from the scaffold in an hour, than from the pulpit in an age. His passion was greater than all queen *Mary*'s days; and he suffered more than all the book of martyrs.

If murd'ring kings be meritorious,
And the right way to make 'em glorious;
To shew the utmost they could do,
They murder king and kingdom too;
And as they say good deeds are best
That are more secret than the rest,
That they in no respect might err,
They mask the executioner.
But some give this a diff'rent turn,
And argue with revenge and scorn,
That these immortal rogues in grain
Murder'd the king purely for gain;
That they might seize on his dominions,
And parcel it among their minions.
Others there are pretend to know,
That reprobate that gave the blow,
Had neither modesty nor grace,
Altho' he hid his villain's face.
I rather think the case lay here,
He was afraid some cavalier
Might know him, and be so uncivil,
To send him headlong to the devil.

The

The Earl of Pembroke's *Speech in Parliament, on* Monday *the* 19*th of* Dec. 1642. *concerning Accommodation.*

My Lords,

I HAVE not used to trouble you with long speeches, I know I am an ill speaker; but tho' I am no scholar, I am an honest man, and have a good heart to my king and country.

I have more to lose than many of these who so hotly oppose an accommodation: I will not forfeit mine estate to satisfy their humours or ambitions. My lords, 'tis time to look about us, and not to suffer ourselves to be fooled out of our lives, our honours, and our fortunes, to help those men, who when their turns are served, will despise us, and begin to laugh at us already.

A fellow here of the town, an ordinary, scurvy fellow, told me the other day to my face, that he cared not if I left them to morrow; nay, if all the lords (except three or four that he named, and said, he was sure would not leave them) went to the king, they should do their business the better. Yet, my lords, I think we have helped them: I am sure they could never have brought it to this without us, if we had not joined with them: I think the people would not have followed the House of Commons, now they can do their business without us: it will be worse shortly, if we do not look about us.

My lords, we were told this time twelve-month, if we would put out the bishops out of the lords house, no farther attempts should be made upon the church: I am sure I was promised so, by some who would be thought honest men; and when I told them it was reported that they meant to take away episcopacy, and the book of common-prayer; they protested to me, that in the first they intended nothing, but to appoint some godly ministers to assist the bishops in ordination, and some other things that I do not understand; and for the book of common-prayer, they who are strictest against it, and would never be present at it, assured me, that if it were once confirmed by act of parliament, (for they said many things were put in to it by the bishops, without authority) they would be content; and on my conscience so they would if they had the places they then looked for.

Now

Now nothing will content them, but no bishop, no book of common-prayer; and shortly it will be, no lords, no gentlemen, and no books at all, for we have preachers already that can neither write nor read.

My lords, I wonder what we shall get by this war; we venture more than other men; I am sure I venture more than five hundred of them; and the most I can look for, is to escape undoing. What between being a traytor, and being a malignant, we have but a narrow way to walk in: we hear every base fellow say in the street, as we pass by in our coaches, that they hope to see us a foot shortly, and to be as good men as the lords; and I think they will be as good as their words, if we take this course.

They say they will have no peace without truth. Death! Have we no truth? Have we lived all this while in ignorance? I think our fathers were as wise men as they. Had we no truth in queen *Elizabeth*'s time; Have not all our famous learned divines been able to teach us truth, but must we learn it only out of tubs?

My lords, I am no scholar, but I understand men; and I had rather continue ignorant still, than enjoy the truth these men would have. I have served the king's father and himself; and though I have been so unhappy as to fall into his displeasure, no body shall perswade me to turn traytor; I have too much to lose.

I am a true protestant, and I love the king and kingdom; and I am sure war is good for neither of them. I would every bodies faults were forgiven them; and I think we should all then take heed how we committed new.

Good my lords, let us have peace; and if these men will not consent to it, let us think of some other way to get it.

The Earl of Pembroke's *Speech to the House of* Peers, *when the* Lords *were accused of High-Treason*, 1647.

My Lords,

You know I seldom make speeches, yet (my lords) every thing would fain live; and now I must either find a tongue, or lose my head: I am accused for sitting

ſitting here, when your lordſhips fled to the army: Alas! my lords, I am an old man, I muſt ſit: you may ride or run any whither, but I am an old man: you voted them traytors who left the houſe, and went to *York*; they told us then, they were forc'd away by tumults: do not you ſay ſo too? were they traytors for going, and am I a traytor for ſtaying? 's death, my lords, what would you have me do? hereafter I'll neither go nor ſtay. I have ſerved you ſeven years; what have you given me, unleſs part of a thankſgiving dinner, for which you made me faſt once a month? I was fed like a prince at the king's coſt, twice every day, long before ſome of you were born: and this king continu'd, nay, out-did his father, in heaping favours upon me; yet (for your ſakes) I renounc'd my maſter when he had moſt need of me; voted againſt him, ſwore againſt him, hired men to fight againſt him: I confeſs I myſelf never ſtruck at him, nor ſhot at him, but I pay'd for thoſe that did: I gave my tenants their leaſes fine-free, if they would riſe and reſiſt the king, and yet, my lords, after all this, muſt I be a traytor? have I not ſworn for you over and over, and over again? you ſent me on your errands to *Oxford*, to *Uxbridge*, to *Newcaſtle*, to *Holdenby*; you hurried me up and down as if I had been a king; you made me carry a world of propoſitions; I brought them all ſafe and ſound; what you bid me ſay, I ſpake to a ſyllable; and had the king aſk'd me how old I was, without your commiſſion I ſhould not have told him; and yet, my lords, I am an old man: remember how I ſtuck to you againſt *Strafford* and *Canterbury*; ſome of you ſhrunk at *Strafford*'s trial, ſo that your names were like to be poſted for malignants; and for *Canterbury*, many of you would have had him live. My lord of *Northumberland*, and others would have no hand in his blood; but I gave you the caſting voice, that ſent him packing into another world, and yet now would you ſend me after him? have not I ſat with you early and late? when the parliament tumbl'd and toſs'd, and roll'd itſelf on this ſide and on that ſide, ſtill I was for the parliament: tho' I ſtay'd here with preſbyterian lords, yet when you return'd, I was firm to you. All the other lords left you in the houſe, when Sir *Tho. Chaplin* gave thanks for your return: but I ſtay'd and pray'd with you, and am (for ought I know) as great an Inde-

pendant as any of you all. I rejoic'd with you, fasted, sung plalms, pray'd with you, and hereafter will run away with you; nay, I had done it now, but who knew your minds? if you meant I should follow you, why did you not wink upon me? think you I could run away by instinct? my lords, you know I love dogs, and (tho' I say it) I thank God I have had as good dogs, as any in *England*. Now, my lords, if a dog follow me when I do not call him, I bid him be gone; if I call him, and he comes not, then I beat him; but if I beat him for not coming, when I never call'd him, you'll think me mad. 's death, my lords, 'tis a poor dog is not worth the whistling.

But, perhaps, my fault is not meer staying hear, but being active in your absence; because in my robes and collar of *S.S*, I brought up Mr *Pelham*, the commons new speaker. Why what if I did? is not Mr *Pelham* my own cousin? would your lordships have me uncivil to my kindred? why might not I entertain the new speaker, as well as Sir *Robert Harley* entreat us to admit him; Mr *Pelham* is none of Sir *Robert*'s cousin, and yet Sir *Robert* is an old man

I hear some say, that I was forward to begin a new war; that my hand is to all the warrants for listing men and horse, and in order thereunto I voted his majesty should come to *London*. 'Tis true, my lords, I did give my vote for the king's coming hither; but wherefore was it? 'twas only to chuse a new speaker. What! would ye have us dumb, and sit here like ferrets? my lords, I love to hear men to speak; and all the lawyers told me, no king, no speaker; that either the commons must name their speaker, and the king approve him; or the king name him, and the commons approve him: no king, no speaker. And so I was for the king, that is, for the speaker.

Then (my lords) observe the manner of his coming; the king was to come according to the covenant; mark ye that. I was still for my oaths: let him come when he will; if the covenant fetch him, he had as good stay away: and yet men cry shame on the covenant. Those that took it, cast it up again; and those that refuse it, have given a world of arguments that it is unreasonable; which reasons our assembly (like a company of rascals) never yet answer'd. I know, my lords, many of our friends

friends never took this oath, but they refus'd it out of meer conſcience. Shall malignant conſciences be as tender as ours? why, what do they think our conſciences are made of? but, my lords, ſuppoſe this oath be unreaſonable: can we do nothing but we muſt give a reaſon for it? this is as bad as the houſe of commons; who, when we deny to paſs any ordinance, preſently ſend to know our reaſons, tho' themſelves give no reaſons for demanding ours; and ſo malignants would have reaſonable oaths: only here's the difference, the houſe of commons do uſe to demand reaſons: tho' I hold the Covenant is extream reaſonable; for as ſome malignants take it to ſave their eſtates, ſo we give it to make them loſe their eſtates; both love their eſtates, and both hate the covenant. Thus, my lords, we have reaſon for this oath, and your lordſhips have no reaſon to make me a traytor, while I give my vote according to the covenant.

As for ſigning warrants to raiſe a new army, I wonder you'll ſpeak of it. Have not you all done it a hundred times? how many reams of paper have we ſubſcribed to raiſe forces for king and parliament? 'tis well known, I can ſcarce write a word beſides my name: can't a man write his own name without loſing his head? if I muſt give account for what I ſet my hand to, *Lord have mercy upon me.* I ſee now my grandfather was a wiſe man, he could neither write nor read; and happy for me were I ſo too. Come, come, my lords, be plain, and tell me, do I look like one that would raiſe a new war? I muſt confeſs I love a good army; but if there be none till I raiſe it, ſoldiers of fortune may change their name. No, my lords, 'twas not I, 'twas the eleven members would have raiſed a war. You ſee they were guilty by their running away; I neither ran with them, nor with you; I don't like this running away, I love to ſtay by it. And whether was for war, I that ſtay'd in town, or you that went to the army? the devil a horſe did I lift, but in my new coach, nor uſed any harneſs, but my collar of SS; and will you for this clap me into the *Tower?* you ſent me thither ſix years ſince, but for handling a ſtandiſh, and you'll commit me for writing my name? what, my lords, do you hate learning? can you not end nor begin a parliament without ſending me to the *Tower?* do your lordſhips mean to make me a lord-mayor? if I needs muſt go, pray ſend me home to *Baynard-Caſtle*, or *Durham-houſe:* a damnable

fire burnt my house at *Wilton* just that hour I moved your lordships to drive malignants out of *London*. But why to the *Tower?* am I company for lions? do you think me a cat-a-mountain, fit to be shewn thro' a grate for two pence? no, my lords, keep the *Tower* for malignants, they can endure it; some of them have been prisoners seven years; they can feed upon bare allegiance, please themselves with discourses of conscience, of honour, of a righteous cause, and I know not what; but what's this to me? how will these malignants look upon me? nay, how shall I look upon them? I confess, some of them love my son's company; they say, he's more a gentleman, and has wit: 's death, my lords, must I turn gentleman? I thought I had been a peer of the realm; and am I now a gentleman? let my son keep his wit, his poor father never got two pence by his wit. Alas! my lords, what hurt can I do you? or what good will it do you to have my head? I am but a ward; my lord *Say* hath disposed of me these seven years: I am no lawyer, tho' the *Littletons* call me cousin; I am no scholar, tho' I have been the university's chancellor; I am no statesman, tho' I was a privy-counsellor. I know not what you mean by the three estates: last *June* the army demanded a release for *Lilburn*, *Musgrove*, and *Overton*; I thought they had been the three. I thank God I have a good estate of my own, and I have the estate of my lord *Bayning*'s children, and I have my lord of *Carnarvan*'s estate; these are my three estates, and yet, my lords, must I to the *Tower?* consider, we are but a few lords left; come let's love and be kind to one another; the cavaliers quarell'd among themselves, beat one another, and lost all; let us be wiser, my lords; for had we fallen into their condition, my conscience tells me we had look'd most wofully.

I perceive, your lordships think better of me; and you would quit me, if I were not charged by the agitators and general council of the army. How, agitators! 's death, what's that? whoever heard that word before? I understand classical, provincial, congregational, national; but for agitator, it may (for ought I know) be a knave not worth three pence. If agitators cut noblemens throats, you'll find the devil has been an agitator. As for the general council, I hate the name of it, 'tis old and naught, and used to be full of bishops: those fellows have troubl'd us ever since the apostles time: I thought we had made

them

them poor enough, and is their name come again to torment me? my lords, I understand not these general councils; those of old (they say) were christians, and these are independants: what a dammable deal of generalling is here? general assembly, general of the army, general council of the army; we never had a quiet hour since we had so many generals. Well, my lords, these are hard times, and we make them worse with hard words, which neither we nor our fore-fathers understood. Heretofore bishops were *Jure Divino*; then elders would be *Jure Divino*; and now agitators would be *Jure Divino*: d---n me I think nothing *Jure Divino* but God. Call you this a thorough reformation? my lords, if these agitators must rule the kingdom, why are not we ourselves agitators? why may not I make *Oldsworth* an agitator? his abilities and honesty are equal to most of them? but, for ought I see, agitators will sooner be earls of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, than we agitators. For the parliament leads the people, the army leads the parliament, *Cromwell* leads Sir *Thomas Ireton*, and *Ireton* leads *Cromwell*; agitators? will lead *Ireton*; whither the devil shall we all be led at last?

My lords, you see I have spoke my mind: I hope, every week some of your lordships will do the like; and the commons in this (tho' in nothing else) will follow the house of peers.

But I have done, I have done, my lords; remember, I beseech you, that I am an old man: I have been a grandfather time out of mind (for I was so when this parliament began) and now must I be food for agitators? O, my lords, I have used the king so ill, and he loved me so well; and I have served you so well, and you use me so ill, that no man is sorry for me. Therefore my request is, that you would not think of sending me to the *Tower*, till some-body pities me.

The Earl of Pembroke's *Speech in Parliament, on the Debate of the City's Petition for a Personal Treaty with the king in* London; *and also on the Debate of the Reasons given by the Lords to the Commons, for not sending the three Propositions before a Treaty.* 1648.

The Citizens being withdrawn, his Lordship spake as followeth:

My Lords,

I Thank God you had no reason to make me your speaker: and truly (all things considered) I have as little reason to be a speaker as any man; and yet I will speak, for I have been learning these seven years how to do it extrumpere; I have helped too to bawl down bishops and scholars and ministers, for dumb dogs; and do you think I'll be a dumb dog too? a halter I will: If I should sit still and say nothing and let his majesty come to *London*, that were the way to make me dumb indeed, for I can say no more for myself than a dog. I hope the door is fast, that the citizens do not hear me, because I'll speak my mind: what, tho' I do not know my own mind, yet I'll speak it as well as I can. 'Tis known I am a true *English* man, tho' I cannot speak good *English*, and as honest a man too as my lord *Say* can make me; and therefore, my lords, now I have lived long enough with you, I mean to die with the house of commons, or else (they say) I shall be no lord; and so say I to you: grass and hay, my lords, we are all mortal, and must be tied up to the manger.

I have been for the city too in my time, when they would pay their money, hear reason, and invite us to dinners. Hang them, rascals, they cannot say but we have given them their bellies full too (I pray God they do not hear me). This time twelve-month they made a young man of me, and yet (as simple as you think me) I am an old man: they drew me into a new war, and made me wait upon a new speaker, and vote his majesty's coming to *London*: but I was a mad man, I knew not

what

what I did then; for if the army had not had the more mercy, I had been a traytor as well as the reſt, for ought I know. Do you think then I'll vote the king home again? no, I warrant you, I am an old bird, and ſcorn chaff, or to be made a traytor any more for any king in *Chriſtendom*. I am an old thing made new now: my man *Michael* tells me I am an independant. I think I am a good chriſtian; ay, but citizens and *Scots* are Jews, and who knows but that perſonal treaty may be a new name for popery?

You may bring in popery, and break the Covenant, if you pleaſe, my lords, but I dare not. I am ſure we have gotten well by it, we have reaſon to regard it, for we have gotten the crown-lands, church-lands, the cavaliers lands, every man's lands too, if we pleaſe, and the devil and all: and how ſhall we keep them, if we do not keep to the covenant? for my part I'll keep to my oaths, and rather than part with them, d------e I'll ſwear down all this perſonal treaty.

And good reaſon too, for they ſay it will undo all that we have been doing theſe ſeven years: and for my part, I thought all had been undone already, then what needs any more undoing by a treaty? my lords, if we muſt undo, let us undo as the houſe of commons do, they do one thing to day, and undo it to morrow: they voted they would never make any more addreſſes to the king, and made us vote ſo too, and then they made us unvote all again. And truly, I think this is a hard chapter, for I can't read the meaning of it, But I am ſure they do not mean a treaty, if they can help it.

I like the way of ſending propoſitions; ay, for I love to go on errands. I am ſure it is an honourable employment for an old man to be the ſtates's half-penny boy; and I am glad the commons will not read your reaſons for the king's coming, before he have ſigned the three propoſitions. For, obſerve, my lords, if they ſhould hear reaſon, they might go whiſtle: miſtake me not, I mean if they ſhould hear any reaſon but their own, and I think that is all the reaſon in the world, for it is reaſon of ſtate, or the ſtate's own reaſon. There I think I hit it; for all other reaſon is malignant and high treaſon. Why then ſhould we treat with the king? for he'll talk malignant reaſon, and reaſon of ſtate too; but then here's the matter, my lords, he will not talk the ſtate's reaſon, and

therefore judge ye, whether the ſtate have any reaſon to talk with him, when he will talk nothing but treaſon, and by that means, my lords, make you or me, or any of us all traytors to our faces? truſt him that will, for my part, I ſhall have as little to ſay to him as any of you all; and yet you ſee I am a good ſpeaker, according to the ſtate's reaſon.

I think we never had a good world ſince we had ſo much reaſon: for my part (I'll ſpeak my mind plainly) I never had any reaſon of my own, nor will I own ever any but *Michael Oldſworth*, and the ſtate's; and, by the life of *Pharaoh*, I think they two are as reaſonable creatures as any in the World. But to this point of reaſon, I mean to ſpeak more, now I come to examine your lordſhips reaſons of ſtate, which the houſe of commons have voted contrary to the ſtate's reaſon: for, as I take it, my lords, they are the ſtate, and you know we are all bound to ſubmit to the ſtate, or elſe we are traytors; I am ſure few of us but have been made ſo for not ſubmitting, and 'tis God's mercy we are not all traytors. Howſoever, I'll be one no more, if I can help it, but keep as well as I can to the ſtate's reaſons, and I advise your lordſhips to do ſo too, for they care not a fig for all your reaſons, nor I neither. 's death, I am ſure ſome of you have no reaſon to the contrary; you know how you were whipped with the black-rod lately, and I can tell you, there is a black book too at the head-quarters; if you'll do reaſon, ye may, but (mark ye, my lords) 'tis very dangerous to talk reaſon, it is the only way to be put in the black book, and then you know the black rod follows. I am an old man, ay, and ſome of you are old enough too, but you ſee, we are not paſt whipping, and yet you will not take warning.

However, I ſhall have a care of one, and in the mean time ſee what reaſon you have to venture to talk reaſon to the ſtate, if you were their fellow-commoners, you might have ſome reaſon to make bold to give them reaſons; but being as it is, methinks you might know your diſtance. You ſay you would not have the three propoſitions offered to the king before the treaty; firſt, becauſe the citizens here, and divers countries, have petitioned for it. The citizens! 'tis true, they have brought us in a petition here for it; but the more raſcals they: they may go home and ſay their prayers; for they are not like to be

heard

heard here. What, do they pray when they ſhould curſe? d-----e, do they think the ſtate's a cameleon, to live upon air, good words, and petitions, and treaties? they were all for a new war, and drew me in too this time twelve-months, and now they are againſt a new war. Is there any reaſon in this, when the ſtates have not yet done their buſineſs? muſt they do and undo, as well as the ſtate? and now by doing nothing, quite undo the ſtate? they ſhall be hanged firſt; d-----e, they ſhall. I am ſomewhat the more eager againſt this, my lords, becauſe you ſay 'tis reaſon; but yet I hope the citizens do not hear me. I would not have all that I ſpeak, to be ſpoken on the houſe-tops, becauſe uſually, my lords, I ſeldom ſpeak, but I am over the top of the houſe, before I am aware. But this I ſay, why ſhould they ſtand for peace and treaties, that firſt ſet a-foot the war? and now, when we expect they ſhould ſerve another apprenticeſhip to the ſtate to maintain the war, they meant to leave reformation, like *Dun*, in the mire, and are become ſo *Popiſh* as to croſs us with treaties. If they were for a new war this time twelve-month, 'tis all the reaſon in the world they ſhould be ſo now. What, though the caſe be not the ſame, nor the ſtate the ſame now that it was then? I hope the cauſe and the ſtate are alive ſtill, and will be as long as the king and the cavaliers live; and out-live them too; for they are the ſame ſtill, and fitter for another world than the ſtate's world: for the ſtate's world runs round, and hath done ſo theſe ſeven years, but the king and the cavaliers are the ſame ſtill: and therefore, my lords, I ſhall conclude with as good logick as any I have left in the univerſity, as long as the king and the cavaliers are the ſame, the cauſe muſt needs be the ſame, though the ſtate be not the ſame, but mangled, and rent, and patched, and new-modelled, and the covenant likewiſe cracked all to pieces. And where is your reaſon now, my lords? doth it not follow then, that they ought not to take the ſame courſe to maintain the war againſt the king and the cavaliers, and not trouble the ſtate thus with treaties? eſpecially ſeeing *Guild-hall* is the ſame, the exciſe, the city-bags, and publick faith too, are all the very ſame ſtill, and as full and fluent as ever. And if theſe fellows that come here to vex the ſtate thus with petitions, will not go home in peace, to forward a new war, and be the ſame men again that

they have been, I hope the army will come and pickle them up in the *Tower*, and serve them the same sauce their fellows had this time twelve month: for what other end, I pray you, do we keep the army, or the army keep us?

And now, my lords, that I have done with the citizens, I shall fall upon the counties. What have they to do with petitions? they are out of their calling: they should forlow the plough, and let the state alone, to harrow and fetch in harvest. I warrant you they had rather have a king, and see us quartered, than endure any more free-quarter; but I think the state-guard quartered them sufficiently, and made drawn cats of them, I mean the *Surrey* men; so that I think they, or the rest, will have little stomach again to come a petitioning. What reason then, my lords, have you to regard what they say for a treaty? they can but talk (you see) and the state can fight, and be ne'er the more traytors for it; but if these fight, they are traytors presently, as soon as we have conquer'd them. I tell you, my lords, if the state had voted me a soldier, I would have no more mercy upon these fellows than if they were traytors in gingerbread. What though they would bite? I have ventured, e'er now, the tenderest member that I have, with a biting thing, and lain in a month for it under the surgeon's hands; and I'll venture my tongue with any biter of them all, but I'll be sure to have a care of my head for the service of the state; and who knows, whether I may keep it, if there be a treaty; but I wonder what good my head would do them: I am not weary of it yet, for I never much troubled it, nor have been much troubled with it, and yet I should be much troubled to part with it. 'Tis true, I for my part never got any thing by it, and I suppose no body else will; therefore they had as good let it alone. But neither you have any reason to venture yours, nor I mine. And therefore to this part of your reason, my lords, I say the counties are as very rascals as the citizens, that would have us to pull an old house upon our heads by a personal treaty: they would have a disbanding of the army too, would they? but they shall snap short; for I love the army, d------e, I do dearly. Sink me, they would have us disband, I think too, and sit no longer; but if the army will love us, we'll love the army; for why should the counties be so much against the soldiers, poor wretches! consider, my lords, an

'twere

'twere your own case; for it might have pleased God to I have made some of us soldiers. And so, my lords, I think I have maul'd your first reason against the 3 propositions.

Your second reason is, *Because his majesty hath often declared, that he will sign nothing till all things be concluded, and therefore, that the sending of those three must needs cause delay to the treaty.* I would have you to know, my lords, I am not for delays, I hate them; for I think I am as hasty as any man; but yet I care not, if we delay a treaty with God or the king till doomsday, and that I think is a fair time: for it may be to morrow, for ought we know: and it is a very fit time, I think, since his majesty will agree to nothing till the conclusion of all things. I wish him well, he was my master, but I care not much for seeing him, nor for kissing his hand; I can kiss my lady *May*, and she is my mistress. I care not for kissing of men: I am an old man, and it is not for me to be kissing: but if she be for a personal treaty, then indeed this reason holds good against delay, and I am of your opinion.

Then you say too, *It is contrary to the rules of treating, to grant any thing before the treaty.* Have we done what we list all this while, and must we go by rule now? Then it will follow too, that we must let the king rule again. He is in a fine condition to rule, is he not? I thought we could have ruled one another better than he. I am sure my lord *Say* rules me, as well as ever I would desire; and I believe he rules you as well as me; and then we can never be against the rules of treating, as long as he rules the roast; because he says a treaty is out of all rule, and none but unruly fellows do stand for it, and it is not for our honours, my lords, to be unruly: but d------e, I think we cannot be unruly; for we have as good a disciplin'd army as any is in the world to rule us.

But I say further, That *it was the desire of the* Scots *to have his majesty come to some of his houses near* London, *and therefore we should yield to it presently, to keep a fair correspondence with them.* D------e and sink me, my lords, what have we to do with them now? we had occasion to use them a while ago; but now that they have helpt us to conquer the king, we have done with them. We, my lords, must be ruled, but the *Scots*, you see, are the lords of misrule. For my part,

I'll have nothing to do with them; I cannot abide a *Scot*; for a *Scot* switch'd me once, and cracked my crown with my own staff, the virge of my lord-chamberlainship, and now they are all coming to switch you too. They say *Hamilton* is their general: he is a duke; I cannot abide a duke, because I am not one myself: but do not I look as like a duke as *Hamilton*? well, I might have been one, if I had had wit enough to keep that honour which I had; but I had honour; what then had I to do with wit? that's for poor rogues; for wit and honour seldom meet together. I know many men count swearing to be wit; and if I had been so witty as to keep close to my oaths at court, and not broke them by playing false with the king, and forswear myself by taking the state's oaths, and the *Scots* oath, d------e I had been as good a duke before this time, as any *Scot* of them all. But hang dukes, we are princes now an't please the commons.

As for the king's coming to one of his houses, I know not what that means, for he hath never a house: I say they are the state's houses time out of mind, at least these seven years, ever since his majesty was turned out of doors. I am afraid, if he should come to any of his houses, and we not agree with him, nor let him be king again, we shall be turned out of our house, and the commons out of their house; and then we shall not have a house to hide our heads in. Mark ye too, my lords, it must be to some one of his houses near *London*. How d'ye like that? I am sure some of you have no houses near *London*, and ye thought to make bold with his majesty's. 's death, I thought ye had housed him for that purpose and will ye now give over house-keeping?

You say likewise there is more reason to offer treaty with him now, than there was heretofore at *Oxford* and *Uxbridge*. Well, my lords, you may do what you will. Sink me, if I don't live and die with the house of commons. I am for the state; ay, but if you'll undo your selves with reason, I cannot help it: you see the cavaliers have undone themselves with it already. And if you'll beggar your selves with it too, and leave me to keep house here by myself, you may. You know the house of commons and I are all one; and if you leave the house of peers to me and two or three more, the commons house and our's will soon be all one too. Hang reason then,

will you provoke the ſtate, and leave my company for a little reaſon? you know whither my lord of *Holland* is gone for his reaſon, and what's become of my lord *Francis* and the reſt, and where I am that have reaſon. You talk of treating at *Oxford* and *Uxbridge*. 'Tis true his majeſty baffled us with reaſon: but how hath he proſpered after it? I believe it never did any body any good; and I am ſure, though we had no reaſon to get the better, yet we got the better with no reaſon: and therefore becauſe we thrived ſo well then without reaſon, I think 'tis wiſely done to deal out of all reaſon ever ſince. And ſo, my lords, I think I have tickled you for all your reaſons, againſt our ſending of the three propoſitions before a treaty.

Now, my lords, in the next place, I'll prove the propoſitions themſelves to be ſo reaſonable, that I know you'll never truſt to your own reaſons again. What though they are unreaſonable, yet they are not ſo, if I keep to my former diſtinction, that is, not according to reaſon of ſtate, but the ſtate's reaſon; for ſeeing a treaty would quite undo the ſtate, ſure 'tis all the reaſon in the world, they ſhould propound things out of reaſon, on purpoſe to prevent treating. Therefore I'll maintain the firſt propoſition is moſt reaſonable, that the king ſhould recal all proclamations and declarations againſt us, and well he eſcapes ſo too, for I am ſure he ſlandered us ſufficiently with a matter of truth, though he called us out of our names: s'death! which of all us are rebels and traytors? do I look like one? what, am I a *Vaux* or a *Cateſby*? I am ſure I had no hand in this laſt powder-plot; nor the firſt neither: I ſcorn to be a traytor, ay, d------e. What, declarations and proclamations to cut off our heads, and not recal them? you may chuſe whether you'll have them recalled or no; but, ſink me, I'll have them recalled. What ſhall your heads be fitted with an iron cap-caſe, and ſet a ſunning theſe dog-days upon the top of the houſe here, to ſpoil our complexions? d------e, we muſt all come to it, if we be rebels and traytors: traytor then in his face, if he will not recal his proclamations; for they will make us traytors, in ſpight of our teeths, if we do not make them treaſon againſt the ſtate. What tho' the houſe of commons have made us traytors in many things in ſpite of our teeths, I hope the ſtate may do any thing, and be no treaſon: therefore, I ſay, theſe procla-

mations are treason against the state, and so not to recal them, is to be a traytor against the state.

But the cavaliers say, if the king recals them, then he makes himself and them to be the traytors. And all the reason in the world, believe me; for do what we can, we cannot make them traytors: why then should not he make them so to our hands; for I am sure we use them like traytors; and one had better be traytors, I think, than used so: but they are stubborn fellows; their shoulders are broad enough to bear any thing, and therefore the state hath reason to make them the traytors. I remember when they proclamed my lord of *Essex* a traytor, and my lord *Say* here a traytor, and all that stuck to them traytors, I am sure I stuck to them close, and yet I think we are never the worse traytors for being proclaimed. What is a proclamation? I am sure there are some in the state that have torn his majesty's proclamations. How can they be traytors then? but I'll tell you, my lords, who are the traytors. The king's evil counsellors, are the traytors; for they never left him till we shut him up close prisoner, and put them away. We are the king's great council now: what though we will not let him come amongst us; yet I am sure we are his best council; for we save him a great deal of trouble, and dispatch all things for him, without a hearing, and so I hope we shall dispatch him too, if he will not recal. Judge you then, my lords, whether he had not best recal his proclamations.

Now, for the second proposition for settling of church-government, there is all the reason in the world for it: for, I say, every tub ought to stand upon his own bottom? why then should not the church of *England* be settled upon a *Scotch* bottom? here is such a deal of do about a church and religion; I tell you plainly, my lord, I am an independant; I love it better than presbytery; and yet I think they are both but a tale of a tub: but howsoever, it is an ill tub that hath no bottom: therefore, my lords, I keep to my first saying, the church will never be settled, till every tub stands upon his own bottom. Judge you then, whether I am not fit to be a reformer. The assembly says, we must reform according to the word of God. For my part, I never trouble myself to read a word of it, and yet you know I am an assembly-man. What need I read the word of God, when I keep a chap-

lain

lain to read it? besides, they say the reading of it would spoil my oaths, and I'll not leave one word of my oaths for all the word of God: but I am willing to be rid of the *Scotch* oath, because they say 'tis taken out of the word of God, and it may be so for ought I know. But yet I would fain keep the covenant, because it hath kept many of us these hard times, and because it keeps the bishops away from us. I cannot abide bishops, they have so much learning and antiquity: I hate surplices too, ever since Mr *Henderson* preached it up for the whore of *Babylon*'s smock. It seems he had taken it up often, for he had many a bout with her, (as Mr *Sedgwick* says) now and anon too: but hang the whore of *Babylon*; she is an old whore, and I am an old man, (I thank God) but I cannot abide old whores, nor you neither, my lords, I hope. Therefore judge you whether his majesty ought not to settle church-government presently, that all old whores may be excommunicated.

As for our third proposition, for the settling of the militia, I know not well what to say to it. This militia is a hard word, and so is publick faith, but yet the citizens made a shift to swallow it: the devil's in their guts, they will down with any thing these hard times; and they will down with militia too, if we would let them. Sure it is a very hard word; for we have much ado to make his majesty part with it, and we are as loth to part with it as his majesty. But I think we have made him part with it in spight of his teeth. What though he will not give it us, we have it already; and we are fools (I think) if we do not keep it. What, take away our arms? does he think to make the state cross the cudgels, and be popish again? the state shall order *Hammond* to trip up his heels first, and if he cannot do it, *Ralph* shall go and make him kick up his heels. He is a member of the state's militia; he may do it; d---e, he may; for no body that I see dares question him. Judge you then, whether his majesty had not as good let us cut his throat with the militia, as without it. And so, my lords, I think the three propositions are very reasonable, and that you will never trouble the state with any more reasons against them.

Now, my lords, for the city's petition here before us, I have but one word more to say, I say, their petition is worse than your reasons. They would have a treaty

a treaty too, and no propositions; but they are not half so mannerly to the state as your lordships; for you give reasons, but they bring not a word of reason that I can understand; and yet they will have no nay to a treaty. Hang them rascals, it is to save their purses; they had rather save their purses, than themselves or the state: but d---e, their purses and they are both reprobates, and therefore I say the state must d--n them both. It is possible in time the state may hang them for all their services; I do not mean the aldermen in their own chains; for, the troopers will find other ware for execution: and well they deserve it; for the poor army hath taken the pains to conquer the kingdom and them too; and yet the churls are so miserable, they never could find in their hearts to give them so much as one meal of thanksgiving; therefore I think after their cold breakfast before *Colchester*, they had best come and fall aboard upon the city. I am sure they have some friends here that will bid them welcome: *Skippon* hath a thousand horse for the purpose, and I think they will help pretty well to fetch recruits out of these dogged fellows of the city, and keep out a personal treaty.

Then mark, my lords, they'll have this treaty to be in *London*; no other place will serve them to have the king in but *London*: I thought they had kings enough at *London* already: but they'll have king *Charles*; that is a malignant word if you put but God to it; for, it is the cavaliers word, and I am neither. I hope, my lords, you will be so too, and not turn cavaliers now at last; for what should we do with king *Charles*? which of us can look him in the face? d--e, I think you have as little reason to treat with him as I. Well, my lords, I have spoken my mind; I pray you do not order the printing of my speech; for, I would not have every body know my mind before myself. I should speak oftener if I might be less in print; for, a speech in print is near kin to learning, and I hate learning; I hate a king; I hate king *Charles*. Do you do so too, and let us love one another, and be obedient to the state: for, *d---n, sink me, and ram me nine miles into the bottom of a hedge*, we are undone, if we do not make slaves of the city, and keep off a personal treaty.

The

The Earl of PEMBROKE'S *Speech.*

MY lord mayor, and you gentlemen of the city, I am commanded, and the reason that makes me trouble you at this time with saying any thing, is by reason of a letter I have received from the committee, which I think is a letter of some consequence, and fitting for you to see; otherwise I am so ill a speaker, after such a declaration made to you, I have not the boldness to say any thing to you: but truly tho' I say little, and have a bad tongue, yet I ever had so good a heart to this business, that I shall ever live and die it.

Gentlemen, you have shewed yourselves like brave and noble citizens; you have done it with that nobleness, with that alacrity, with that love to God, king, and parliament, that none of your ancestors before you never shewed more love, nor care, nor zeal, nor performed that you have done better: I have only this to say to you, if the times are such (not that I think there is any great peril in the king's army now, for they have told you nothing but truth) yet when you have seen this letter, you will find there is very good cause for you to crown this work, which must be by following it, with the same zeal, love, care, and nobleness, and alacrity; which if you do, you may well crown yourselves with the name of a glorious city: and none more.

The LETTER.

For his Excellency the Earl of *Cumberland*, Lord General of His Majesty's Forces in the *North.*

MY very good Lord. Your Lordship's of the 20th of this month I have received by Stockdale, *and have read it to his majesty; who willed me to signify to your lordship, that he is well pleased with your lordship's continuing of the sheriff in his place, albeit he sent a writ for his discharge: his majesty takes a special notice of your lord-*

lordship's vigilancy and care, in the trust he hath reposed in your lordship; as he hath by many very gracious expressions declared at several times openly, upon conference of your business in that county: your lordship's care of my lady duchess of Buckingham, *is (I assure you) very well taken by his majesty. Sir* Ralph Hopton, *and other gentleman in the west, have raised ten thousand horse and foot, with which they have already disarmed all persons in* Cornwall, *that are disaffected to the king; they have taken* Launceston, *and are marching into* Devonshire, *to disarm the disaffected there; and so intend to come to meet the king at* London: *here are also in* Wales *about* 6 *or* 7 *thousand men levied for the king, which are to be under marquess* Hartford, *that will be ready upon all occasions to come to his majesty; but we hope he will not need their help, having given the Earl of* Essex *such a blow, as they will make no haste again to adventure themselves in that cause against God's anointed. I shall refer your lordship to the relation of the bearer, for the particulars. To morrow his majesty marcheth towards* London, *by* Oxford, *I am so full of business, as I must crave your lordship's pardon that I write so briefly: but I am, nevertheless,*

Your Lordship's

most humble Servant,

Edgescot, Northampton, Oct. 24. 1642.

Edward Nicolas.

The last Will and Testament of the Earl of PEMBROKE.

I *Philip*, late earl of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, now knight for the county of *Berks*, being (as I am told) very weak in body, but of perfect memory; for I remember this time five years I gave the casting voice to dispatch old *Canterbury*; and this time two years I voted no address to be made to my master, and this time

E^l. of Pembroke's last Will 10

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time twelve month ſaw him brought to the block yet becauſe death doth threaten and ſtare upon me, (who ſtill have obeyed all thoſe that threatened me) I now make my laſt Will and Teſtament.

Imprimis, For my ſoul, I confeſs I have heard very much of ſouls, but what they are, or whom they are for, God knows, I know not; they tell me now of another world, where I never was, nor do I know one foot of the way thither. While the king ſtood, I was of his religion, made my ſon wear a caſſock, and thought to make him a biſhop; then came the *Scots* and made me a preſbyterian; and ſince *Cromwell* entered, I have been an independant. Theſe (I believe) are the kingdom's three eſtates, and if any of theſe can ſave a ſoul, I may claim one; therefore if my executors do find I have a ſoul, I give it him that gave it me.

Item, I give my body, for I cannot keep it, you ſee the ſurgeon is tearing off my fleſh, therefore bury me, I have church-lands enough, but do not lay me in the church-porch, for I was a lord, and would not be buried where colonel *Pride* was born.

Item, My will is, that I have no monument, for then I muſt have epitaphs and verſes, but all my life long I have had too much of them.

Item, I give my dogs (the beſt curs that ever man laid leg o'er) to be divided among the council of ſtate. Many a fair day have I followed my dogs, and followed the ſtate both night and day; went whither they ſent me, ſat where the bid me, ſometimes with lords, ſometimes with commons, and now can neither go nor ſit: yet whatever becomes of me, let my poor dogs not want their allowance, nor come within the ordinance of one meal a week.

Item, I give two of my beſt ſaddle horſes to the earl of *Denbigh*, for I fear e'er long his own legs will fail him; but the talleſt and ſtrongeſt in all my ſtables I give to the academy, for a vaulting-horſe for all lovers of virtue. All my other horſes I give to the lord *Fairfax*, that when *Cromwell* and the ſtates take away his commiſſion, his lordſhip may have ſome horſe to command.

Item, I give my hawks to the earl of *Carnarvan*; his father was maſter of the hawks to the king, and he has wit ſo like his father, that I begged his ward-ſhip, leſt he in time ſhould do ſo by me.

Item,

Item, I give all my deer to the earl of *Salisbury*, who I know will preserve them, because he denied the king a buck out of one of his own parks.

Item, I give my chaplains to the earl of *Stamford*, in regard he never used to have any but his son the lord *Grey*, who being thus both spiritual and carnal, may beget more monsters.

Item, I give nothing to the lord *Say*, which legacy I give him, because I know he will bestow it on the poor.

Item, To the countesses (my sister and my wife) I now give leave to enjoy their estates; but my own estate I give to my eldest son, charging him on my blessing to follow the advice of *Michael Oldsworth*, for though I have had 30000 *l. per annum*, yet I die not in debt above 80000 *l.*

Item, Because I threatned Sir *Harry Mildmay*, but did not beat him, I give fifty pounds to the footman that cudgelled him.

Item. My will is, that the said Sir *Henry* shall not meddle with my jewels? I knew him when he served the duke of *Buckingham*; and since, how he handled the crown jewels; for both which reasons I do now name him, *The knave of diamonds*.

Item, To *Tom May* (whose pate I broke heretofore at a masque) I give five shillings; I intended him more, but all that hath seen his history of the parliament, think five shillings too much.

Item, To the author of the libel against ladies, (called *News from the Exchange*) I give 3 *d.* for inventing a more obscene way of scribbling than the world yet knew; but since he throws what is rotten and false on divers names of unblemished honour, I leave his payment to the footman that paid Sir *Harry Mildmay*'s arrears, to teach him the difference 'twixt wit and dirt, and to know ladies that are noble and chaste from downright roundheads.

Item, I give back to the assembly of divines their classical, provincial, congregational, national; which words I have kept at my own charge above seven years, but plainly find they'll never come to good.

Item, As I restore other mens words, so I give lieutenant-general *Cromwell* one word of mine, because hitherto he never kept his own.

Item,

Item, To all rich citizens of *London*, to all presbyterians as well as cavaliers, I give advice to look to their throats, for, by order of the states, the garrison at *Whitehall* have all got poniards, and for new lights have bought dark lanthorns.

Item, I give all my printed speeches to these persons following, *viz.* That speech which I made in my own defence, when the seven lords were accused of high treason, I give to serjeant *Wild*, that hereafter he may know what is treason, and what is not. And the speech I made *extempore* to the *Oxford* scholars, I give to the earl of *Manchester*, speaker *pro tempore* to the house of peers, before its reformation, and chancellor *pro tempore* of *Cambridge* university, since its reformation. But my speech at my election (which is my speech without an oath) I give to those that take the engagement, because no oath hath been able to hold them. All my other speeches (of what colour soever) I give to the academy, to help Sir *Balthazar*'s art of well-speaking.

Item, I give up the ghost.

Concordat cum Originali.

NATHANIEL BRENT.

CODICIL.

Before his Lordship gave his last Legacy, he mentioned other particulars; but his Sense and his Words grew so independent, that they could not break forth into perfect Legacies; yet we thought fit to write what he spake, which was in his verbis.

Item, I give------'s death, I am very sick and my memory fails me; sink me, if I can remember what I have else to give. I have troubled my mind with things of this world; but who the devil thought death had been so near? ha! what's that? now 'tis at my bed's feet, all bloody. Murther! murther! call up my men: *Oldsworth*, where a plague are ye all? I am well holp up, to have such comforters. What, was it but a cat? a pox mew ye, do you take a lord for a mouse? ----so ho, so ho; there, there; O brave *Jowler*. Plague on

on that cur; couple him to *Royster*. - - - - Come to bed, ſweet heart; come, duck, come - - pox rot you all, where is my coach? my lord mayor hath ſtay'd at *Guild-hall* this two hours. - - - That cock's worth a king's ranſom; he runs, he runs; a thouſand pound to a bottle of hay - - rub rub, rub; a pox rub; a hundred thouſand rubs: 's death, my bowl's bewitched, it has no more biaſs than a pudding - - - I'll to the houſe, and remove the obſtructions for ſale of the king's good's - - - d - - e there 'tis again; ha, a man without a head! ſpeak, what art thou? 's death, can'ſt not ſpeak without a head? - - ha! and there with lawn ſleeves, come juſt upon me, beckons me - - - ha! another yet! all in purple? my own maſter! I beſeech your majeſty let me kiſs your hand - - no, blood! blood! oh, I am undone: help! help! why, *Oldſworth*! oh, where are you all? is this a time to ſtop your noſes? call up my chaplains: where's *Caldicut*? pray, good *Caldicut*, pray, pray, plague conſume you, why do you not pray - - -

Concordat cum Originali.

NATHANIEL BRENT.

Alderman Atkin's Speech *before Dinner, to the Speaker, the General, Lieutenant-General, and Lord Preſidence* Bradſhaw, *at* Grocer's-Hall.

OH! this bleſſed day (Mr Speaker) and marvellous in our eyes, to ſee you become our ſupreme head and governour, now that we have cut off the king's head. And (as I take it) it is one main reaſon of this heavenly thankſgiving to my lord Lieutenant-General, and Mr General's excellency for their great pains in the buſineſs. Verily (Mr Speaker) I cannot chuſe but weep for joy to think on't; and yet I cannot tell you for what, tho' I ſhall tell you by and by - - in the mean time - - prithee, Mr Steward ſet aſide a couple of cuſtards and a tart for my wife - - - in the mean time (I ſay) I ſee no reaſon but why I may cry as well as bawl. I ſay, Sir, I can bawl as well as my lord *Pembroke* here, or any man elſe: my mouth was made for bawling, and I think you all know it well enough in the houſe, upon occaſion: for you may

may remeber how I bawl'd to the apprentices, two years ſince, when the houſe of commons had like to have gone to wreck like a bawdy-houſe. I am ſure I was Mr Speaker then, for you lookt as white as the driven cuſtard, and had neither tongue, nor eyes, nor ears, nor noſe, nor brains, nor any thing elſe, but were in the ſame pickle as when the king came to demand the five members. I wonder he did not ſmell me out too for a traytor: for I had my breeches full on't them, as I had half a year before in *Finſbury*, at the general muſter of the new militia: at which time, I pray, Sir, I was one of the city-colonels, and came off cleanly, (tho' I ſay it) for, being wounded in the belly, I retreated home; and having aſked counſel of a ſurgeon, the malignant knave would not undertake me; and ſo the ſtate might have loſt a ſervant for want of a plaiſter, but that my kitchen-wench made a ſhift to cure me with a diſh-clout.

But having eſcap'd this ſcouring (Mr Speaker) and lived to ſee this glorious day, now let us ſing the ſong of old *Simeon*, and depart in peace; but firſt let us have our bellies full. O death, I deſire thee, for here's a good dinner coming in, twelve bucks out of *Eltham Park*, beſides thoſe of the city; not a *Preſbyterian* bit (I promiſe you) therefore ſit down, gentlemen, and eat luſtily; I promiſe 'tis well ſeaſoned. I'll paſs my word for the cooks; for I was one of the committee that examined them and put them * every man to their oaths, to forſwear *Rats-bane*, *Mercury*, and *Monarchy*. Beſides, here is my lord preſident (for more ſecurity) hath brought a dozen taſters along with him. I hope he will lend us ſome of them. And now, Mr Speaker, you are welcome; in the name of my brethren repreſentatives of the city, I bid you heartily welcome; you may eat, drink, and be merry; for you have laid up goods for many years, and now you are laying up the king's goods. *More ſacks to the mill ſtill.* Sit down, Mr Speaker, you are a good old ſpeaker, you are the repreſentative of the ſupreme authority; it was the *Pope*'s firſt, next it was the king's, and now it is your's, thank the army. How daintily things are come about, Mr Speaker, as well as you and

* *Every Cook was ſworn.*

I could

I could wish! for, as I take it, you and I, and many more here have been at all thanksgivings these seven years. We have waited upon his old excellency *Essex*, and the admiral *Warwick*; and sung psalms with the assembly men here over and over: and now those black-birds are all flown, and out of tune: here is not a man of them but *Thomas Goodwin*, and he is every jot as honest a man as his namesake *John*; for neither of them cares much for saying of grace: therefore sit down, Mr Speaker, we have his new excellency here now, and general *Cromwell*'s honour, that cares for it as little as they. Indeed you must sit down first, and my lord-mayor next; for the army (I am sure) made us vote it so, and that the city sword should be yielded up to you to make a thanksgiving trencher-knife, and so you are as good a man as the king, and a better man than my lord-mayor; and so you might have been still, had you given him his sword again, for you lose your place in yielding up the sword, and leave the supreme authority in my lord mayor; and the army. However, sit still, Sir; I hope the general will not oppose the votes of the house, but let them pass an't be but for fashion sake; and therefore (Mr Speaker) for fashion's sake you sit uppermost, and next to my lord mayor.

I think too, for fashion's sake (my lord general) your excellency may sit down next. I would be loth to displease Mr Lieutenant-General's honour, I hope he will not be angry at your excellency, nor me: I could wish you had voted all your places before you came hither: but your excellency may sit, I suppose; for Mr Lieutenant-General looks as if he gave leave. On my conscience, that is a meek humble soul, will take some other time to set you beside the saddle.

And for you, (my Lord President) I should have placed you uppermost; for I know none so fit to have represented the supreme authority, as you that commanded the cutting off that head of it! oh, this scarlet gown becomes your honour! it suits exceeding well with mine, and my lord mayor's; for you sentenced the old king as a traytor, and we have proclaimed the young king to be no king; and a traytor, when we can catch him. It was a dangerous piece of work indeed; I was afraid, as you were, of following Dr *Doristaus*, the people did so threaten, as if they would have torn us for the very

rags of authority, and cried up *Charles* the ſecond louder than we could cry him down. I think the reſt of my brethren carried it a little better than myſelf; for my guts began to crow after their old tune, and wrought like bottle-beer, inſomuch that I wiſht for colonel *Pride* to ſtop the bung-hole, till the troopers reliev'd us.

But now (my good Lord Preſident) let us comfort one another: and tho' you deſerve to be uppermoſt, yet ſit down and be content with your place. For faſhion's ſake Mr Lieutenant-General's honour is content to let it be ſo, till he find it convenient to turn you off, as well as his excellency. Pray take it not ill that I whiſper this in your ear; for, now that he hath made you ſerve his ends, he cares not, ſo he were rid of you, ſince you may ſerve them all as you did the king, in a new high court of juſtice, becauſe you are pleaſed to let it be ſo.

The next place (Mr Lieutenant-General) muſt needs be your's. By his excellency's leave, you are the ſaviour of the three kingdoms. You are he that hath filled our hearts this day with thankſgiving and gladneſs. You trained the king into a ſnare at *Cariſbrook* caſtle, and fooled and routed all his party. You ſet up a high court to cut him off, and you lie at catch for his ſon. You have made us a common-wealth, that is (as *Malignants* ſay) have given us power to put a finger into every man's purſe and pocket. You have made the people the ſupreme authority, and left them no laws. And well done (Sir) for what ſhould we do with any law but the ſword? or what law like liberty of conſcience and power met together; you it is that lead his excellency by the noſe like a bear, and at laſt will bring him to the ſtake. You have new moulded the city: you are the joy of our hearts, the light of our eyes, and the breath of our lives and liberties: for which we ſet this day apart to give thanks to God, and a dinner to you, and ſomewhat elſe into the bargain, as you ſhall ſee after dinner. In the mean time fall to; a ſhort life and a merry one; and ſo give me leave to conclude heartily with part of the Lord's prayer (tho' I do not uſe it) *Thy kingdom come*; or as the thief did upon the croſs, *remember me when thou comeſt into thy kingdom*; and I promiſe you faithfully I will never beſhit the palace.

Alderman

Alderman Pennington's *Speech at the Presenting of the Golden Bason and Ewer unto the General, with a Plate of* 30 l. *value, and* 200 l. *in Gold in a Purse, to the Lieutenant-General.*

GIVE ear, O heavens, and regard, O earth! may it please your excellency to open your mouth wide, and I shall fill it. I *Isaac Pennington*, alderman of *Londrn*, confess myself altogether unable to speak the praises due unto yourself, Mr Lieutenant-General, and all the faithful officers and soldiers of your army. Yet why should I hold my peace? I will speak, tho' I cannot speak, and tho' I cannot speak, I will not keep silence. Some have been so bold as to brand me for a crackt vessel, yet I have been meet for my master's use; and they shall find me as sound as sounding brass, or as a tinkling cymbal. *Moses* was a man slow of speech, yet he was a great leader; and so have I been, and so is your excellency. But as for Mr Lieutenant-General, tho' he be such a one too; yet he hath the tongues of men and angels so much at his devotion, that the very noise of them drowns the fame of your excellency, and swallows up your senses.

For my part, I bless God exceedingly for you both; for all your labour of love, in gun-powder and gospel, and carrying on that glorious work of reformation; which, tho' I began in desperation, yet you have brought it to perfection. Henceforth therefore all generations shall call you blessed, and me no mad man, tho' I have been as mad as any of you all; and yet I think I am fit enough to deliver the sense of the city, who by me returns you thanks for the great pains you have taken in purging the malignant presbyterians out of the common-council, as well as the house; by which means you made a shift to new model the city as you did the army, turning out all that were not of your own temper: so that we are all now of one soul and one mind, and lay all things in common for the use of the state, but what is our own.

Add to these things your borrowing money of the city, but never paying them again, your breaking all their privileges,

vileges, and putting daily affronts upon them, your imprisoning, fining, assessing, taxing, exercising, free-quartering, and fleecing all their fellows; your conquering them by treachery, and riding thro' their streets in triumph, your over-awing them with the military power, and destroying their trade by land, and traffick by sea. For all which unexpressible favours, with the extirpation of presbytery, and the suppressing of levellers, they conceive themselves bound to return an acknowledgment, and rejoyce in the opportunity of dedicating this day of thanksgiving unto you and your bellies.

But since man lives not by bread only, but by killing of kings and loyal subjects, and seizing on their goods and estates, and turning them into money; since gold is the only goddess of this reformation, and the *Saints* cannot establish their king without it; since your excellency and your Lieutenant-General guardian, have vouchsafed us this favour of a visit, which you denied to the presbyters, we here present your excellency with the same golden *Bason* and *Ewer*, which you refused from their hands. It cost them one thousand pounds; and because it was of their providing, we can the more freely bestow it upon you. I have been an old thanksgiving sinner, as well as Mr *Speaker*, or any of them all, in the days of old *Essex*, who (I am sure) never received such a present for his pains, but was content to be fobb'd off with a close-stool and a pipe of tobacco; which was the reason I conceive, why my brother *Atkins* here, in those days, kept so close to him after dinner.

And as for you, Mr Lieutenant-General, tho' your merits out-weigh whatever we can present unto you; and tho' in all the before-named exploits we must allow you the greatest share, yet be pleased to accept of the less requital, a poor pittance of 300*l.* in plate, and a vision of golden angels in a purse, to the value of 200*l.* at the cost of our own fraternity.

As for the rest of the lords and gentlemen here present, I hope they will excuse us, and think themselves well satisfied with their dinner: and in particular you, my Lord President who deserve much in the settling of this republick. But having done but one single act towards it, if you expect more than a dinner, we must leave you to the consideration of Mr Lieutenant-General, who set you on work, and in the end, no doubt, will pay your wages.

I have but one word more to ſay, and that is this: we have great cauſe to rejoyce in the happy ſettlement of this common-wealth, but I fear we ſhall not be quiet yet. God bleſs us from outward dreams and reſtleſs nights; and ſend us well to digeſt this thankſgiving dinner, and to have no more of them, nor occaſion for them in haſte: for the frights they put us into before-hand are terrible, and the dinners themſelves are chargeable, and will prove chargeable indeed, if *malignants* ſpeak truth, who ſay this very day's thankſgiving will coſt no leſs than our heads, if not our ſouls too into the bargain. Therefore, gentlemen, in a word, I think we have but one play, and that is to hold up the ſtate as long as we can, and to make ſure of our heads and eſtates, and pillage other mens, when we can hold it no longer.

Hugh Peters's *Thankſgiving Speech for a Farewel to the City, in the behalf of the General and Lieutenant-Genneral.*

Mr Alderman Pennington, *and the reſt of the Repreſentatives of the City,*

I MUST tell you, I have been half the world over, and yet I am come back again; and by my faith, Sirs, I muſt tell you, I never ſaw ſuch a goodly jolly crew as are here, all hail fellows well met together. 'Tis merry when maltmen meet; and (they ſay) ſome of us here have been brewers, and worſe trades too; but uh---uh----let that paſs. I defy brewing, for I have been all over your wine cellar, and that's another world, but 'tis as ſlippery a world as this, and runs too: what a *Nicodemus* is the butler! he was loth to own me but by night; he bad me ſtay till night, and then I ſhould have my bell-full, Now, Sirs, I conceive a belly-full, is a belly-full, and if a man have not his belly-full, it is no thankſgiving: and if you gentlemen of the city, have not a belly-full of this thankſgiving, I ſay, may you have a belly-full.

Had Dr *Doriſlaus* been ſo wiſe as to have ſtaid at home, he might have had another kind of belly-full than he had at the *Hague:* but a belly-full ſtill is a belly-full; and *Grocers-Hall* is a better ordinary than a *Dutch*

ordinary for a belly-full. Pox o' your *Dutch* ordinaries, I thing they will become *English*, and give us all a belly-ful; but in another kind, I fear, than I gave my *Dutch* land-lady and her daughter.

But no matter for that, a belly-full is a belly-full; their bellies were empty, and so was mine; for I had not so much as a *stiver* to bless myself, and they would never let me be quiet, and I scor'd up still, and so I got my belly-full, and they got their bellies full; which was one belly-full for another, and so at length I was quit with them.

Then I went to *New-England*, and there I saw a blessed sight; a world of wild women and men lying round a fire in a ring stark naked. If this custom should come up in *London* (as I see no reason but it may, if the state will vote it) then every woman may have her belly-full; and it would be a certain cure for cuckoldom and jealousy, and so the city would lose nothing by this thanksgiving.

But now to come home to the point in hand: my lord mayor, and you gentlemen of the city, I am commanded to give you thanks: yes, I will, when I have my belly-full; but your butler is no true *Trojan*; he knows not how to tap and toss the *stingo*. Sure, he is some presbyterian spy that is slinkt into office; some cowardly fellow that pines away at scandalous sins, and the stool of repentance, and he will never do well till drench'd for the humour; so that now I see I am like to go away without my belly-full, and have never a jig to the tune of *Arthur of Bradley*, --- *Sing O! brave Arthur of Bradley* - - - *Sing O!*

But if things go thus, what should I see you for? the states foresaw what sorry good-fellows you would be, or else some of you had been knighted, as well as my lord of *Pembroke*. Nay, it was God's mercy you had not all been knighted: for it was put to the vote (I tell you) whether my lord mayor should be knighted; and whether, you alderman *Pennington*, and alderman *Atkins*, should be dubb'd Sir *Isaac* and Sir *Thomas* of the state's own creation. But since 'tis resolved otherwise, I pray you, bid the butler bring up his cannikins, and I'll make you all lords like myself, for now I am no less in title than *Hugo de Santo Pietro Puntado*, and every jot as merry as forty beggars.

Now I warrant, you expect I ſhould thank you for his excellency's golden *baſon* and *ewer*. 'Tis true, I was commanded to do ſo; but what care I for a *baſon* and *ewer?* give me a pipe and a chamber-pot; I mean a pipe of canary into the bargain, or elſe it ſhall be no thankſgiving-day for me. Oh! for a conduit from *Malaga*, and we knew how to convey *Middleton*'s pipes to the Canary iſlands, then there would be no end of thankſgiving.

I am commanded likewiſe to thank you for the Lieutenant-General's plate, and his purſe of gold: and I am ſo much the more willing to do it, becauſe I hope to have a feeling out of it anon when we come home: but (as I take it) you have more reaſon to thank him, than he you. For you gave him a little purſe of money, and 'tis his goodneſs he does not take all. I obſerve too, you have given him but the value of 500 *l.* and his excellency, forſooth, as much more. Do you know what you do? could you not have askt my counſel before? you may chance to be ſwitch't, 'faith, for not ſetting the ſaddle upon the right horſe: and well you deſerve it, if I be not furniſh't with pipe of canary. Let me not be put off with nothing, like my lord preſident, and Mr *Speaker*; you know where to ſend, Sirs, my lodging is ſometimes at *St James*'s, but moſt an end in *Thames-Street*. There my maid, a handſome laſs, I tell you, will take it in as well as myſelf, or elſe I would ne'er keep her. Farewel, Sirs, here's nothing to do, I ſee.

A pox on your butler, and on his lean jowl,
There's liberty lies in the bottom o' th' bowl.

Thus it is in one of our modern authors; but I confeſs I can have none of this liberty, tho' it be the firſt year of freedom; and than judge you, whether the ſtate, or the ſtate's ſervants have any cauſe of thanks. Farewel, Sirs, I am gone, O! for a milk-bowl, or his excellency's *baſon* and *ewer* now, to ſpew in, and make an end of thankſgiving.

A

A Seasonable Speech spoken by Alderman Atkins *in the Rump-Parliament.*

Mr *Speaker*,

AFTER so many dispensations and out-goings of providence, we are now the third time return'd to sit in this honourable house again; but how long we shall do so, I believe the wisest of us all cannot tell: for the soldiers have of late set up governments, as boys do ninepins, to throw them down again. But how oft soever they turn us out hereafter, I shall never doubt to get in again: for I perceive those changes and revolutions (as they call them) are just like casting of knaves at cards, where some play, and some sit out, till the set be up, or till the gamsters fall out and throw up their cards, and then they stand fair to be in again. But notwithstanding so many interruptions and disturbances? many mighty and great works have been carried on by us worms and no men. You, Sir, have a new-wainscot chair, and our seats that were but covered with mats, when we came first to sit here, are now lined with good broad cloth of sixteen shillings *per* yard, and the whole house is hang'd in a better manner, than any man expected. But this is not all that we have done; for we have reformed religion, and brought the church as nigh to what it was in the primitive times amongst the *Jews* and *Pagans*, as may be; for the *Christians* have sold all they have long since, and laid it at our feet, and we begin once more to have all things in common. Besides, Sir, we have done strange justice on the late tyrant, and transform'd the kingdom into a common-wealth, as *Nebuchadnezzar* was into a beast. But there is one thing that we have omitted, and which indeed the people have much reason to expect from us; for reformation, as well as charity, begins at home: to hold forth my meaning in brief to you, Sir, 'tis the cleansing of our house of office; and if that name be not mannerly enough for this place, it is in your power to help it: for there is a spare name that hath been lately conferred upon this honourable house by the people, which was once called the house of parliament,

as it is now the Rump. This name, in my opinion, we cannot better dispose of, than in conferring it on the house I spoke of; for not only that, but all other houses of the same quality, (of which ours is the representative) may in the right thereof hereafter be called a *Rump*, as being a name more proper and significant, in regard of the relation it hath to the part. And truly, Sir, I believe the wisdom and justice of this house can do no less, if you please but to consider the near and intimate correspondence that house has ever held with this, as having ever been intrusted with the most urgent and weighty matters that we have ever carried on; and so necessary that I may boldly say, without that recourse which we have had to it in our greatest extremities, this house might have suffer'd for it many a time and oft. It is now, Sir, as full as this honourable house was once of members, and as unuseful; until we take some course to empty it, as we did this; which I humbly conceive, we can by no means avoid. For, under favour, I do not think we can use this house as we did the house of lords; I mean, vote it down, when it will serve our turns no longer: no, this is a matter of a higher nature, and more weighty concernment; and as the difference is great in reason of state, so it is also in point of conscience: for tho' it is true we engag'd and swore to maintain the house of lords, yet we did it not after a right manner; for we read, it was a custom among the *Jews*, when they made any solem vow, to put their hands under one another's hams; and if we had done so when we swore that, and kiss'd the book, I grant, we had been bound in conscience to have upheld it longer than we did, I mean longer than we had need of it; but we, quite contrary, held up our hands, and so were not bound to keep it otherwise than we took it, *viz.* hand over head; for unless we differ'd from the *Jews* in other matters more than we do, I know no reason why we should in this. But now I speak of the *Jews*, give me leave, by observing one passage in their history, to hold forth unto you the danger of suppressing the aforesaid house. *Saul*, for want of such a convenience, going into a cave where *David* had hid himself, had like to have lost his life; for if *David* had been one of us, I know what would have become of *Saul*; he would rather have cut off his head, than a piece of his coat; as I wonder he did

not

not, ſince, being a prophet, he might have made ſcripture of purpoſe to have proved him a tyrant and a traytor, as we did law to condemn the late king after he was put to death. But tho' *David* was wiſer than his teachers, he was not ſo wiſe as we were: 'tis true, for his own advantage he knew how to make the ſilly *Philiſtines* believe he was mad; but I am miſtaken if we have not out-done him this way too, and made the wiſeſt think us ſo. But to return to the purpoſe; ſuppoſe, Sir, the army ſhould have occaſion to give this honourable houſe a purge again, you would be loth it ſhould work here; and truly I do not know what other way you have to avoid it, unleſs we ſhould make uſe of that place where the aſſembly of divines lately ſat, which for my part I like very well, if it were nearer; and certainly they have no reaſon to take it ill, for it is according to the example of the beſt reformed churches. And I know no reaſon why we may not as well ſit there, and make ſowre faces at our own charges, as they did at the charge of the common-wealth. For my own part (did not the common good provoke me to it) I have as little reaſon to ſpeak as another, and perhaps leſs; for my breeches are made cloſe at the knees and ſo better fitted againſt a miſchance. Beſides, I. know the worſt of it; for I believe you have often heard what I have ſuffer'd in the ſervice of my country. But let that paſs; tho' it were the worſe for my reputation and my breeches, it was the better for my body and my ſoul too, for I have edified much by it: 'tis true, the boys hold their noſes, and cry, ſough, when they ſee me in the ſtreets; but what of that? a wiſe man knows how to make advantage of the greateſt diſaſters, and ſo have I done. For there was a time, Mr *Speaker*, when this honourable houſe had like to have been a foul houſe; and when was that? why truly it was when the apprentices came hither to ſhew us one trick more than ever we taught them: then did I take this worſhipful chain off my neck, and very politickly put it into my codpiece; for I knew well enough, that no body in this town, where I am ſo well known, would venture to look for it there; and I was not miſtaken, for here you ſee I have it ſtill. The ſame thing I did at another time, and that was when (as you well remember) apiece of plaiſter falling from the roof, ſome of the members cry'd, treaſon! and many made haſte to get out of the

houſe, as faſt as they could, ſo did not I. No, Sir, I reſolved to ſtay by it; and therefore having put my chain into my codpiece, I crept under the bench, in this very place where I now ſit, and there I lay cloſe, till I heard ſome that were near me ſay, they ſmelt gun-powder; but then I knew it was a miſtake, and ſo it proved indeed: but if it had been otherwiſe, no danger ſhould have made me forſake my duty. No, Sir, I have been ſo faithful to this houſe, and ſo conſtant to my principles, that I have not changed ſo much as my ſeat, ſince the happy beginning of this parliament. In this very place did I ſit then, on both ſides of me ſat two members that proved malignants, for they took ſnuff at ſomething that fell from me in my zeal to the cauſe, and ran to *Oxford* to the king. Their eſtates are long ſince ſold, for which the common-wealth may thank me; for verily, Sir, I have not been all together an unprofitable member according to my talent, and the diſpoſition of what was in me: for my bowels have been oft poured out for the proſperity of this houſe, and I hope my converſation hath held forth much of the inward-man, as may be ſufficient to ſatisfy the well-affected by whom I am intruſted: and as for any backbiters, I forgive them freely. Alas! they hurt themſelves, and not me; for if they get any thing by dealing with me that way, they muſt have good luck - - - Sir, I have uſed the more freedom with you, becauſe I have ſome pretence of your pardon? for I believe you have often obſerved, that when any thing has fallen from any of my fellow-members, that the houſe has reſented, it has been preſently laid to my charge, and I have always taken it upon me freely; for I ſhall never refuſe to ſerve this houſe in any ſenſe whatſoever. I ſhall therefore humbly move, that you would be pleaſed to order this honourable houſe to adjourn for a convenient time, until the houſe be emptied, and made ſweet again; for if we ſhould ſit here before, it will not be in the power of any man to own ſo much ſtink as will be laid to my charge.

A

A Coffin for the Good Old Cause, &c.

Sirs,

IT is a ſolemn and ſacred ſaying, *That a wiſe man foreſeeth an evil, and preventeth it, but fools go on, and are puniſhed*: that there is ſuch an imminent evil impending, as your eye hath not ſeen ſince firſt you ſat in your ſeats, or wore ſwords by your ſides; ſuch an evil as will (if the wiſdom and goodneſs of God prevent not) be the inevitable ruin of that intereſt you have been the aſſerters of, is moſt certain; or no leſs than all your friends in *England* are in an extream error.

But a little to convince you hereof (becauſe man is a rational creature, and ought not to ſtir one ſtep in any act, but as he is led thereto by the light thereof) I ſhall endeavour to ſpread before you the danger, and then pray the father of mercies to give you hearts to do your duty in preventing it.

I. Your army is unſettled.
II. Your houſe divided.
III. Your friends diſcouraged.
IV. Your trade decayed.
V. Your treaſure exhauſted.
VI. Your enemies increaſed and heightned.

I. That your army is unſettled, is moſt certain; neither can the courſe you take ſettle it, but diſcompoſe it more every minute; for you fill it with ſtrange faces, which will make as ſtrange effects. It is true, the heads of regiments (yea and captains) that have been capital offenders, it is not your prudence to truſt; but for the inferior fry, (who ever yet have been the faſteſt friends to your power, and the publick) to be turned out by wholeſale, without a fair and legal hearing, is not for your own honour, nor intereſt. You have ſeen how little a colonel ſignifies, where his acquaintance is but green; ſoldiers love to be lead by them they have bled withal.

Again, how many men have you turned out even for their judgments ſake, that never ſinned againſt your

powers at that rate, as many that are kept in? if an Anabaptist should have behaved himself equal with one of another perswasion, let their incouragement be equal also: how will you perswade the people you intend a common-wealth, whilst thus partial in your petty proceedings? it is not what he is, but what he hath done, ought to be the question to all. I know a quaker in arms, that eminently served you; yet meet I not with one that is willing to serve him. If you will call in the conduct of the army, as in 46. (which was as presbyterian as ever) they will lose it before a year be over, as then they had. The Anabaptist was thicker in office than any other perswasion, but immediately before this turn, yet could he not keep it, nor stem the tide, when the turn came; and just is it with the great *Jehovah*, that that party that pretends to common liberty, and yet grasps at all, should lose even what he already hath. Much reason might also be urged for this; for naturally all parties conspire against any that alone enjoys the power, as nine at a table would at the tenth, when he ingrosses the entertainment of the whole.

Moreover, that party that is so industriously set upon incroaching all, can least be credited, because of their many former defections, and attempts to betray the cause: *Love* was belyed, if not a presbyterian, and *Booth* no less. I speak it not to reflect, for there are that I love and honour of that perswasion, as convinced they do indeed deserve it, both as truly pious persons and friends to the publick: as of the other hand, I do believe there is more than a remnant of that opinion, royal. Whereas the sectarian party cannot be charged by envy itself, with treason of that nature, nor is this a bare surmise issuing from a jealous brain, whilst we see even one of the commissioners refuse the oath against the *Stuarts* claim, and Sir *Anthony-Ashly Cooper* (an old cavalier) made a colonel, whilst his malignancy incapacitates him to be a member of the council. Officers generally are most civil, and pocket up injuries silently; but when you come to model the troops, as you have done the conduct, your work will recoil; or if you do it not, your new officers will have no command over the old soldiers. Thus the further and faster you go in your settlement, the more unsettled are you;

you; like one that mends his pace when his way is wrong.

II. Your houſe is divided. I will only remind you of the word of the Lord Chriſt, from whoſe lips never came guile, and who certainly may be believed. *A houſe divided againſt itſelf cannot ſtand*; which carries conviction with it, that your ruin (except preventted) is ready to enter. And I think, you think, the cauſe and you muſt fall together.

III. Your friends are diſcouraged many ways, and for many things; your new modelling the army, putting the ſword into the hands of rigid, royal, neutral ſpirits, that never yet were judged worthy to be truſted with the cauſe, that never bled, nor fought, nor prayed for it; that have neither courage nor conduct. They ſee you prone to pardon a ſpirit beneath your own, but not above; they that would carry you back, or halt you in the work, but not they that would preſs you forward they ſee you ſhrunk, and leſs in your publick declarations than many years ago; you were taller by the head and ſhoulders in your publick words and works, in 49 and 51, than now; they ſaw greater reaſon to rejoice at what you ſaid and did then, than now; they had higher hopes of true liberty, both as men and chriſtians then, than now; which ſhews that the rebukes that have been upon you, have not been ſanctified, nor you bettered and improved thereby. At your firſt ſitting you were an apparent bleſſing to the nation, which begat in all good people longings for your return again, in hopes to find you yet better; but not ſo: you were a ſecond time interrupted, and good men ingaged for your return, with heighten'd expectation you would rule righteouſly and purely for God and your generation; but behold worſt of all. I beſeech you to lay it to heart, examine, and ſee what is the reaſon you dye and wither in the eſteem of good men; ſee whether you have anſwered thoſe private and perſonal obligations to good people at *Portſmouth*, the *Fleet*, *London*, and every where, which made them not value their lives for your ſakes; and ſee whether all this gives not great ground of fear, that your (and our) glaſs is run, and an overflowing ſcourge juſt ready to ſeize upon us.

Again, leſſer faults in good men are puniſhed ſeverely, while greater in others are let go ſcot-free; which

doth demonſtrate your ſpirit is rather united to evil than good; what elſe can be the reaſon that Sir *Henry Vane*'s expell'd your houſe, for framing only a form of government, never received nor practiſed, (tho' I deſire not to be underſtood, as adjuſting his act, or condemning yours ſimply conſidered) and *Oliver St John*, one that was both, yet he can keep his ſeat, have impunity, and rule the roaſt? it is true, the act was private and perſonal, yet did it, and the ſecluding major *Salloway* liberally diſcover the complexion and temperature of your houſe.

Again, you kiſs and hug them that ſcorn and hate you, and ſlight ſuch as faithfully ſerved you. Your declaration (a pitiful, dull, confuſed, ſapleſs piece) courteth the clergy and the lawyer, a brace of birds, that ever yet have endeavoured to pick out your eyes; oh! Lord, what ſad fate muſt needs attend that power that accounts it their intereſt to exalt their eminenteſt enemies, and ſhake off their ſureſt friends? was it the lawyer brought you back to the exerciſe of your power? or did he not rather laugh and ſcorn you? was it *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, *Calamy* and *Caſe*, that ſteered your fleet, raiſed your ſiege, incenſed your ſoldiers ſo, as they would either die or ſet you in your ſeats again? was there no *Sectarian* put their neck in the nooſe for you? and did what none elſe either could or dared to do? and muſt they now deſpond, hang their heads, and be aſhamed to look their friends in the face, thro' your abuſe of the adventure of their blood?

Furthermore, 'tis a great diſcouragement to your friends, to ſee the giddineſs and inſtability of your actings. One day ſolemnly thank colonel *Rich* for his good ſervice; the next, conſpiring to cut his throat: if he did indeed ſerve you, your latter proceedings are ugly; if otherwiſe, your thanks was grounded upon ignorance; ſo that whether he ſerved you, or ſerved you not, you do much diſſerve yourſelves by ſuch actings. For the veil is too thin, all men do ſee and ſay, 'tis not *Rich* or *Ludlow*, but the whole *Sectarian* party; ſome among yourſelves deſign to ruin; and to the end, they may the better uſher in the exiled intereſt.

Moreover conſider, can you at once ſuppreſs the *Sectarian* and keep out the king? I know not what you may imagine, but the wiſeſt without doors think

otherwise. Now if this be impossible, that an ideot may make the inference, then look how much you lay aside the *Sectarian*, just so much you lay aside your strength, and propagate the interest of *Charles Stuart*. How behoveful therefore is it, that you eye this evil betimes, and suffer not your forces nor fleets to be baptized too much into the *Boothian* spirit; enfeebling yourselves, and laying further pressures and discouragements upon the hearts of your friends. Many other discouragements I might enumerate; but your time is precious, so also is mine.

IV. Your trade's decayed. I presume you will give me your faith (without proof) that it is so: how it came, and why it continues, every one satisfies himself with his own reason, and therefore I shall spare my pain and your trouble: only let me tell you, this is the dame of all idleness; and no vice can be your friend, if you intend a common-wealth. Lack of imployment first foments, then fosters discontents. No men of mettle will starve while meat is to be had, if they cannot have it by a civil imployment, they will by a military, and if you cannot lift them, others shall: for it is not choice but necessity which brings them to you. Thus you see how nature hath distressed your affairs, and all men lay all their lacks on you. A speedy applying of your selves therefore effectually to remedy this distemper, is certainly your duty, or this single evil, which is not easily buried, will sink you.

V. Your treasure's exhausted; yet would not this disease be incurable, were not your army and navy in arrear: invert therefore that proverb, that mony answers all things, and you will take a true accompt of your own condition: how you will fill the empty purse, considering the difficulties, as well foreign as domestick, that you must encounter, is worthy your serious thoughts. You may assess, but the humour of a free parliament, supported by all the art and interest of the royalist and secluded members, gives too good reason to doubt the collections will be but slow in the country. Add hereunto, the enemies you make yourselves, (to wit) all the *Sectarian* interest, (who certainly will most unwillingly maintain their oppressors) together with their general want of trade, as aforesaid; and I fear you will find such a dulness, as (if I mistake not)

not) your exigents cannot endure: how hardy you are, I know not, but I assure you this consideration hath a very grim and gastly aspect, and hath in very legible characters (at least in my apprehension) the death of our cause engraven on it. I shall not so much as mention the infinite inconveniences that are intailed to this; only will say (what you may observe) this army serves you not on principle, but for pay; I will not deny but there are among them that would have me by the ears, should they know I said so: but deceive not yourselves: could *Dick* have kept them, they had never been yours; and they staid with *Fleetwood* till they had eat up the three last months assessment; nor had they left him yet, could he have got or lent them more.

Lastly, Your enemies increase, and that both in number and nature; for you create enemies to yourselves, and this with so great an industry, that were I an alien, I should think it your interest to do so; for no man ever could imagine any power should be so busily occupied in kicking off its fastest friends. Are not your old enemies enough, but you must make new? this carries conviction with it, that you intend to take your old enemies for new friends, but woful is this advice; and unavoidable ruin will be the effect, and if you enter not into new councils, farewel for ever the old cause. The ways to save you, are but two. Espouse again and indulge the *Sectarian* interest; for a little time will tell you, you cannot keep out the king without their aid. His interest or theirs you must make yours. The presbyters alone cannot preserve you if they would, and three parts of four would not, if they could; think not I speak at random.

The other is, the speedy filling up your house: contempt's upon you, because of your paucity; nor will the secluded members give up their claim, till others are in the room.

Besides, as you are, you are not a competent representative for so large a territory as *England* is. Many places have none to represent them at all, and you have oft declared no laws shall be made, nor money raised, but by the peoples representatives in parliament, so that you yourselves have tied their purse; nor will you get it open without knocks till then. Moreover, your enemies increase upon you, because no man sees you have

have any maw to this work, but rather think of keeping the power in your own clutches. This alſo is the reaſon of your want of trade, becauſe every wiſe man ſees you cannot hold it as you are; and no man will manage affairs, and adventure his ſtock, whilſt affairs of ſtate are at this uncertainty; and they who would mind their buſineſs, and imploy themſelves and others, growing idle, and their monies lying dead, become enemies to you, as the cauſe thereof, nor can any excuſe be formed for you.

To conclude, how many would be thorow common-wealth's-men, ſaw they you ſo? but whilſt you are uncertain, ſo are they, and judge it imprudent to outface the power; to abjure monarchy, and the monarch alſo, till the ſtate doth it; after you is good manners, becauſe if you vary, they are undone? would you tie any faſter than yourſelves? that is moſt unrighteous; if you will reſerve a turn to the king, quarrel not with others for being reſerv'd alſo; lead the van therefore over *Rubicon*, doubt not enough will follow, but it muſt be alſo for a free, juſt, and equal common-wealth; not that one party or perſwaſion muſt have all the magiſtracies in their own hands, and all the reſt as ſervitors attending it; no, this is but the name, it is the thing you muſt ſet up, or the name of *Charles Stuart* will be better, and find more followers than it. Sirs, your veſſel's leaky, and your pump too little; carreen her quickly, or you ſink paſt all recovery. This is the humble, but hearty advice of,

Your Faithful Servant

S. L—e.

Mola

Mola Asinaria: or, the Unreasonable and Insupportable Burden now press'd upon the Shoulders of this Groaning Nation.

Jusque datum Sceleri.

To the READER.

THE *following excellent Piece intituled,* Mola Asinaria; *which (altho' Mr* Prynne's *name, by way of irony, is put to it) was certainly written by the author of* Hudibras; *as appears by the remainder of the title, which runs thus:* or the unreasonable and insupportable Burthen now press'd upon the Shoulders of this groaning Nation, by the headless head, and unruly rulers, that usurp upon the liberties and privileges of the oppressed people: Held forth in a remonstrance to all those that have yet sound and impartial ears [*observe that sarcasm*] to hear, and duly weighed in the scales of equity and justice: wherein is demonstrated, what slavery the nation must subject itself to, by allowing the lawfulness and usurped authority of the pretended long parliament, now unlawfully and violently held at *Westminster. The Motto,* Jusque datum Sceleri; *taken from the first book of* Lucan's Pharsalia, *is* à propos *to the subject; and the title is made so extravagantly long, in derision to Mr* Prynne's *titles to all his works, which generally comprehended the whole scope of them.* Ab ovo usque ad mala, *without any occasion of a preface. But, nevertheless, we are very well assur'd, that this piece is the performance of Mr* Butler, *because the ingenious Mr* Wood, *in his* Athenæ Oxonienses *confirms it; and as it is now very scarce and valuable, we may reasonably suppose 'twill find the same kind entertainment, among all that love monarchical government and episcopacy, as the other subjects which flow'd from his as truly loyal as unparallell'd pen.*

Mola

Mola Asinaria, &c.

Countrymen,

THERE is not any thing in the universe deserves less to be a member of it, than a self-speaking man, who, unconcern'd in the publick good, regards only his private interest. The world unwillingly contributes to his maintenance; and nature less abhors a *Vacuum*, than that any place should be filled by a subject so empty of desert. He is a savage creature in the midst of civil people, not deserving to be born of others, as not caring to live, but for himself. Nay, it is worthily reputed a kind of civil death, to do nothing else but live: for as long as we have a country to abide it, we have a duty to tender it. All we have, we have from it; and by consequence owe it all we have. Our lives and fortunes are safest, when ventured for the publick interest; and he is the truest lover of law and liberty, that affects rather to be ruled, than to rule; he the freest subject, that creates himself a voluntary slave to his country's service. Take from the world this inviolable law, (that is not writ in brass, but deeply imprinted in loyal hearts) and it shall again turn savage and barbarous. This is a truth so manifest, and not to be dissembled, that never yet was there a tyrant, but pretended to be a saviour of the people. Liberty, conscience, a glorious nation, *the good old cause*, and such specious names are made use of: *Nec quisquam alienum servitium & dominationem concupivit, ut non eadem ista vocabula usurparit*: TACIT. These *Machiavilian* tricks and political cheats, so often put upon the people of our nation, methinks should have, by this time, undeceived us with a sad experience of the miseries we have subjected ourselves to, by a perpetual itch of reforming, annulling, creating laws, and framing new governments to the model of every grandee's ambition; and yet we are again ready to thrust our necks into a new yoak of slavery, rather than any man will engage his private fortunes, and venture to redeem his country from bondage. It is laid to the charge of *Englishmen*, by foreigners, that we are φιλαυτοι, and above all nations pretending to

to civility, the greateſt ſelf-ſeekers; as regarding much more our own particular, than the general, concerns. I muſt needs ſay, other nations would have canonized for martyrs, and erected ſtatues after their death to the memory of ſome of our compatriots, whom ye have barbarouſly defaced and mangled, yet alive, for no other motive but their undaunted zeal. It has been (I know not whether I ſhould ſay) your misfortune, or my glory, to become a ſufferer for the legal vindication of the liberties of our kingdom; but yet I never knew what it was to fear, when I perceived myſelf engaged in ſo good a cauſe; not envy, nor ſnarling pamphlets ſhall ſtop the courſe of my pen freely running into my country's defence, which my profeſſion and age forbid me to vindicate by the ſword. Let young men ſerve it with their ſtrength and arms, let old men ſecure it by their heads and counſel. For my part, I deſire to live no longer than I can in ſome ſort contribute to ſo glorious a work. I have of late been ſnarled at for it, by certain licentious ſcribblers, they durſt not own their names for fear of diſcovering their aſſes ears; however, they are pleaſed to twitch at the honourable remnant of mine. They thought to have ſtopt my mouth by their brawling and braying; but I dare yet ſpeak louder; and I hope I ſhall be heard by all ſuch as have yet ſound and impartial ears: but if my cry will not reach you, I fear (dear countrymen) the voice of blood will ſpeedily interrupt your ſlumbring ſecurity. Thoſe that will be lawleſs, find fault with my writings, becauſe I vindicate the anciently eſtabliſhed laws of *England*; and tax me of deſperate nonſenſe, becauſe I will not allow them an unlimited, illegal legiſlative power to repeal, annul, alter, and enact what laws ſoever they deem beſt to ſerve their own turns. They deceitfully cry out, *Salus populi ſuprema Lex eſt!* An axiom that I no ways deny to be true; but I would deſire to be inſtructed who are to be judges of what is expedient for the good of the people? the author of the forfeited maxim ſays, *Leges Magiſtratibus præſunt, ut Magiſtratus præſunt populo:* and the great doctor St *Auſtin*, not doubted to affirm, that thoſe ſocieties where law and juſtice is not, are not commonwealths or kingdoms, but *Magna Latrocinia*, great theſts and trapanning cheats.

As

As for the power of altering laws, or bringing in new ones, and setting up new governments, it is allowed by wise men, that all power lawfully exercised upon a commonwealth, must necessarily be derived either from the appointment of God, who is the supreme lord of all; or from the consent of the society itself, that hath the next power to his, of disposing of their own liberty, as they shall think fit, for their good, whose benefit is the end of all government; therefore whoever arrogates such power to himself, that cannot produce one of these two titles, is not a ruler, but an invader, or a tyrant. Now, how this pretended long parliament, restored by the force of soldiers, by whose force it had first been dissolved, and was before annulled by the death or murther of king *Charles* I. that summoned it, he being *Principium, causa, & finis Parliamenti:* after his murther, the house of lords and monarchy being abolished, and so many of the ancient members thrown out, new ones unduly elected, and such horrid thefts, rapes, *&c.* committed by them upon the people, can lawfully be said the peoples representatives, and authorized by them, is the greatest riddle that ever was propounded to a puzzled state. It was in the year 1649, that I published *a Legal Vindication of the Liberties of England*; in which I demonstrated the nullity of the then pretended long parliament: and lately I set forth a lively pattern of the spurious *old cause*, pretended to be revived and vindicated by the fine pageant, or now sitting ghost of the long-since departed long parliament; neither need I reason farther with reasonable persons about it: yet since this fantastical hobgobbling appears still to fright the quiet people, and tempts them (like an evil spirit) to give themselves to such an unruly devil; I will here only hold forth to the view of all good *Englishmen*, what slavery they must eeds subjects themselves unto, if they resolve to cast off for ever their lawful master and sovereign, and take for new Masters these upstart domineering tyrants. Let then every honest freeborn subject of *England*, lay his hand upon his breast, and ask of his own conscience, whether, notwithstanding all former oaths of allegiance, supremacy, protestation, solemn leagues and covenants, *&c.* he can voluntarily submit to, and thereby freely acknowledge,

ledge, contrary to his former knowledge and the said oaths, *&c.*

I. That there may be, and now is, a lawfully-assembled parliament of *England*, actually in being, legally continuing after the late king's death, or lawfully re-assembled without king, lords, or most of their fellow-members, consisting only of a few late members of the commons house.

II. That this parliament, re-established by a military force, and packed together by power of an army combining with them, hath just and lawful authority, and had it before;

1. To arraign, condemn, and execute their lawful king himself, with the peers and commons of this realm.
2. To disinherit the king's posterity of the crown.
3. To extirpate monarchy and the whole house of peers.
4. To violate the privileges, rights, freedoms, customs, and alter the constitution of parliaments themselves; to change and subvert the ancient government, seals, laws, writs, courts, and coin of the kingdom.
5. To sell and dispose of all the lands, revenues, jewels, goods of the crown, with the lands of deans and chapters, for their own advantage, not for the easing of the people from taxes.
6. To dispose of the ports, ships, forces, offices of honour, power, trust or profit, to whom they please.
7. To raise and keep up what forces by land or sea they please, and impose taxes, *&c.* to make what new acts, laws, and reverse what old ones they think meet.
8. To absolve themselves (by more than a papal power) and all the subjects of this land, from all the aforesaid oaths, engagements, protestations, *&c.*
9. To permit, settle, or invent what sect, heresy, or religion they please, provided they be not papacy or prelacy, and that they allow not blasphemy against the Trinity.
10. I ask now if every freeborn subject that hath not raised himself an interest by villany, or an estate by robbery, or incurred a guilt to the gallows, for

for having his hand in blood, had not better venture life and fortunes to reduce the true and lawful heir into a peaceful possession of his right, than to authorize by his consent, a new fangled government, compacted of treason, usurpation, tyranny, theft, and murder.

HUDIBRAS's *Elegy*.

IN days of yore, when knight or squire
By fate were summon'd to retire;
Some menial poet still was near,
To bear them to the hemisphere,
And there among the stars to leave 'em,
Until the gods sent to relieve 'em:
And sure our knight whose very sight wou'd
Intitle him mirrour of knighthood;
Shou'd he neglected lie, and rot,
Stink in his grave and be forgot,
Wou'd have just reason to complain,
If he shou'd chance to rise again.
And therefore to prevent his dudgeon,
In mournful dogg'rel thus we trudge on.
Oh me! what tongue, what pen can tell
How this renowned champion fell?
But must reflect, alas! alas!
All human glory fades like grass,
And that the strongest martial feats,
Of errant knights are all but cheats:
Witness our knight, who sure has done.
More valiant actions ten to one,
Than of *More-Hall*, the mighty *More*,
Or him that made the dragon roar;
Has knock'd more men and women down
Than *Bevis* of *Southampton* town.
Or than our modern heroes can,
To take them singly man by man.
No sure the grisly king of terror
Has been to blame, and in an error,
To issue his dead warrant forth,
To seize a knight of so much worth,
Just in the nick of all his glory.
I tremble when I tell the story.

Oh!

Oh! help me, help me, ſome kind muſe,
This ſurly tyrant to abuſe;
Who in his rage has been ſo cruel,
To rob the world of ſuch a jewel?
A knight more learned, ſtout, and good,
Sure ne'er was made of fleſh and blood:
All his perfections were ſo rare,
The wit of man could not declare,
Which ſingle virtue, or which grace,
Above the reſt had any place;
Or which he was moſt famous for,
The camp, the pulpit, or the bar;
Of each he had an equal ſpice,
And was in all ſo very nice,
That to ſpeak truth th' account is loſt,
In which he did excel the moſt.
When he forſook the peaceful dwelling,
And out he went a colonelling;
Strange hopes and fears poſſeſt the nation,
How he cou'd manage that vocation,
Until he ſhew'd it to a wonder,
How nobly he cou'd fight and plunder:
At preaching too he was a dab,
More exquiſite by far than *Squab*;
He cou'd fetch uſes and infer,
Without the help of metaphor,
From any ſcripture text howe'er
Remote it from the purpoſe were;
And with his fiſt, inſtead of a ſtick,
Beat pulpit drum eccleſiaſtick;
'Till he made all the audience weep,
Excepting thoſe that fell aſleep.
Then at the bar he was right able,
And cou'd bind o'er as well as ſwaddle:
And famous too at petty ſeſſions,
'Gainſt thieves and whores for long digreſſions.
He cou'd moſt learnedly determine.
To *Bridewell* or the ſtocks, the vermin.
For his addreſs and way of living,
All his behaviour was ſo moving;
That let the dame be ne'er ſo chaſt,
As people ſay, below the waſte,
If *Hudibras* but once come at her,
He'd quickly make her chaps to water;

Then

Then for his equipage and ſhape,
On veſtals they'd commit a rape;
Which often, as the ſtory ſays,
Have made the ladies weep both ways.
Ill has he read that never heard,
How he with widow *Tomſon* far'd;
And what hard conflict was between
Our knight and that inſulting quean.
Sure captive knight ne'er took more pains,
For rhimes for his melodious ſtrains;
Nor beat his brains, or made more faces,
To get into a jilt's good graces,
Than did Sir *Hudibras* to get,
Into this ſubtile gypſy's net;
Who after all her high pretence,
To modeſty and innocence,
Was thought by moſt to be a woman,
That to all other knights was common.
Hard was his fate in this I own,
Nor will I for the traps attone:
Indeed to gueſs I am not able,
What made her thus inexorable;
Unleſs ſhe did not like his wit,
Or what is worſe his perquiſite.
How e'er it was, the wound ſhe gave
The knight he carry'd to his grave:
Vile harlot to deſtroy a knight,
That cou'd both plead, and pray, and fight.
Oh! cruel baſe inhuman drab,
To give him ſuch a mortal ſtab;
That made him pine away and moulder,
As tho' that he had been no ſoldier:
Could'ſt thou find no one elſe to kill,
Thou inſtrument of death and hell?
But *Hudibras*, who ſtood the Bears
So oft againſt the cavaliers;
And in the very heat of war,
Took ſtout *Crowdero* priſoner;
And did ſuch wonders all along,
That far exceed both pen and tongue.
If he had been in battle ſlain,
We'd had leſs reaſon to complain;
But to be murder'd by a whore,
Was ever knight ſo ſerv'd before?

But ſince he's gone, all we can ſay,
He chanc'd to dye a lingring way;
If he had liv'd a longer date,
He might, perhaps, have met a fate;
More violent, and fitting for
A knight ſo fam'd in civil war.
To ſum up all, from love and danger,
He's now (O! happy knight) a ſtranger;
And if a muſe can ought foretel,
His fame ſhall fill a chronicle;
And he in after-ages be,
Of errant knights th' epitome.

HUDIBRAS's Epitaph.

UNder this ſtone reſts Hudibras,
A knight as errant as e'er was;
The controverſie only lies,
Whether he was more ſtout than wiſe;
Nor can we here pretend to ſay,
Whether he beſt cou'd fight or pray;
So till thoſe queſtions are decided,
His virtues muſt reſt undivided;
Full oft he ſuffer'd bangs and drubs,
And full as oft took pains in tubs;
Of which the moſt that can be ſaid,
He pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd.
As for his perſonage and ſhape,
Among the reſt we'll let them ſcape.
Nor do we, as things ſtand, think fit,
This ſtone ſhould meddle with his wit.
One thing, 'tis true, we ought to tell,
He liv'd and dy'd a colonel;
And for the good old cauſe ſtood buff,
'Gainſt many a bitter kick and cuff.
But ſince his worſhip's dead and gone,
And mouldring lies beneath this ſtone,
The reader is deſir'd to look,
For his atchievement in his book;
Which will preſerve of knight the tale,
Till time and death itſelf ſhall fail.

FINIS.

AN

Alphabetical KEY

TO

HUDIBRAS.

By Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

To the READER.

THIS Key that is now presented to the Public, I procured many Years ſince from my Learned Friend Dr *Midgley*, who aſſured me, that it was written by Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange* to oblige a Perſon of Quality. But on the earneſt Sollicitations of the Publiſher of theſe Poſthumous Works of Mr *Butler*, I gave him this Manuſcript, which I believe will anſwer his

Ends, and oblige the World till a better Key can be found out. I am of Opinion, that there can't be a greater Service done to my Country, than exposing the Principles of a Rebellious Republican Party, whose only Aims are Anarchy, Confusion, and utter Subversion to true Religion and Monarchical Government.

AN Alphabetical KEY TO HUDIBRAS.

Paged to the EDITION *of* 1750.

Page 22. Line 337.

—— *For* Arthur *wore in Hall.*

PRINCE *Arthur*, one of the Nine Worthies of the World.

Page 48. Cant. 2. Line 249.

—— Bruin *march'd next him,*
With Visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk *of* Mahomet's *own Kin,*

Bruin or *Turk*, *Bear* or *Dog*, signify the different Sects in those Rebellious Times; which *Hudibras*, the chief Hero of Mr *Butler*'s Poem, would make Confederates for the suppressing of Kingly Government and Episcopacy.

Page 52. Cant. 2. Line 411.

Cerdon *the great renown'd in Song,*
Like Herc'les *for rescrieve of Wrong.*

By *Cerdon* is meant one-ey'd *Hewson* the Cobler, who from a private Cential in the Parliment Army was made a Colonel.

Page 103. Cant. 3. Line 154.

------ *Circumcis'd Brethren.*

Viz. Bastwick, *Burton*, and *Prynne*, who lost their Ears in the Pillory, had their Noses slit, and were stigmatis'd in the Forehead for lampooning *Henrietta Maria*, Queen of *England*, and the Bishops.

Page 53. Cant. 2. Line 442.

Colon *came, bold Man of War,*
Destin'd to Blows by fatal Star.

This *Colon* hints at one *Ned Perry*, an Hostler, who though he lov'd Bear-baiting, was nevertheless such a strange *Precision*, that he wou'd lie with any Whore, but the *Whore of Babylon*.

Page 43. Cant. 2. Line 106.

Crowdero *march'd, expert and able.*

He hints at one *Jackson* a Milliner in the *New-Exchange* in the *Strand*; who falling to Decay, by losing a Leg in the *Roundheads* Service, he was obliged to scrape upon a Violin from one Alehouse to another, for his Bread.

Page 372. Part. 3. Cant. 2. Line 1200.

——Croisado *General.*

Lord *Fairfax*, General of the Parliamentarian Army.

Page 204. Part 2. Cant. 3. Line 404.

Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk.

This *Fisk* was a merry Astrologer and pleasant Companion of Ben *Johnson's*.

Page 13. Line 40.

HUDIBRAS. A Name which the Author of that excellent Poem bestows on Sir *Samuel Luke* of *Bedfordshire*; a self-conceited Commander under *Oliver Cromwell*.

Page 197. Part 2. Cant. 3. Line 163.

Appear in divers shapes to Kelly.

This *Kelly* was an *Irish* Priest, who fomented Rebellion, by preaching in Disguise among the Dissenters of those Times.

Page 268. Part 3. Cant. 1. Line 865.

The Nymphs of chaste Diana's *Train,*
The same with those in Lukener's-Lane.

Lukener's-Lane, a Place still a Rendezvous and Nursery for lewd Women; but first resorted by the *Roundheads*.

Page 50. Cant. 2. Line 331.

—— Magnano *came,*
Magnano *great in Martial Fame.*

Magnano here is put for *Simeon Wait*, a Tinker, as famous an *Independent* Preacher as *Burroughs*; who with equal Blasphemy to his *Lord of Hosts*, would stile *Oliver Cromwell* the Archangel giving Battle to the Devil.

Page 53. Cant. 1. Line 903.

'Tis sung there is a valiant Mamaluke.

The Author means by this Person, Sir *Samuel Luke*, the chief Hero of his Poem.

Page 372. Part 3. Line 188.

——Nye's *Thanksgiving Beard.*

One of the Assembly of Dissenting Ministers, noted for his ugly Beard.

Page 298. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 216.

——Oliver *give up his Reign.*

By this Mr *Butler* points at the great Hurricane which happened at the Death of this infamous Usurper; who rifled Colleges to promote Learning, and pull down Churches for Edification.

Page

Page 45. Cant. 2. Line 147.

—— Orfin *famous for,*
Wise conduct and success of War.

This fictitious Name seems to hint at one *Joshua Goslin*, who kept Bears at *Paris-Garden* on *Southwark* Side; however, he stood hard and fast for the Rump-Parliament.

Page 159. Part 2. Cant. 1. Line 725.

—— *Philosophers of late here.*

Hinting at Sir *Kenelm Digby*, who in his Book of Bodies, gives the Relation of a *German* Boy, living in the Woods, and going on his Hands and Feet, like a four-footed Beast.

Page 302. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 351.

—— *Politician,*
With more Heads than a Beast in a Vision.

Sir *Anthony Ashly Cooper*, noted as much for his Tap, at his Tryal, when Earl of *Shaftsbury*, at the Sessions House in the *Old-Bailey*, on *Thursday* the 24th of *November*, 1681, for High-Treason; Part of the Indictment against him being for speaking irreverently and slightly against the King, *That he was a weak Man, an inconstant Man, of no firm, or settled Resolution; easily led by the Nose, as his Father was, by a Popish Queen, which was his Ruin.*

Page 109. Cant. 3. Line 1122.

Pope's Bull. Alluding to a Book intitled, *The Pope's Bull baited*; a Polemical Piece of Divinity, said to be written by the Learned Dr. *Whitaker*.

Page 328. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 1250.

Sir *Pride*. A Drayman, who was a Colonel in the Rebels Army.

Page 26. Cant. 1. Line 457.

—— Ralph,
That in th' Adventure went his Half.

This *Ralph* was *Isaac Robinson*, 'Squire to *Hudibras*; and a zealous Butcher in *Moore-fields*, who, in the Time of the Rebellion in Forty-One, was always contriving some new Quirpo-cut of Church Government.

Page 304. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 421.

—— *To match this Saint.*

Meaning by this venerable Name, that infamous Rebel Colonel *John Lilburn*.

Page 206. Part 2. Cant. 3. Line 477.

—— Sedgwick,
And some of us find out by Magick.

A noted *Puritan*, who predicted the Day of Judgment was to happen on a certain Day of the Month, in the Year 1645; but his Prediction is not yet come to pass.

Page 195. Part 2. Cant. 3. Line 106.

—— Sidrophel,
Thou deals in Destiny's dark Counsels,
And sage Opinions of the Moon sells.

This points at *Lilly* the Astrologer; who gave out such Predictions against the Royal Family, that he had like to have been hang'd for 'em after the Restoration.

Page 56. Cant. 2. Line 527.

Six Members Quarrels to espouse.

They were the Lord *Kimbolton*, *Hollis*, *Pym*, *Hambden*, *Stroud*, and Sir *Arthur Hasterig*; notorious Rebels, always plotting with the *Scots*; where upon King *Charles* the First, preferring Articles against them, sent his Guards to seize them in the House of Commons; but on Notice thereof they fled from Justice. Mr *Cleveland* takes notice of this *Kimbolton* thus,

Rupert, *the great* Rupert *soundeth so.*
Kimbolton's *but a Wheelbarrow.*

Page 110. Cant. 3. Line 1166.

Smeck. A Contraction of *Smectymnus*, a Word made up of the initial Letters of the Christian and Sirnames of Five Factious Rebels; namely, *Stephen Marshal*, *Edmund Calamy*, *Thomas Young*, *Matthew Newcomb*, and *William Spurstow*; who writ a Book against Episcopacy and the Common-Prayer, to which they all subscribed their Names. Of these Club-Preachers *Cleveland* thus writes.

Smectymnus! *the Goblin makes me start.*
I' th' Name of Rabbi Abraham *what art?*
Syriack, *or* Arabick, *or* Welsh, *what skilt?*
Ap *all the Bricklayers that* Babel *built,*
Some Conjurer translate, and let me know it;
'Till then 'tis fit for a West-Saxon *Poet.*
But do the Brotherhood then play their Prizes,
Like Mummers in Religion with Disguises?
Outbrave us with a Name in Rank and File,
A Name, which if 'twere train'd wou'd spread a Mile.
The Saints Monopoly, the zealous Cluster,
Which like a Porcupine, presents a Muster.
And shoots his Quills at Bishops and their Sees,
A devout Litter of Young Maccabees.

Page 359. Part 3. Cant. 3. Line 577.

An old dull Sot *at* Bridewell-Dock,

One *Prideaux*, a pragmatical Justice of the Peace, noted as much for his extorting Money from Delinquents, as his Disloyalty to his Sovereign.

Page 298. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 220.

——— Sterry.

A Fanatical Preacher admired by *Hugh Peters* for his Treasonable Discourses when he held forth.

Page 294. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 77.

And laid about as hot and Brainsick,
As th' utter Barrister of Swanswick.

Meaning by this Barrister *William Prynne*, who was of *Lincoln's Inn*, and a great Stickler against Kingly Government.

Page 49. Cant. 2. Line 299.

Talgol *was of Courage stout,*
And vanquish'd oftner than he fought.

He

He was a Butcher in *Newgate-Market*, his Name was *Jackson*; and obtained a Captain's Commission for his rebellious Bravery at *Naseby* Fight.

Page 51. Cant. 2. Line 365.

—— Trulla *more bright*,
Than burnish'd Armour of her Knight.

The Daughter of *James Spencer*, a Quaker, debauch'd first by her Father; and then by *Magnano* the Tinker abovementioned.

Page 298. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 292.

—— *Lane* Vicegerent.

Meaning *Richard*, the eldest Son of *Oliver*, proclaimed Protector after his Father's Death.

Page 202. Part 2. Cant. 3. Line 325.

—— Whachum, *bred to dash and draw*,
Not Wine, but more unwholesome Law.

Tom Jones, a foolish *Welshman*, that could neither write nor read; Zany to *Lilly* the Astrologer.

Page 85. Part 1. Cant. 3. Line 312.

Widow's Jointure-Land,

The precious Relique of *Aminidab Wilmot*, an Independent, killed at the Fight of *Edge-hill*; and having Two Hundred Pounds *per Annum* left her for a Jointure, *Hudibras* fell in Love with her, or did worse.

Page 31. Cant. 1. Line 646.

Withers, Prynne, *and* Vickars.

The first of these Purtians was a Fanatical Poet, whose Works (good for nothing) were formerly in great Request among Chandlers and Pastry-Cooks. The next was a Barrister of *Lincoln's-Inn*, as great a Scribler as the former, but to as little Purpose. And the last was a Tub-Preacher, that taught, that Rebellion was the right Road to Reformation.

Page 310. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 640.

But for our Adoniram Byfield.

A Broken Apothecary, who retrieved his Fortune by siding with the Rebels, and voted any Thing to be Law, tho' in defiance of their Fundimentals.

Page 61. Cant. 2. Line 702.

Was no Dispute a-foot between
The Caterwauling Brethren?

Pointing at those grave Rabbies of the Fanaticks, who in Points of Divinity never traded in any larger Authors than the *Assembly's Catechism*.

Page 310. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 636.

But from our Calamies.

This *Calamy* was a Presbyterian Parson, and much noted for preaching Sedition instead of Loyalty; his Patron was *Waller*, to whose Lady he often ran for the Use of Consolation.

Page 310. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 635.

Where had they all their gifted Phrases,
But from our Calamies *and* Cases?

This

This *Case* was a Dissenting Preacher, who gloried in singing an *Hosanna* to that Arch-Traytor *Oliver-Cromwell*; and to increase that Usurper's Army, lay with the Sisters of his whinning Congregation.

Page 337. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 1550.

They've roasted Cook.

He was once an honest Barber, but for his Loyalty receiving some Persecution; and seeing what Profit arose by trimming the State, he turn'd as arrant a Knave as any of his Persecutors.

Page 314. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 765.

And till they first began to cant,
And sprinkle down the Covenant.

The Covenant was a sort of rebellious Combination made among the *Scots* formerly, be of what Religion they would; insomuch, that had these Beasts been to have enter'd the Ark, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have suited them into Pairs.

Page 46. Cant. 2. Line 194.

He'll sign it with Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.

Pointing at the Impudence of those Rebels, which would authorize their Villany by singing it with Forms that were legal, while a King was in *esse*; but not when they assum'd all Power in their own Hands.

Page 337. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 1533.

And while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready lifted under Dun.

The Name of the *Fanaticks* Hangman, whose Hands were often stained with the Blood of Loyal Subjects.

Page 299. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 269.

—— *Others tamper'd,*
For Desborough.

One of the Rump's Colonels, whose Valour like the rest of these *Tatterdemalians*, proceeded from his Ignorance; but tho' the Puritan Soldiers were successful in their Villany, yet were they but *Mars*'s Petty-toes; or rather such snivelling Cowards, that truly it is a Favour to call them so.

Page 228. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 237.

And now the Saints began their Reign,
For which they'd yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such Bowel-Hankerings,
To see an Empire all of Kings.

An Empire of Kings signifies a Democracy, or Common-wealth Government; or our Author here rather points at the Statocracy of those Times, which (like the *Marmalukes*) governed by an Army Power.

Page 318. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 893.

That represent no Part o' th' Nation,
But Fisher's-Folly *Congregation.*

A Meeting-House, built by one *Fisher*, a Shoemaker, where *Devonshire-Square* now stands, in 1659; but the Restoration of the Royal Family happening the next Year after, it was pulled down by some Loyalists; and then lying useless, it was called *Fisher's Folly*.

Page

Page 299. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 270.

—— Others tamper'd,
For Fleetwood.

He was one of the Roundheads Commanders, who pretended to be a Babe of Grace too; but certainly it was not in his personal, but (as the State Sophisters distinguish it) in his politick Capacity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the Zeal of the House he sate in; as Chickens are hatched at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoptian of an Oven.

Page 52. Part 1. Cant. 2. Line 393.

As stout Armida, *bold* Thalestris,
And she that would have been the Mistress
Of Gondibert;

Pointing at Sir *William Davenant*, the Author of a Poem called *Gondibert*.

Page 328. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 1236.

—— The Isle of Wight
Will rise up, if you should deny't,
Where Henderson, *and th' other Masses,*
Were sent to cap Texts, and put Cases.

This Fellow was a Dissenting Parson, sent to *Uxbridge* and the *Isle of Wight*, to dispute with King *Charles* the First, about the Matters of Religion. He was mighty zealous for the bad Cause which those of his bad Stamp called a good One; and was such an Admirer of *Oliver Cromwell*, that once in a preposterous Blasphemy to the Lord of Hosts, stil'd him, *the Archangel giving Battle to the Devil.*

Page 328. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 1249.

They did not mean, he wrought the Effusion,
In Person, like Hewson.

This Fellow was a Cobler, who had but one Eye; and throwing by his Awl and Last, went into the Parliament's Army; where he arriv'd to the Dignity of a Colonel: And on that Day the King was beheaded, he went with a Party of Horse from *Charing-Cross* to the *Royal-Exchange*, proclaiming all the Way, *That whosoever should say that* Charles Stuart *died wrongfully, should suffer present Death.*

Page 298. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 215.

Toss'd in a furious Hurricane,
Did Oliver *give up his Reign.*

Pointing at the great Hurricane in which the Devil fetch'd the Usurper to his Territories, on the Third of *September*, 1658.

Page 314. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 1.

The Learned write, an Insect-Breeze
Is but a Mongrel Prince of Bees,
That falls before a Storm on Cows,
And flings the founder of his House.

Meaning, by *Insect-Breeze*, the *Fanaticks*; whose Godliness is of the same Parentage with good Laws, both extracted out of bad Manners; and whose Victories, in the Time of the Civil Wars, proved at last like the Magical Combat of *Apuleius*; who, thinking he had slain all three of his Enemies, found 'em at last but a Triumvirate of Bladders.

Such,

Such, and so empty are the Triumphs of Rebels; but so many imposthumated Fancies, so many Bladders of their own Blowing.

Page 299. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 269.

—— *Others tamper'd*
For Fleetwood, Desborough, *and* Lambert.

As for *Fleetwood* and *Desborough*, we have taken notice of them already: and as for *Lambert*, he was another rebellious Officer, who (like *Don Quixote* for *Sancho Pancha*) fought at all Adventures to purchase for the Usurper the Government of this Island.

Page 318. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 909.

Unless it be the Bulls of Lenthal,
That always pass'd for fundamental.

He was Speaker of the House of Commons to the Rump-Parliament; who helped out their false Weights with some Scruples of Conscience; aud with their peremptory Scales could doom the lawful King with a *Men-Tekel.*

Page 112. Part 1. Cant. 3. Line 1227.

A lawless Linsie-Woolsie Brother,
Half of one Order, half another;
A Creature of amphibious Nature,
On Land a Beast, a Fish in Water:
That always preys on Grace, or Sin;
A Sheep without, a Wolf within.

This *Linsie-Woolsie Brother* hints on *Andrew Crawford*, a Scotch Preacher, who in those rebellious Times liv'd on the Sins of the People, which then was a good standing Dish, and verified the Axiom, *Iisdem nutritur, ex quibus componitur.*

Page 307. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 519.

And 'twas made out to us the last
Expedent, —— *(I mean* Marg'ret's *Fast)*

The Rump-Parliament us'd to have their Public Fasts kept in St *Margaret*'s Church at *Westminster*; which they observed so solemnly, that if they could come at any Thing good to eat, they would prove to be as terrible Slaughter-Men as *Fairfax*'s Soldiers were wont to be at a Thanksgiving-Dinner.

Page 60. Part 1. Cant. 2. Line 662.

In Name of King and Parliament.

The specious Pretence by which the Rebels did beat up for Volunteers.

Page 21. Part 1. Cant. 1. Line 285.

But when the Date of Nock *was out,*
Off dropp'd the sympathetick Snout.

By *Nock* is meant *Oliver-Cromwell*, that infamous Usurper; who rifled Colleges to promote Learning, and pull down Churches for Edification: And here our Author also seems to take notice of his Nose, which was not only extream large, but withal so very red, that many who lived in his Time were wont to say, that he wore the Dominical Letter upon't.

Page 310. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 637.

Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
Who had e'er heard of Nye, *or* Owen?

A Puritan

A Puritan Preacher, whose Doctrine ran upon a certain Scale of Destruction, which taught his Auditors to ruin the Father, beggar the Son, and strangle the Hopes of all Posterity.

Page 328. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 1249.

They did not mean be wrought th' Effusion,
In Person, like Sir Pride——.

This Person was a Drayman, who throwing off his Allegiance to his lawful Sovereign, listed himself in the Parliament Army; and for his Disloyalty came in Time to be a Colonel.

Page 148. Part 2. Cant. 1. Line 567.

He mounted Synod-Men, and rode 'em
To Dirty-Lane *and* Little-Sodom.

The first of these Places is in *Long-Acre*, the other is *Salisbury-Court* in *Fleet-street*, which was formerly the Residence of Bawds and Whores, to which *Hudibras*'s Man, and other of his sanctified Brethren, resorts sometimes to refresh themselves, when troubled with any carnal Emotions.

Page 239. Part 2. Cant. 1. Line 368.

Mad 'em curvet, like Spanish *Jenets,*
And take the Ring at Madam——.

I know not for what Reason our Author should dash that Gentlewoman's Name, which makes Rhyme to Jennets; but to make him as intelligible as we can, he hints here at one Mrs *Stennet*, whose Husband was, by Profession, a Broom-Man; and she follow'd the laudable Employment of Bawding, and managed several Intrigues for those Brothers and Sisters, whose Purity consisted chiefly in the Whiteness of their Linnen.

Page 397. Part 2. Cant. 3. Line 165.

Meet with the Parliament's Committee,
At Woodstock——.

Hinting at a Committee of the Long Parliament sitting in the King's Palace at *Woodstock*, where they were (and well such bloody Rebels might) frightened with several Apparitions; insomuch that their ill Consciences flying in their Faces, they would hold these no more wicked Consolations.

The E N D.